THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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Original Poetry.

THE BACCHANAL'S SONG.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY WILLIAM H. McCALLA.

Fill up, fill up the sparkling cup,
Deep, deep with the wine's red glow,
For what reck we though we drink and see
Grim Death in the shade below;
Oh! what reck we, though we drink and see
The forms of our suffering wives,—
While the glasses chink, of nought we'll think,
But to gleefully pass our lives.

Hark! hark to our song, 'tis loud and long,
Keeping time with their starving groans,
Let its jocund sound wake the echoes round,
Though chorused by infant moans.
Oh! why should we care if the floors are bare,
And our children in rags are dressed?
We quaff from the bowl, and with all our soul,
Drown thought with the sparkling jest.

We know full well their clothes we sell,
They don't need them is what we think;
Let them go without clothes—we don't feel the snows,
Or the cold, if there's plenty to drink.
Oh! what do we care, if they die in despair,
Less trouble to us they will be,
Let them rot in the grave—the more we can save,
To keep up our mirth so free.

Then fill up, fill up the sparkling cup,
Deep, deep with the wine's red glow,
What, what reck we, though we drink and see
Grim death in the shade below!
Oh! what reck we, though we drink and see
The forms of our suffering wives,
While our glasses chink, of nought we'll think,
But to gleefully pass our lives.

Original Tales.

AGNES;
OR, THE POSSESSED.
A Tale of Mesmerism.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY T. S. ARTHUR.

CHAPTER I.

“We are fearfully and wonderfully made!”

Among the mental and physical wonders for which the present age is distinguished, not the least wonderful is Mesmerism, so called from its supposed original discoverer. The phenomena it presents, have astonished the wise as well as the simple, and, in many instances, brought down men of profound learning, acute perceptions, and commanding intellect as humble worshippers at the shrine of Mystery. The cry of “humbug,” “collusion,” and all that, greeted the advent of this pschycological wonder, and has continued to accompany it in every step of its progress, from men who believe in nothing as real but what they can touch with their hand of flesh and blood, see with their bodily eyes, or perceive by some physical sense. The file leaders of this class of men are among the learned, whose pride of their own intelligence has made them believe that there was nothing in either heaven or earth, that had not been dreamed of in their philosophy. But while they were sneering, hundreds were opening their eyes and ears, and seeing and hearing things that left no reasonable doubt of the truth of what they witnessed.

Since the time when Col. Stone gave a history of the startling facts in mesmerism that fell under his observation, the public have grown more familiar with the subject, and ceased to be astonished at relations far more astounding than any thing he made known. Wonders have been added to wonders, until wonder itself has ceased. Every where professors of and experimenters in this new science have sprung up, and ventured, like the impious Roman who boldly passed within the veil of the temple, to encounter influences of whose origin, nature and tendency they are entirely ignorant. Some of these have found it much easier to “call spirits from the vasty deep,” than to remand them to their dim abodes; especially has this been the case with those who have been insane enough to submit themselves to the hands of more experimental “operators,” by whose influence all that really made them men—viz: rationality and freedom—was, for a time at least, taken away. Seeing with the eyes of another, and perceiving by his senses, is not the natural and true order in which man was created, and whenever he departs from the true order of his being, he sustains an injury, that is more or less vital according to the nature of the perversion. The will of man is that in him which is inmost—it is that which really makes him a man. Can this be disturbed, laid quiescent, or be brought under the control of another, as is always the case in mesmerism, without some injury being sustained? No truly reflecting man can for a moment question this. The thing is self evident. To state it, is to cause it instantly to be perceived.

CHAPTER II.

Two men were walking leisurely along a shaded road in the less thickly settled part of a beautifully located New England village. They seemed to be in earnest conversation, for sometimes their leisure pace would be broken, and they would move on rapidly, and sometimes they would pause and face each other, the younger of the two men gesticulating, at such times, violently.

“Deceived!” said the latter, in one of those pauses, speaking in an excited voice, “I tell you, Mr. Allen, I cannot be deceived. Of what use are our eyes and ears, if their evidences are not to be believed?”

“I might ask the same question, Ralph,” replied his companion, “after leaving one of Mons. Adrien's exhibitions. But the juggler would tell me that he had imposed upon my senses. Believe me, you are too credulous. There is no such power as these men pretend to exercise. It is a new trick of the mountebank.”

“No, Mr. Allen,” returned the young man in an earnest voice; “it is no new trick of the mountebank, but an undeniable verity. I have been, night after night, to witness Florien's experiments, and have tried, in every way, to detect collusion between him and his subject, but in vain. Vigorous as were my first denunciation of the whole thing as an imposture, I have been compelled to give way under the pressure of an accumulation of facts, that only a man perversely blind and stubborn could refuse to admit.”

Mr. Allen shook his head.

“Depend upon it, there is deception somewhere,” he replied. “Such things as you relate are impossible. As, for instance, the transference of sensation from one body to another. Why, the thing is absurd. You say that salt was laid upon Mons. Florien's tongue, and that immediately his subject tasted it; that she felt a blow upon his person, yet remained herself altogether insensible to external influences. Why, I wouldn't believe this if one rose from the grave and said it was so. I could not; for it is in violation of all natural laws.”

“So you would no doubt have said in regard to the now known power of electro-magnetism, had you lived fifty years ago, and some one had then told you that by means of a galvanic battery you could turn a wheel or set a car in motion.”

“That does not follow, Ralph. I would have known that the battery possessed the power of communicating a shock by the sudden transmission of a large volume of electricity; and knowing this, it would not have been hard for me to have conceived that a more gradual and steady emission of a current of electricity might act upon some agent that would steadily react against it, and produce continuous motion. Enough was known of electricity and the power of the battery fifty years ago, to demonstrate clearly that it was a material agent, for it produced a shock, when brought in contact with bodies of matter in a peculiar state of fitness to receive impressions. But this Animal Magnetism, as it is called, is altogether a different thing. I cannot, by thinking, knock you down, let me think ever so hard, because my mind cannot touch your body, except by means of its own body. I must use my hand to make an impression upon you. All my bodily senses are my own, and are the means by which my mind receives impressions from the physical world. The idea of your perceiving what my tongue tastes, is perfectly absurd.”

“No doubt it seems so to you, Mr. Allen. And so, I confess, does it seem to me, when I think about it. Nevertheless,” said the young man, “all, and a great deal more than I have related to you, has come under my observation, attended by evidence that no man who pretends to believe his senses can doubt. I have tried to discredit all I have seen; but as well might I try to discredit the fact that the sun shines in heaven. But here comes Mr. Carter. Suppose we talk to him about it. I saw him at Mons. Florien's.”

“Carter!” returned Mr. Allen, in a slight tone of contempt. “No doubt he believes it, for he believes in every thing new and wonderful that comes along. Any thing that he might say wouldn't strengthen my faith much.”

“Carter is no fool,” remarked Ralph.

“Though to me, I must confess he often talks like one,” said Mr. Allen.

“He has strange notions of things, I will own; and is quite original and independent in his modes of thinking. And what is more, he never seems at a loss for a reason to sustain what he professes to believe.”

“Such reasons as they are,” said Mr. Allen.

By this time the subject of their remarks was so near to them, that it was no longer prudent to give utterance to their thoughts, lest their words should fall upon his ears. Mr. Carter was a man some few years past the prime of life, of irreproachable character, independent spirit, benevolent feelings, and great singularity in respect to his modes of thinking as compared with those around him—at least such was his reputation. Sometimes his neighbors spoke very hard of him, especially those who were rather more puritanical in their notions than the rest, because, although he professed to have a high regard for religion, he did not attend worship on the Sabbath with any among the various sects and denominations that flourished around him. But his life, in all that pertained to his business and social intercourse with his neighbors, was so irreproachable, that even the over zealous could not fix a condemning mark upon him, and were forced to be content with saying that if Mr. Carter were only pious he would be one of the best of men living.

“Good afternoon, Mr. Carter,” said Ralph Percival, as the individual to whom we have just alluded came up.

“Good afternoon, gentlemen,” returned Mr. Carter. “Taking a walk, I see, this pleasant afternoon.”

“Yes,” said Mr. Allen, “Ralph and I have been walking and talking into the bargain, but so far as the latter is concerned, to little good purpose, I believe.”

“Ah! what has formed the theme of your unprofitable conversation?”

“Mons. Florien.”

“Humph!”

“You have witnessed his experiments, I believe, Mr. Carter?” said Ralph.

“Yes.”

“More than once?” asked Mr. Allen.

“Yes, several times. Have you attended any of his exhibitions?”

“Me?” speaking with affected surprise. “No, indeed! I never put myself in the way of being humbugged.”

“You mean,” said Carter, smiling, “that satisfied with yourself as possessing all truth, you will not put yourself in the way of learning any thing new, as it is now impossible that there should be any thing new under the sun.”

“I don't say that, friend Carter. But there is certain data in the mind by which we are able to judge of things as being true or false. By this, I judge all that Animal Magnetism presents, as true, to be false.”

“While by the very rule you apply, I judge, all to be true; that is, so far as its phenomena are concerned.”

“A strange conclusion, I must affirm.”

“You have not looked at all into the matter, I understand?”

“No, not I.”

“And have judged all to be fraud and collusion, without stooping to an investigation,” said Mr. Carter.

“It needs no investigation so far as I am concerned,” replied Mr. Allen. “When I read that Baron Munchausen, while going through the woods on a certain occasion, eating cherries, saw a fat deer near at hand, and put cherry stones into his gun and fired at the animal without killing him; and, moreover, further read, that while passing through the same woods on the following season, he met the same deer with a cherry tree, loaded with ripe cherries growing out of his head, I take the liberty of disbelieving the whole story without investigation. Just as absurd and impossible, to my mind, as this, are all the stories of Animal Magnetism. How you, or any other sensible man can accredit them, is more than I can tell.”

“Do you understand any thing of the laws that relate to the mutual connection between mind and matter?” asked Mr. Carter.

“No, I do not; nor does any body else,” replied Mr. Allen.

“The first part of your answer is no doubt true; but of the latter I am not so certain. As mind acts upon matter, there must be some laws governing its action. Is not this so?”

“Oh, yes. That is clear. The relation between mind and matter is so important a one, that there must be fixed laws governing that relation.”

“Are you prepared to believe that mankind will never understand these laws?”

“I should not like to say that, Mr. Carter. But I very much doubt whether this day and generation will behold their demonstration.”

“Why not this day and generation as well as any other?”

“I don't think the world is prepared for it yet.”

“What is your reason for not thinking so, friend Allen?”

“I don't know that I can give any particular reason, Mr. Carter, but such is the impression upon my mind.”

“May not your impression be an erroneous one?”

“Oh, certainly!”

“Have you no interest in knowing something of the laws that appertain to the mind and body?”

“I suppose I have. But the impossibility of knowing any thing certain upon the subject, has prevented me from wasting time in fruitless and bewildering investigations.”

“Don't say impossibility, Mr. Allen.”

“Next to impossibility then. But tell us, neighbor Carter, inasmuch as you have witnessed these exhibitions and seem to take an interest in them, what your opinion is in relation to the new science, as it is called? I infer that you highly approve of the exercise of this real or pretended power of one mind over another.”

“I beg that you will spare me from all such inferences, friend Allen. I may believe in the fact that a man has committed murder; but the approval of that act is another thing,” said Mr. Carter.

“You then believe the whole thing to be bad.”

“I haven't said that yet.”

“What is your opinion, Mr. Carter?” asked Ralph, with some eagerness of manner. “I have been looking on Mons Florien's experiments with bewildering astonishment. While the facts compel my belief, the causes of such astounding phenomena are profoundly hidden from my eyes. All my pschycological theories are driven to the four winds. I am in a maze of doubt and uncertainty.”

“My opinions on the subject are not settled,” replied Mr. Carter; “but the more I see and reflect, the more clearly does it seem to my mind that the power exercised by the mesmeric operator, is a very dangerous one.”

“But it is often used, you know, as a means of curing diseases,” said Ralph.

“I know. But the question in my mind is whether it is anything more than casting out devils by the power of Beelzebub. Certainly, as far as I am concerned, with the light the subject yet affords, I think very much as the woman did who had the ague and fever.”

“How was that?”

“She was told that if she would kill a chicken before sunrise, and without letting any one know what she was going to do, bury the right foot in a certain spot, and repeat a form of words that was given to her, the ague would go away on the second day afterwards, and never return. After patiently listening to what the friend who advised this course had to say, she very emphatically declared, that she would rather be afflicted by the hand of the Lord, than cured by the hand of the Devil.”

The two companions of Carter laughed heartily at this anecdote, and Mr. Allen said,

“If what is related of Animal Magnetism be really true, I should be very ready to agree with what you suggest, Mr. Carter, that it has its origin in an evil source. Satan has many devices, and has the power, we know, of transforming himself into an angel of light.”

“I have thought over the subject a great deal,” remarked Carter. “At times the whole thing puzzles me exceedingly. It is said that by means of this power, a person can be rendered entirely insensible to pain; and that in this state the most difficult and dangerous operations may be performed without the patient's experiencing any suffering.”

“I saw a tooth drawn from the mouth of a young lady, in the mesmeric state, by Doctor Elmer,” remarked Ralph.

“Did she exhibit any indication of pain?” asked his companions.

“Not the slightest.”

“Really, that surpasses my belief,” said Mr. Allen.

“But I saw it,” returned Ralph, speaking with some warmth.

“I didn't doubt that, Ralph,” said Mr. Allen. “What I doubt is the inference you draw, that she did not feel any pain. She *must* have felt pain.”

“But she has assured me over and over again, that she had no knowledge of the operation whatever, until she awoke and found that she had lost a tooth.”

“Can you credit her words? Is she a person worthy of belief?”

“I would as soon believe my mother guilty of falsehood, as suspect an evasion of the truth in her. She stands beyond suspicion in this respect. It was Agnes Wellmore.”

“It was!” said Mr. Allen, in surprise. “When was this? I never heard anything of it before?”

“It took place only yesterday, and I should not have mentioned it, only the turn conversation has taken seems to require me to do so. Agnes, you know, is in delicate health. Her nervous system, from one cause and another, has become highly susceptible of impressions, and, as a consequence, her sensibility to pain is very great. For months she has suffered with a distressing tooth-ache, which has often been so bad, as almost to take away her consciousness. I am intimate, as you are aware, with both herself and family, and took occasion, from this intimacy, often to urge upon Agnes the propriety of having the tooth that caused her so much pain, extracted. But she had such a dread of an operation, that I never could induce her to submit to have it drawn. During the past week she suffered greatly from this cause. I suggested to her to let Florien magnetize her, if he could, and, while in the somnambulic state, to have the tooth extracted. To this she at first strongly objected, but I talked to her so much that she at last consented to let him try to magnetize her. If he was successful in his effort, she would after that seriously take into consideration the propriety of having her tooth drawn while in the magnetic state. Yesterday I called upon her in company with Mons. Florien. I could see that she felt a strong repugnance to have him attempt to magnetize her; but as he had come for that especial purpose, she could not make any objection.

“After conversing a short time, Florien drew his seat close opposite to where Agnes was sitting, took her hands in his and held them for about a minute, looking steadily into her face all the time. Then he lifted his hands to a level with her forehead, and commenced making downward passes, drawing each hand along in the direction of her arms, but without touching them. All the time he looked her fixedly in the face, while his mind seemed deeply intent upon accomplishing what he was trying to do. This was continued for full twenty minutes, before Agnes showed signs of insensibility. Then her eyes gradually closed, her muscles became rigid, and her face assumed rather a painful expression, and was slightly distorted. I did not like to look at her.”

“She had fainted, or was in a spasm,” said Mr. Allen, giving a long expiration, that showed him to be deeply interested in the narrative.

“Wait until I am done, and you will not think so,” replied Ralph. “‘Is she in a magnetic state?’ I asked of Florien, in a whisper, for it seemed to me that she must rouse up if I spoke aloud. ‘Here is her arm,’ he said, reaching out her hand to me, while he made three or four passes along it with his hand; ‘try if you can bend it.’ I was astonished to find that the whole arm was as rigid as a piece of wood; all my efforts to bend it were unavailing. ‘Unclasp her hand,’ he said. I tried to do so, but the fingers would not yield. ‘Now bend her arm,’ he continued, as he made two or three quick upward passes along her arm. I took hold of the limb, and moved it as easily as I can now move my own arm!”

“Incredible!” ejaculated Mr. Allen.

“It does seem so, but it is nevertheless true,” resumed Ralph. “Florien next stood a little distance from where Agnes was sitting, but directly in front of her, and looked at her fixedly, with his brows drawn down, and his whole face and attitude expressive of an intensely felt purpose. I did not like the look of his face, and as to his eyes, there was something snaky about them. I turned from him to observe Agnes. In a little while I noticed slight muscular twitches in various parts of her body; then she would bend over towards Florien, and seem to be listening intently. At length she rose up from her chair and advanced several paces towards him; then moved backward and re-seated herself. ‘She is perfectly susceptible,’ he now said to me, ‘and is in a profound magnetic sleep. It is a pity her physician is not here; he could take out her tooth without her experiencing the slightest pain.’ ‘How long can she be kept in this state?’ I asked. ‘As long as I please,’ he replied. ‘Let her remain as she is then,’ I said, ‘I will try and find the doctor.’

“I hurried away, and was fortunate enough to meet Doctor Elmer in the street shortly after leaving the house. I told him what I wanted, and he immediately accompanied me to the house of Mr Wellmore. The aunt of Agnes was present, having awaited, with Florien, my return. We now conversed aloud of what was to be done, while the doctor took out his instruments and made his preparations for extracting the tooth. He cut the gum without causing in his patient the slightest indication of pain, and then laying hold of the tooth with his forceps, wrenched it out of her head, not a nerve or muscle quivering!”

“Without waking her up!” said Mr. Allen, with a look of astonishment.

“Not a muscle stirred! There she sat, her head resting against the hand of Florien, and the bloody tooth in the forceps of the doctor, but the expression of her face was all unchanged. I could scarcely believe my senses.”

“When she awoke, did she feel no pain?” asked Allen.

“After the blood had been wiped from her lips, and all evidences of the operation removed, Florien made half a dozen rapid passes in a reverse direction to those by which he had put her to sleep, when her eyes opened naturally, and she looked around upon us with a quiet smile. She did not notice, at first, that she had lost a tooth. But in a few moments she looked towards Doctor Elmer, put her hand to her mouth, and started to her feet as suddenly as if touched by an electric shock, while her face became flushed, and then grew pale. We smiled, and then she understood that her tooth had been drawn while she was asleep. ‘Here is the offending member,’ said the doctor, producing a large jaw tooth. ‘Did it hurt you, lady, when I drew it?’ ‘Hurt me?’ said Agnes, with a bewildered air—‘I did not feel it.’ ‘But you must have felt it,’ said the doctor. ‘It would be impossible to tear such a tooth from the jaw without pain.’ ‘I have felt no pain,’ returned Agnes, ‘and can now hardly believe my senses when I perceive the cavity in my mouth, and look at the tooth which you say you have just extracted.’ ‘I'll believe anything after this,’ said Doctor Elmer, beginning to pace the floor, and seeming utterly confounded. He has been one of Florien's bitterest denouncers, and never spoke of him except as the ‘Humbug Florien.’ The drawing of the tooth he fully expected would explode Florien and his science entirely.”

“Are you sure all this is not romance, Ralph?” said Mr. Allen, as much confounded as Doctor Elmer was represented to have been.

“Go and ask Doctor Elmer; he will tell whether I have been romancing or not.”

“Well, friend Carter, what do you think of that?” asked Mr. Allen, turning to the one he had addressed.

“I suppose it's all so,” was the brief reply.

“As a means of preventing pain in all operations would you not think the use of mesmerism perfectly legitimate?” asked Ralph. “In fact, do you not look upon it, viewed in this light, as a great blessing?”

“That question I am not prepared to answer in the affirmative,” returned Mr. Carter.

“What is your opinion of the matter?”

“That, at present, all prudent people had better let it alone.”

“Do you think it was wrong to use it in the case of Agnes Wellmore?”

“I am not prepared to say that it was either right or wrong. But, of one thing I am certain, I would think a good while before I would let Mons. Florien put his hands upon a daughter of mine, or bring her under subjection to his will.”

“But think how the health of Agnes was suffering from her aching tooth,” said Ralph.

“All of us ought to have sufficient strength of mind to bear the pain to which, in the course of Providence, we may be subjected. A decayed and aching tooth, if the pain cannot be allayed, should be removed, and the pain of its removal ought to be submitted to with fortitude.”

“But if Providence places within our reach the means of allaying pain, ought we not to accept of the boon with gratitude?” asked Mr. Allen.

“Certainly, if we are sure that in using these means we are not inflicting upon ourselves some great injury. I do not think that we should use improper means.”

“No, of course not. But how are we to determine Animal Magnetism to be an improper means?” asked Ralph.

“It were the better way to determine it to be a proper means before using it,” said Mr. Carter. “This, it seems to me, would only be acting from the dictates of common prudence. How do you know that the submitting of Agnes to the influence of Florien, and permitting him to throw her into so unnatural, and, I must say, shocking a state as the magnetic sleep, may not so disturb the even balance of her mind, as to destroy, in a great measure, the freedom of her will? Notwithstanding her ill health, and high degree of nervous susceptibility, Agnes has a strong mind, and acute perceptions. To have, with firmness and moral courage overcome her natural shrinking from pain, and in this state have submitted herself to the operation she so much dreaded, would have elevated and strengthened her whole character, and made her more capable of bearing any mental pain, the endurance of which might be necessary for the regeneration and purification of her spirit.”

“I have never looked at the subject in that light,” replied Ralph. “I suppose it would be much wiser to determine that a thing is innocent before using it, than to adopt its use before being certain as to its quality.”

“Certainly it would. And this is just the position I hold to Animal Magnetism. I must know a good deal more about it than I do at present, before I come within the sphere of its influence, or take within that sphere any one over whom I have control. And you must permit me to say, that I think you to blame for inducing Agnes Wellmore, against her own feelings, to submit herself to the control of a power that may permanently disturb the equilibrium of her mind.”

“Perhaps I have been too hasty. But my motive at least was good,” said Ralph.

“The goodness of your motive cannot save Agnes from injury, if the influence under which you have brought her be an evil one,” replied Mr. Carter.

“Of course not,—but I must be permitted to hope, that no evil consequences will result from this simple experiment. Agnes was not half an hour in the magnetic sleep. I have seen her today, and she looks brighter than she has done for a long time.”

“Freedom from pain would naturally produce this result,” said Mr. Carter.

“I know. This I bore in mind. But, apart from what might be expected from entire freedom from pain, I was pleased to notice a firmer condition of the nerves and a more general feeling of health. It is said, that the effect of animal magnetism on a person suffering from disease and nervous debility, is very beneficial, and I have already been led to hope that if Agnes would submit to be magnetized frequently, it might restore her to health.”

Mr. Carter shook his head, but did not remark upon Ralph's concluding sentence.

“You seem to stand in a kind of non-committal attitude to this mesmerism,” said Mr. Allen, after Ralph had ceased speaking, his last words having elicited no reply from Mr. Carter.

“Yes,” returned the last named person, “I am always in this attitude towards such things as I do not fully understand. I open my eyes and look at whatever presents itself; never, like you, crying ‘humbug,’ ‘collusion,’ or ‘imposture,’ but examining the new wonder in the length and breadth of its pretensions. Thus far in life, I have escaped deception, for the reason that I never adopt any thing new because it comes with specious pretensions; but because I see in it good and true principles, and an agreement with the laws of order established by God. I have seen enough in my short life, to satisfy me that we live in an age of wonders, and that more wonderful things than the world has ever yet seen, are in the womb of time. All that is true I wish to receive as it flows down into the earth; and for this reason, I hold my mind in an affirmative state. That is, I call nothing false that I do not understand; but I am at the same time careful not to call it true. I admit that it may be true, and then examine it with minuteness and great caution, lest I be deceived by mere appearances. Thus far in my life I have not been doomed to see anything that I received as truth, proved to be false. What I believe is often *called* false; but new and undoubted evidences of its truth come daily and hourly to my mind. I often feel as if I were ascending a mountain; for the horizon of my mental and moral perceptions is steadily widening, and I can look back, and see points in the way that I have came, where I stood doubting as to which was the right course to be taken. And thus, my young friends, it should be with all of us. You are both old enough to have fixed in your minds certain principles as a ground work to your whole character, upon which a superstructure of correct opinions on all subjects, may be built. You, friend Allen, have the fault of being too incredulous, while our friend Ralph goes off into the opposite extreme. You may never be deceived into the belief of some new and false pretension; but you are fated to stand still while the world is advancing, unless you corect this habit of mind;—on the other hand, Ralph is in danger of falling into the error that you are seeking to avoid. To both I would say—open your eyes and see; but be careful that you are not over wise, and

“‘See what is not to be seen.’”

Mr. Carter here bade the two friends a good afternoon. They walked homeward more thoughtful and less inclined to give utterance to their thoughts than they were before he joined their company.

CHAPTER III.

On the evening succeeding the day on which our narrative opens, a young lady sat alone with a book in her hand beside her table, on which stood a shaded light. The room she occupied was elegantly furnished, and the walls hung with choice pictures, showing the owner to be a person of taste, and enough of this world's goods to gratify it. The young lady was rather above the middle height—slender, yet symmetrically formed, with dark glossy hair that fell in a profusion of ringlets upon her neck, and played about her cheeks, upon which a soft tinge sweetly relieved the exquisite purity and whiteness of her skin. Her dark hazle eyes, from which the long lashes were occasionally raised, as she lifted her head and assumed a thoughtful attitude, pondering on what she read, had a depth of expression but rarely seen. At such times, brow, eyes, and mouth presented evidences of bodily or mental suffering, that could not be mistaken. But these, instead of detracting from, seemed to heighten and give interest to her beauty.

The young lady sat thus alone now reading and now pausing to reflect upon what she had read, or, because other thoughts and images forced themselves upon her mind, and thrust aside the themes upon which she was endeavoring to fix her attention. While thus engaged, a visiter was announced. He proved to be a young man about her own age, or, it might be, a few years older. He was near the middle stature, well formed, and with a manly air and intelligent countenance. He greeted the young lady familiarly, and she returned his greeting with an air as frank and familiar as his own. They were evidently on terms of interest and confidential intercourse; for their hands lingered in each other's grasp, and they looked into each other's eyes with looks of tenderness and regard.

“I expected you earlier,” said the maiden. “What has kept you so long away?”

The young man thought a moment before answering, and then replied,

“I called in after tea to say a word or two to Mons. Florien, and he kept me longer than I at first intended to stay.”

“Mons. Florien? Indeed!” The young lady's countenance brightened. “What had you of interest to say to him?”

“A good deal. But I wanted to ask him particularly about one point.”

“What was that?” asked the young lady.

“How far, in his opinion, the ‘subject’ of mesmeric influence had his or her freedom of will disturbed.”

“A singular question, it strikes me, Ralph,” remarked his companion.

“So Mons. Florien said.”

“How came such an idea to cross your mind?”

“It was suggested by Mr. Carter, in a conversation I held with him this afternoon.”

“What, Carter? Old Mr. Carter, the ——”

“Yes, old Mr. Carter, who is said to have so many odd and singular notions; but who, to me, always has a very sensible way of talking, and seems to see deeper into things than most people I am in the habit of meeting.”

“What had he to say on the subject?” asked the young lady.

“Oh! a good deal. He blamed me for inducing you to be magnetized, in order to have a tooth drawn.”

“I don't clearly see what cause of blame he could find in that?”

“He seems to think that mesmerism is an evil influence, and that all who have any thing to do with it are in danger of something, he hardly knows what.”

“I suppose not. How there can be any thing evil in that which enables you to have a painful operation performed, without suffering, is more than I can see. I should call it good, not evil.”

“So Mons. Florien says. Still, what Mr. Carter suggested in the conversation I had with him to-day, haunts my thoughts all the while. He spoke so gravely, and seemed so rational in all he set forth, that I was irresistibly led to the impression that there might be all the danger he suggested.”

“I have been magnetized,” was the triumphant answer to this, “and I don't think my freedom has been at all disturbed. I believe I have just as much control over my mind as ever I had, and a good deal more than when I was half maddened with pain, and every nerve quivering with excitement.”

“You felt a strong repugnance to being magnetized, I believe?” said the young man.

“Yes. I could not bear to have Mons Florien come near me. When he came into the room, it was as much as I could do to keep from flying from it, overcome with an undefinable dread of his touching me.”

“How long did this continue?” asked Ralph, whom the reader has already recognized.

“Until I allowed him to take my hands in his, and then it gradually subsided, until I felt nothing of it.”

“Do you feel it now, in thinking of him?”

“No, not in the slightest degree.”

“If you had another tooth to extract, would you be willing to let him magnetize you?”

“Perfectly.”

These answers did not appear to give Ralph very particular pleasure. He became grave and thoughtful, until rallied by his companion, who evinced a good deal of interest in knowing what had passed between him and Florien.

“Your conversation with Mons. Florien must have been a very interesting one,” she said.

“It certainly was. If all he relates of Animal Magnetism be true, we, as yet, have seen nothing of its real wonders. According to him a book, a piece of money, or any article may be magnetized, and then sent to a person to whom it will communicate the influence.”

“Astonishing! But can you really believe this?”

“I have been forced to believe so much that, at first sight, appeared equally incredible with this, that I now dare not refuse credence to any thing that comes along. Just think of one person's sending a magnetized article to another, and thus putting his whole consciousness to sleep. The thing is really frightful!”

“It does look bad,” remarked the young lady, in a tone that showed her interest and curiosity to be so highly excited that her mind did not clearly perceive the dangerous tendency of the power declared by Florien to exist.

“He says,” resumed Ralph, “that it is only necessary for one person who has a stronger magnetic quality than another, and therefore able to magnetize him, to take any article, a piece of coin for instance, and hold it in his hand long enough for the heat of his body, with its magnetism, to penetrate it, and then place that coin in the hand of the other person, to throw him into the magnetic sleep, or at least sensibly to affect him.”

“Is it possible!”

“Yes; he says he has done it over and over again. He also says that I have sufficient magnetic power to affect you easily.”

“Indeed!”

“Yes.”

“I wish I had known that. You should have magnetized me yesterday instead of he.”

“Suppose I try the experiment he spoke of,” said Ralph, taking a half dollar from his pocket. The repugnance which the young man had felt a short time before, was now all gone.

“I have no objections,” replied the young lady. “But I don't believe your magnetized half dollar will have any effect upn me.”

“Nor I. But we will put Florien's declaration to the proof.”

Ralph held the half dollar in his hand until it had attained the temperature of his body. He then placed it in the open hand of Agnes, where it lay for a few moments without any effect becoming apparent.

“Just as I sup—”

Before Ralph had finished the sentence the hand of his companion closed with a spasmodic jerk upon the coin, and a tremor ran up her arm, that soon began quivering from the shoulder to the tips of the fingers, and agitating the whole body, while her face exhibited a series of rapid muscular contortions.

“Good Heavens, Agnes!” exclaimed the young man in alarm, seizing her hand and endeavoring to get the magical half dollar from its grasp. But his efforts were vain. He could not move a finger.

Alarmed beyond measure, Ralph was about calling the family, when the spell he had put upon Agnes subsided, the coin dropped upon the floor, and his companion sat unmoved before him.

“I shall not try that again, very soon,” he said, relieving the oppression of his chest by a long breath. “I was never so much frightened in my life. How do you feel?”

“Oh! very well,” replied the maiden, with a smile.

“Wasn't you alarmed?”

“No. I can't say that I was.”

“What kind of a sensation was produced?”

“I can hardly tell. It was pleasant enough.”

“Could you not have held your arm still?”

“No. I had no power over it.”

“Astounding! I almost doubt my own senses. You say the sensation was not unpleasant?”

“Oh no. It was pleasant. I seemed in a kind of ecstacy.”

“Did you experience a similar sensation when Florien magnetized you?”

“At first, as I told you, his approach was exceedingly disagreeable. It seemed as if I could *feel* his presence like something pressing against and repelling me. It required all my efforts to refrain from rushing from the room. I never was so distressed by the presence of any one in my life. But after he had commenced magnetizing me, I gradually lost this repugnance, until it entirely left me and was succeeded by the most delightful sensations.”

“Can you not describe their nature?”

“I can hardly find words to do so. Of bodily existence, I seemed to have no perception. My mind became wonderfully clear, as if seeing in a new and purer atmosphere. My whole soul was elevated and filled with an overpowering consciousness of its immortality. But I can recollect nothing that I heard or saw while in this state.”

“Have you ever felt a desire to be restored to the state in which you then were?” asked Ralph.

“At times, when I think of the subject, this desire comes over me.”

This declaration made Ralph again thoughtful. But the more he thought the more bewildered did his mind become.

“Why do you look so grave?” asked the young lady.

“These things are enough to make any one look grave. Whither are we tending? What is to be the result of all this? If one person is to have such entire control over another as mesmerism gives, who knows for what dreadful end it may be used? It seems to me that no one is safe. A natural repugnance to the thing is nothing. This repugnance may be entirely overcome, as in your case.”

Agnes smiled at the young man's warmth.

“I do not see any thing so dreadful in all this as you appear to see,” she said. “No one need be magnetized without his consent.”

“Florien says differently. He says, that after he has magnetized a subject, who is particularly susceptible to the influence, for a few times, he can put him to sleep by merely looking at him, and willing him to go to sleep. He declares that he has done it often. And he says, moreover, that his present subject, a lady whom he has been magnetizing for nearly a year, for the cure of a complication of diseases under which she is laboring, is now so much under his control, that he can put her to sleep if she is in another room, and altogether unapprised of his intention.”

“That I am very much inclined to doubt,” said Agnes.

“I doubted, at first, even his ability to put any one into the magnetic sleep,” returned the young man. “I called all mere pretension and imposture. But I could not long withstand the evidences of my own eyes. I laughed, as you know, at his declaration, in one of his lectures, that an operation might be performed while the patient was in the magnetic sleep, without any pain being felt. And yet I have seen Doctor Elmer draw a tooth for you without your being aware of the fact. The magnetized coin, I but half credited. All these are wonderful—past human belief; and yet my eyes have seen them. If I admit these to be true, it requires but little stretch of credulity to believe any thing that may be related of this mysterious agency.”

“No one need become a regular ‘subject’ in a magnetiser's hands, and thus be brought so completely under his control,” said Agnes.

“*Unless an undue and disturbing influence were obtained over the subject by a* SINGLE *act of mesmerism, no entire control would result from repeated acts.* Every stroke of the hammer upon a piece of iron, bears its due relation to the rest in the process by which the iron is brought into its required shape. If the first stroke make no impression whatever, no accumulation of such strokes will at all affect the metal. Is not this clear?”

“Perfectly. But in the case of mesmerism, a single submission to the mesmeric influence, does not compel an individual to submit to it again and again, until he is brought completely under the mesmerizer's control.”

“I am not so sure of that,” said Ralph, musingly.

“But the thing is absurd, Ralph. I have been magnetised by Mons Florien. Do you suppose he could induce me to submit myself again to his hands, unless I chose to do so.”

“He could not, certainly, against your *will*. But the question in my mind, Agnes, is, how far the person who has once been magnetized may or may not be *willing* to have the process repeated. The gist of the whole matter lies in the effect of magnetism upon the *will*.”

“You are a strange being, Ralph,” said the young lady, smiling. “I sometimes hardly know what to make of you.”

Ralph returned the smile of Agnes, but did not, for some time make any further remark, and then he changed the subject.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Appropriate Poem.

THE MISSION OF LOVE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY THE VILLAGER.

Hark! from far across the waters,
Comes the moan of dread despair;
Lone hearts are wrung with agony,
That once were free from care,
And from the cold and cheerless hearth,
Ascends the hopeless prayer.

Look out upon the dreary shore,
And see the tearful eyes
That gaze across the sleeping main,
Where fair Columbia lies:
Where harvest fields, when summer smiles,
Look glad beneath her skies.

But see! from the horizon's verge,
A barque comes o'er the deep,
The stars and stripes are streaming out,
With beauty in their sweep,
And as they float, men's fainting hearts,
Within their bosoms leap.

She comes not with the booming roar
Of cannon on the wave,
To carry death and carnage there,
But her motto is *to save*,
And the flag of Peace, in whiteness floats,
True emblem of the brave.

A million thankful voices swell
As she anchors by that strand;
And blessings on the hearts that *feel*,
In the far-off Eagle land,
Rise up to Heaven's eternal throne,
From that pale and suffering band.

Beautiful Tale.

FROM THE COLUMBIAN MAGAZINE.

MINNIE MORRIS.

BY M. M. C.

If Minnie Morris's father was a wall-layer, and a poor man to boot; and if Minnie Morris's mother did weave linen for the neighborhood, was that any cause why Minnie herself should not be a beauty? None at all, thought the good fairy who according to all the story-books, presided at her *debut* into this sunshine and shadow world; and so the little Minnie was forthwith established in a perpetual gleam of sunshine. What else was it that made the room so still and dark when she was absent? What else could it be that so lighted up everything when she was there?

She had bright hazel eyes, that matched the color of her hair to a charm, and such mischievous eyes, too, that seemed to say, “We know something so funny, so very funny; but we won't tell you.” And whenever she burst into a fit of genuine laughter, a circumstance by no means unfrequent, she invariably covered them with her hands, as if they had no right to laugh, too.

If there was any thing in the world that Mrs. Morris prided herself on, it was Minnie and Minnie's hair. She seemed to consider them two separate and distinct objects of admiration. “She was certain that if her child had had such a frizzled head as Sally Marsh's children, she should never have loved her half so well.” And one thing she was sure of, “if *her* child had such flaxy-looking hair as the Widow Smith's little girls, she'd have it dyed before she was a day older.”

No wonder she was proud of those long, smooth, brown tresses; and every day she plaited them with infinite care, and tied them with gay ribbons that were the admiration of the curly-pated Marshes, and the pretty, blue-eyed, golden-tressed little girls of the widow. But Minnie herself had too much mischief to attend to, to set any value on those precious braids, and besides, a sore trial to her patience was it, to sit at her mother's feet half an hour every morning, while they were arranged.

I think I said that Minnie's father was a poor man; but to be poor in the country is a very different thing from the same situation in the city. There were as many genuine little comforts in the brown, low-roofed cottage of Andrew Morris, as in the great red brick house of his landlord, Peter De Roos; for Andrew and his brisk, tidy wife were no sluggards, but, emphatically, early and late workers. I know not why it was that, frugal and industrious as they were, they never achieved anything beyond their present support. There was no lack of economy, yet still, year after year came round, and in spite of the hundred rods of wall, and the dozen reels of linen that had all been paid for, they were just as far from wealth as ever.

Had it not been for the sake of the little Minnie this would have troubled them but little, and as it was, it never kept sleep or health from the contented pair.

Minnie, (for no one ever really knew her right name until it was—but that is in the future,) Minnie was sent to school. It was a very funny thing to those little bright eyes to spy out the great Os and Ss. The school-ma'am, Mary Law, declared that “she didn't make anything more of work than if it was play.”

In that dingy brown school house all the education which she ever received was obtained. It was not, indeed, of a very varied cast, nor was it long protracted, but it was quite as good as Peter De Roos saw fit to bestow on his only child, save one winter at a select school in the neighborhood, where the rule of three was carried out farther, the mysteries of Kirkham's Grammar a little more unfolded, and a rather higher standard of excellence set up for students in the abstract sciences of spelling and defining. So, in the end, Harry De Roos considered himself abundantly able to instruct his former school-mate and play mate in these, as well as in several minor matters.

It is one of the privileges of the poor in the country, that their children can attend the same schools as those of their more prosperous neighbors, and share their studies and their sports on a perfect footing of equality. In general, they cannot be distinguished from each other by their dress, their manners or their dispositions. The children of the day laborer, or the widowed seamstress, have all the frank-heartedness, the gay, unsoured temper, the genial warmth of affection that can possibly belong to those of the landlord. So no one ever thought of chiding Harry for helping Minnie out with her long sums in reduction, or carrying her basket home for her, or lifting her little sprightly self over the fence. For in spite of his stern, coarse, hard-featured father, he was a generous and gentle boy.

Yes, in spite—Peter De Roos was a hard man. He was of an ancient Dutch family, that, as far back as their tenants' grandsires could remember, were rich, miserly, griping men. To his hands had come down the right to many a long sunny meadow, many a rood of cornfield and pleasant groveland, stretched along the banks of a wide, wasteful creek, whose yearly inundations conferred additional fertility on the already fertile fields. It was such a tract of land as is a paradise to a Dutch farmer—low, sheltered and level. Immense stacks of hay and grain were clustered cosily together around the great red barns; fat oxen lowed over the bars, and a dozen sleek horses pranced idly about the pasture, the only unemployed creatures, capable of work, that were tolerated on the premises.

A prominent point in the flat picture was the house of the landlord; old, large and aristocratic as half a dozen chimnies, pointed gables and a prodigious fancy window over the front hall-door could make it. It had, besides, a deep green lawn around it, in which, with good taste, singular for their race, each proprietor had carefully spared many a goodly weeping elm, and stout, compact maple. Yet even to the passing traveller the place had a chilly, forbidding aspect. The front shutters were never opened, and from the chimnies, save one,

“No kindly smoke was climbing the cold and empty sky.”

Peter De Roos's wife had died long, long ago. If he was hard and stern, she had been harder and sterner. She had brought him as her dowry a bag of silver heavier than she could lift, and she took good care that the amount should never be lessened. Even to her boy she showed few marks of affection; to others, none. Oh, a miserly, strange-thoughted woman was Annatie De Roos! In her last illness, which was also her only one, a heavy bag of gold lay night and day under her pillow. When her kind neighbors, forgetful of her hardness, in their dear, ready, country sympathy, came to nurse her, if they raised her from her bed to arrange it more for comfort, she invariably held the precious treasure in her lap until it could be restored to its place. Oh, shame for women! With those thousands hidden under her pillow she died.

Her niece, a worthy woman, though bowed by years of grief and poverty, came to fill her place as housekeeper and care-taker of Harry. And a cheerless life was hers still; for few visited the house, and so poor Mrs Deming lived on, uncomplaining, but utterly without spirit or animation.

Very different was the unpretending little dwelling of the Morrises. It was wholly uncottage like, although almost buried in the long, sweeping branches of one of those patriarchal elms; for it stood in sight of the brick house, on one corner of the lawn. There were all sorts of old fashioned roses and peonies and snowballs in the yard, and a snug garden on one side, through which a little brook, that had lost its way in the woods above, hurried and splashed and spattered, to hide itself in the bosom of the creek. There Mrs. Morris's loom banged and clattered all day, while Minnie was employed out of school in picking up lost ends, or detecting incipient breaks in the harness, in that never-ending duty, spooling the yarn which her mother wove.

Sometimes she had assistance in these important affairs from her favorite school-mate, Harry, who was sure to find some errand to bring him there every day. “He was more bother than good,” Mrs. Morris sometimes ejaculated; “for he was forever coaxing Minnie to play fox and geese, or dots and crosses, or something or other.”

But how I linger with my story! I foresaw in the commencement that it would be so, when I found myself talking about bright eyes, etc. I never knew a story commenced in that way to turn out well. To take a long leap—

Harry De Roos and Minnie Morris were no longer children. Their early partiality had never been interrupted, and very naturally it had widened and deepened. On his nineteenth birth-day, Harry, with some hesitation, and without quite looking his stern old father in the eyes, announced their engagement.

Peter De Roos had always been accustomed to consider his son as yet a mere boy; he had given him money and fine horses, and allowed him the disposition of his own time, to be sure, but farther he did not trouble himself. For Harry was so quiet and almost femininely gentle in his tastes and habits, that there was nothing to correct or control. So when the important news was communicated to him, he merely brushed a fly from his sleeve, and exclaimed—

“Pshaw! pshaw! boy! What stuff is this? Just mind your own concerns, and let me hear no more of it.”

“But, father!” persisted Harry, “I am in earnest.”

“So am I,” was the *gruff reply*.

Poor Harry! He had n ver opposed his father in the world; he knew not how to begin. But he had a strong motive; and with a desperate resolution, he related the story of their mutual love and promises. When the old man really comprehended the truth, that his son contemplated marrying the daughter of his tenant, he, a De Roos—not one of whom had ever suffered love to outweigh gold—he was exasperated almost beyond his senses. With every epithet that rage and disappointed plans could supply, he commanded his son to leave his sight and his house, and never appear there again.

Had Harry been bred like other boys to assert his own rights and receive them, he might have resented this conduct; but ever accustomed to yield, never having exercised his own will, the storm was too sudden to be borne with firmness, and he left his home in perfect silence, but with intense suffering.

Men had called his father harsh names; they had hoped that fire and flood would waste his possessions; but Harry had never until now realized his character.

Poor Harry! He mechanically turned his steps to the cottage. He found Minnie sewing at the window, prettier, brighter and happier than ever. What passed at that interview none knew, but from that hour the sunshine was gone from Andrew Morris's dwelling. Minnie's bright eyes were swollen with weeping, her cheeks were pale, and her hands white and cold. Her mother said not a word, but worked at the loom with redoubled diligence, while her father's usually open, careless brow wore a positive frown.

It was not long before the news spread through every farm-house along the creek, that Peter De Roos had turned his only son out of doors, and that Andrew Morris had commenced a suit against the latter, in the name of his daughter, for breach of promise!

Alas for Minnie's bright dreams! That this should be the conclusion of her pretty moonlight reveries and morning fairies! In vain had she pleaded and exhausted her little rhetoric—Morris was roused, and did not heed the persuasions of a

CONTINUED ON FOURTH PAGE.

United States SATURDAY POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

Philadelphia:

SATURDAY, MARCH 6, 1847.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

To ——, is accepted. We should be pleased to inspect the manuscript spoken of by Nemo.

HEAVEN IN JUNE. This poem has good thoughts in it, but it does not always jingle right, and therefore is declined.

THE PRIDE OF THE VILLAGE. We regret to say that we do not think this tale is quite good enough for the Post.

ENIGMAS. We have received E.'s answer to the Enigma in our last, but have not had time to examine whether it is the right one. L. H. V.'s Enigma is also received.

MESMERISM.

We suppose it is hardly necessary to enjoin upon our readers the perusal of the highly interesting tale, which we commence upon our first page. Mr. Arthur, it will be perceived, takes ground in favor of the truth of the alleged facts of Mesmerism, but in opposition to tampering foolishly with what he believes to be one of the greatest mysteries of our nature. As to Mesmerism, for our own part, we hardly know what to think. That it is altogether a delusion, we cannot bring ourselves to believe, for two reasons. In the first place, the testimony as to certain of its alleged phenomena—such as the magnetic sleep, ability to read with the eyes bandaged, &c.—is nearly overwhelming. We know of cases where the high standing in the community of both the operator and his subject, places them above all charges of collusion or deception. In the second place, we have, ourselves, under the hands of the mesmeriser, experienced a seething in the veins, like nothing else we ever felt before. We were not put to sleep—and let no one into the secret of our sensations at the time—but we had quite enough to convince us that there was *something* in it.

We published last week a notice from the Saturday Inquirer, of this city, of an exhibition which the editor had attended, where a Mr. Loomis had performed the usual mesmeric experiments. The editor of the Saturday Courier, it appears, was also present, and alludes to it in his paper, as follows:—

"On Saturday evening last, we were one of a dozen literary and scientific gentlemen, who were invited to the dwelling of Professor Loomis, to witness and investigate some experiments in the *clairvoyant* phenomena of the science. The 'subject,' a young lady, daughter of the professor, was placed in the magnetic sleep by her father, when the visitors were invited to effectually blindfold her eyes, which being done, various articles of manuscript and printed matter were given to her, which, sometimes drawing across her forehead, and at other times holding above her head, she read off with the utmost readiness and accuracy. A piece of printing of an unusual and novel character, which we chanced to have by us, was promptly read. Every effort was made to baffle and try her, but in vain, and the theory of some, that she *felt* the letters, was fairly dispelled by the whole company presenting their watches, which she not only successively described accurately, but told to the fraction of a minute the time of each, and also *the difference in time one from another!*

"We believe there were no doubts left on the mind of any one present that collusion or fraud could possibly have any agency in the matter."

It appears that the said *Professor Loomis*, has also lately been in Elkton, Md., and we find the following interesting article in the "Cecil Whig," published in that place. The editor of the Whig says:—

"On both evenings we were on the examining committee, the former in connexion with Messrs. Evans and Groome, the latter with Messrs. Partridge and May. All these gentlemen possess acuteness, and are the last persons here who could be easily deceived, and in the matter of sturdy unbelief, we presume we are nearly equal to the most skeptical touching this 'science.'

"The first evening the lady's eyes were bandaged so that the committee were satisfied she could not see. On Thursday night, more than usual pains were taken. *Adhesive plasters were put over her eyes, and they did positively adhere so closely to her skin that they were with difficulty removed. Over these, soft kid gloves were spread; over these again, a hand kerchief was tied, secured above and below by tape strings.*

"It was an unusual and very severe test. Her eyes were without doubt in *total darkness*—in regard to that, there is no possible mistake, but notwithstanding all our precautions in bandaging, *she did see.* She read the names of a score of newspapers, and some of the smaller print on them—she read writing with a lead pencil—told the time by numerous watches, though set far from the true hour, and described the watches, she also read several bank notes.

"She held the papers, &c. over her forehead at the lower edge of her hair. While engaged in her readings she was very sprightly, and evinced considerable smartness—but we have not room for farther detail.

"In regard to this matter we can only say that we do not comprehend it. If it be trickery, it is splendid trickery. The jugglers of the East astound you, but they prepare all the machinery—here you are allowed to prepare the subject to your own satisfaction. In regard to the presumption that arises in the mind, as soon as we are convinced that she cannot see with her eyes that there is some series of cunningly devised and secret signs by which communications are made to the young lady, we have to say, *that watches and papers were given to her that no eye saw but our own, and yet she told as usual.*

"Our stubborn skepticism prompts us to say that though witnessing such bewildering tests a thousand times, we would believe we were a thousand times deceived, before we would grant that she saw with her brain, up through her skull!"

If, however, notwithstanding the "stubborn skepticism" of our friend of the "Whig" and others, the claims of Mesmerism should prove to be, to a certain extent at least, based upon facts, should not all, and especially females of a nervous temperament, be careful how they allow the tender strings which connect their mental and physical organizations, to be tampered with by careless and often unknown experimenters. We think so; and therefore rejoice that a man of Mr. Arthur's popularity and talents, has raised his voice in a most effectual way, to discourage the rash use of a power which should be examined into with the greatest reverence and caution.

A BRIDAL AND A BURIAL.

We learn from the North Carolina "Newbernian," that a highly respected citizen of Pensacola, Florida, in November last, was married and died on the same day. He was married at seven o'clock in the morning and died at half-past seven in the evening—the obituary notice says "aged 42 years." Such instances are [illegible] and call to [illegible] the words of the Scripture, "Thy ways, oh Lord! are past all finding out."

ERRATA.

Our readers must not suppose, from the manner in which the word psychological is spelt on our first page, that we have any serious intention of introducing a new mode of spelling it—but only that the proof reader has been more careless than was at all necessary.

COBBETT'S PROPHECY.

A gentleman of Baltimore combats Cobbett's notion about the potato, which we published in our last paper, and says:—

"There is not a single instance on record of any vegetable having been extirpated, or 'worked itself out.' The idea is unphilosophical, unscientific, almost doubting the favor or benevolence of Him who has promised 'seed time and harvest.' Instead of the potato—the 'dirty weed'—having been a curse to Ireland, it has been one of the greatest blessings that was ever conferred upon that or any other people."

We have no faith ourselves in the notion of vegetables "working themselves out;" but as to the fact, not that the potato, but the nearly exclusive cultivation of it, has been a curse to Ireland, we think it proved by the present famine beyond all controversy. In truth, it is madness for a nation to depend entirely upon any one article of food—the potato is good in its place, but not in the place of everything else.

The same Baltimore gentleman predicts a somewhat similar epidemic in the wheat crop next year. He says:—

"The scab will be found to affect the crop of 1847 to such an extent that a great scarcity of *good flour* will prevail. It will spread over the whole of this country in 1847, '48; will appear in Europe this year and in 1848, and spread over the whole of that continent. It will follow the usual course of all vegetable epidemics, from west to east—that is, it commences in America and will reach the eastern world. Nearly all, if not all, animal epidemics commence in the east and progress westwardly, as in the case of the *cholera*. When the scab shall have run its course, then the wheat crop will be relieved of its baneful affect—1847 will be the climax in America. In 1848 there will be some of it more or less; in 1849 it will disappear; one year later in all these dates will be the time of its progress in Europe. But let no one despair. The potato and wheat and corn, and all other kinds of human and animal food will be preserved, and continue their abundant supplies of human food."

What foundation he has for such a prophecy, we do not know—but every one will be skeptical of such easily uttered notions, especially so long as flour and grain continue to hold their present prices.

But we know of no more appropriate conclusion to the present article, than Cobbett's fine comparison between the advantages of bread and potatoes as food. The rugged old philosopher is quite eloquent upon the subject. After giving particular directions for making bread, he says:—

"And what is there worthy of the name of plague or trouble in all this? Here is no dirt, no filth, no rubbish, no litter, no slop. And pray what can be pleasanter to behold? Talk indeed of your pantomimes and gaudy shows, your processions and installations and coronations! Give me, for a beautiful sight, a neat and smart woman, heating her oven and setting in her bread; and if the bustle do make the sign of labor glisten on her brow, where is the man that would not kiss that off, rather than lick the plaster from the cheek of a duchess? And what is the result? Why good wholesome food sufficient for a considerable family for a week, prepared in three or four hours. To get this quantity of food fit to be eaten, in the shape of potatoes, how many fires, what a washing, what a boiling, what a peeling, what a slopping, and what a messing! The cottage everlastingly in a litter; the woman's hands everlastingly wet and dirty, the children grimed up to their eyes with dust fixed on by the potato starch, and ragged as colts, the poor mother's time all being devoted to the everlasting boiling of the pot! Can any man who knows anything of the laborer's life deny this? And will, then, any body, except the old shaffle breeches band of the Quarterly Review, who have all their lives been moving from garret to garret, who have seldom seen the sun, and never the dew, except in print, will any body except these men say that the people ought to be taught the use of potatoes as a substitute for bread?"

A COSTLY WORK.

The expense of getting up the "Encyclopædia Britannica," 17 volumes, quarto, was stated, during a recent trial in England, to have been about six hundred thousand dollars (£125,000.) This amount of course includes every item of expenditure, among which the following are the most important:—

	£	s.	d.
Contributions and Editing	22,599	2	11
Printing	18,610	1	4
Stereotyping	3,317	5	8
Paper	27,854	15	7
Bookbinding	12,739	12	2
Engraving and Plate printing	11,777	18	1

For the contribution of the Dissertation in dispute at the trial, Dugald Stewart received from the firm of Constable & Co., 1,600*l*., and for the accompanying Dissertations by Sir James Mackintosh and Sir John Leslie, the present proprietors of the Encyclopædia paid 1,030*l*. The cost of Professor Playfair's Dissertation is not precisely stated, but if paid for at the same rate as Sir John Leslie's, it could not fall short of 500*l*. For editing one volume the sum of 320*l* was paid, bringing up the total expenditure for the literary labor of one volume alone to 3,450*l*.

Of this outlay only 106,520*l*. has as yet been returned to the two proprietors, but it is supposed that the sale of the stock, which as it embraces the works of so many celebrated men must continue for many years, will ultimately reward the spirit and energy of its projectors.

IMPORTANT STATEMENT.

Father Mathew, the Irish Apostle of Temperance, in a recent speech, is said to have clearly proved that if all the grain now converted into poison, were devoted to its natural and legitimate use, it would afford a meal to every man, woman and child in the land.

An English paper states that forty-five thousand seven hundred and sixty-nine acres of land are employed in England in the cultivation of hops, and that one million acres of land are employed to grow barley to convert into strong drink, besides forty millions of bushels of barley, a considerable quantity of oats, rye, carrots, potatoes and wheat, has been annually wasted in making gin, whiskey, and rum. The land, appropriated to this purpose, applied to the production of grain for food, would yield more than a four pound loaf to each of the supposed number of human beings in the world, or give three loaves per week to each family in the kingdom of Great Britain. Yet for the sake of indulging a pernicious appetite, all this immense wealth is wasted in a manner which brings with it also the destruction of human life.

AID FOR IRELAND.

A Bill has passed the Senate by a vote of 27 to 13, for the relief of the suffering poor of Ireland and Scotland. It authorizes the President to cause such provisions as he may deem suitable, to be purchased, to the amount of $500,000, and "tendered in the name of the Government of the United States to that of Great Britain, for the relief of the people of Ireland and Scotland, suffering from the great calamity of scarcity and famine."

The President is also authorized, at his discretion, to employ any of the public ships of the United States for the transportation of the provisions to be purchased as aforesaid.

The Bill was offered by Mr. Crittenden, and supported by Messrs. Clayton and Cass. It is as nearly as possible, a copy of the law passed in 1812, for the relief of the people of Venezuela, suffering from the effects of an earthquake. We trust that it will meet with but little opposition in the other House of Congress. A gift that is grudgingly given, loses half its virtue.

RULES FOR ARGUMENTS.

As it is foolish, not to say wrong, to argue for the mere love of argument, the three following rules should always be observed in every disputation:—

1. Be always certain that the difference between you and your opponent is a real difference of ideas, and not a mere verbal difference, resulting from an incorrect use of words on one part or the other.

2. When you have ascertained that the difference is a real one, and precisely upon what point it is, confine yourself to that point, and do not shift your ground when hard pressed, which, however adroitly it be done, is mean and despicable. "Stand up always to the rack, fodder or no fodder."

3. Do not protract the discussion any longer than is necessary to put your opponent and the hearers, in full possession of your reasons for the ground you have taken. This done, the object of the discussion has been gained.

THE EMPEROR NICHOLAS.

In one of our exchanges, the other day, there were four articles descriptive of as many ferocious animals, viz:—the Tiger, Hunting Leopard, Panther and Sword Fish. And we were not a little amused in seeing that the compositor, (building, as the Post says, "wiser than he knew,") had stuck a complimentary article upon the Emperor of Russia, right between the Panther and the Sword Fish.

THE TELEGRAPH.

We see it stated that Henry O'Reilly, Esq., has obtained ample funds to continue and complete the "Atlantic, Lake and Mississippi Line," and that before the summer is over, Philadelphia will be in communication with St Louis direct, and by lateral lines with Cleveland, Chicago and all points of commercial importance on the Lakes.

DANCING GIRLS.

We are always ready to hear the other side of any question upon which we have expressed our sentiments, because we do not profess to be infallible in our judgment, but only to give our honest opinions of matters and things, within our limited circle of neutrality, as they pass before us. We therefore admit with pleasure into our columns, the following from the Boston Transcript, relative to a class, of whom we can but think that it is one of the strangest anomalies of the human mind, if the great majority of them do not, almost necessarily, ultimately lose their native purity and delicacy of soul.

The Transcript, which is edited by a lady, says, in speaking of the "Viennese children," that their condition has been decidedly improved by their being brought upon the stage. It states that they have been taken from among the very lowest class of the German population—and continues its remarks as follows:

"If these children had not been thus adopted by Madame Weiss, they would, in their own country, have been nothing more than object street beggars, learning subterfuge to extract a penny from the passer-by perhaps, or lazily loitering about, subjected to no good influences either of cleanliness, of order, or of discipline; having no feeling of proper pride aroused either of industry or excellence; having no *avocation*. In such a state, it may well be asked, would their prospect of happiness and virtue be so good as it is now, when they are trained to habits of industry, and are really receiving an education, quite independent from that which is *professional*? And here, an article in a late foreign magazine, comes to our aid. Whilst writing of the supposed dangers that beset the life of the stage, the author alludes particularly to dancing girls, and has reference to their existence when they emerge from childhood to womanhood. Many of them *marry*, and, in their walk of life, they 'marry well.' Their object in marriage, he says, is not altogether to be taken out of the theatre—generally the reverse; indeed a very large proportion of the young persons enumerated in the *corps de ballet* of the various houses as 'Miss' such a one, are married. And, married or single, we speak advisedly in saying nothing can be more exemplary than the conduct of the ballet generally, taken as a mass. Many of them, in several instances two or three sisters, contribute in a *great degree* to the support of their parents; either by their salaries, which may be averaged at a guinea a week in the more respectable theatres, or by teaching on their own account. An intimate acquaintance with the internal economy of a theatre enables us to state earnestly, that amongst no other class have we witnessed more domestic devotion, or readiness at all times to proffer mutual assistance, in the event of accident or other misfortune, than in the *corps de ballet*—and that by no others have we seen any transgression against propriety, or advances even supposed to be questionable, more effectually repulsed. We do not deny that there are several who cannot lay claim to a reputation perfectly unblemished, but it is as false as it is uncharitable to suppose that the attributes of these few are alike characteristic of the entire class."

We know nothing as to the *facts* of the case, and therefore can only say, that if the statement of the foreign magazine alluded to, be true, it is one of the strangest things under the sun.

LOUIS PHILIPPE OUT-WITTED.

It is said that Louis Philippe was very prettily duped, in the recent marriage of his son with the Infanta of Spain. When the question of marriage between the Duke and the Infanta was proposed, the agents appointed by Queen Christina to negotiate this delicate matter, declared that the young Princess would bring her husband a dowry of thirty four millions. The French Ambassador, seduced by the sum, struck the bargain without waiting to hear the sentence finished. The ceremony of the marriage was accordingly performed, and the French deputies asked for the money. Then it was that Queen Christina completed the sentence unfinished by her agents. She told them to send to her treasurer, and the money should be immediately paid.

"Thirty-four millions," said the Duke's agents.

"Yes," added the Queen, "we desire not to reduce the amount a single figure; we will pay the stipulated sum of thirty-four millions of—*reals*."

"There was not a word said about *reals*," resumed the Frenchmen, as soon as they could find breath.

"Did any one speak of *francs*?" quietly asked the Queen.

"In France, when we speak of thirty-four millions, the word *francs* is always understood."

"In Spain we understand *reals*. We have spoken in our language, you have understood in yours. The mistake is on your side."

"This is a shift on your part to avoid the payment of the full amount."

"No, it is a misunderstanding on yours; that is all the money we have. The most accomplished princess in the world can give no more than she has got."

Such a piece of trickery was a fitting accompaniment to such a marriage.

THE BRITISH GOVERNMENT.

The British Government are acting with great liberality in relation to Ireland. We perceive by a late statement that the cost already incurred by the public works which have been undertaken for the purpose of giving employment to the poor, amounts to £2,000,000, ($10,000,000). Lord John Russell said recently, that the monthly expenditures until August next, if the Government measures were persevered in, would be from £500,000 to £600,000, and the whole cost not less than £6,000,000 ($30,000,000.)

We also perceive that the Lords of the Treasury, in answer to a letter from Elihu Burritt, have stated that "the Lords Commissioners will be prepared to pay the freight of any provisions or clothing which benevolent persons in the United States may send to Ireland or the distressed districts in Scotland, on proof being afforded that the articles were purchased from the produce of private subscriptions and have been appropriated to charitable objects."

TO PREVENT TAKING COLD.

The Boston Bee says that "Mr. H. Emmons, the well-known and venerable printer," has furnished it with the following receipt to prevent the taking of cold during the winter season. Some people may think the prevention worse than the disease, but this is a mistake. It only requires a tolerably strong body, and a resolute will, to make it a positive pleasure:—

"TO PREVENT TAKING COLD.—Put a tub of water in your bed room on going to bed; cover it over, and if it is frozen in the morning break the ice—plunge the head in first, then step in and sponge the body all over, having two crash towels ready to rub the body down well, and if your fingers are numb, thaw them over a candle or set a piece of paper on fire; then dress as quick as possible, then take a walk a mile or two to face the North-Westers, and come home to breakfast!

"By persevering in the above, in the coldest mornings in winter I have never taken cold; and for headaches I have not had one for 40 years!

"From colds and sickness I am free,
My age is almost seventy three."

SOCIETY OF FRIENDS.

The movements we have heretofore chronicled of the above religious body, in aid of the Irish sufferers, have been made by the Orthodox branch of the Society. We now have the pleasure of stating that the other portion of the Society, (commonly called "Hicksite Friends,") are also moving energetically in the collection of funds, &c. They have already raised a considerable amount, which has been transmitted to the Central Committee of Friends in Dublin for distribution. George M. Justice, No. 149 Market street, has been elected Treasurer, and is authorized to receive contributions in money, and Wm. P. Sharpless, S. E. corner of Broad and Race streets, and Thomas Ridgway, No. 137 north Water street, are authorized to receive contributions in produce. The committee have addressed an interesting and touching circular to their fellow members throughout the yearly meeting, inviting their co-operation.

DANCING.

The N. Y. Mirror speaks as follows of some exhibitions of "dancing" at the Park Theatre:—

"Of the dancing we have little to say, for the reason that we recognized but little that could be called dancing. A series of groupings and attitudes, in which legs stretched to the highest possible limits, high up in the air, formed the principal feature, constituted the principal staple of the ballet, while the true elements of dancing, grace, chasteness and spirituality, seemed to have been omitted by particular desire."

LIBERTY IN PRUSSIA.

Recent accounts state that the King of Prussia is at length about to bestow the long-promised liberal Constitution upon his people. We hope so, but it has been so often heralded without coming, that we will withhold our congratulations till after it has really come.

THE CENTRAL ROAD.

The Stockholders of the Pittsburg and McConnelsville Railroad met recently at Pittsburg, and adopted resolutions entirely to the Baltimore connection, and favorable to the Central Route. They adjourned until the 27th of April.

HOLD HIM.

The following is an extract from a speech recently delivered in the Legislature of Massachusetts, and published by the author in the Hingham Patriot. We think it will compare favorably with any specimen of Western eloquence we have seen. Speaking in reference to the thanks to Gen. Taylor, Mr. Lincoln said:—

"If the wise judgment—the undecided and unawed understanding—the Conscience based Reason of Massachusetts are to be drowned in the chaos of riotous feeling and tumultuous passion, and her former masters and pilots are to sleep the slumber of death and lines must be drawn and sides must be taken, I take sides against her tingling nerves—her splenty stomach—her Phrenological organ of Vanity; and, in justice to men I know and respect, I must add her sympathising, suffering breast, bleeding, perhaps, for herself—bleeding, perhaps, for others; and I go for her quiet, orderly, peace, law and justice loving Phrenological organ of Conscientiousness—and I go for her Mighty Heart, beating for home and fireside, for mother and sister, for wife and maiden, for Constitution and for Country—and I go also for the boiling red hot blood of her right arm, when it strikes for the past, for the Present, and for Future Protection.

"And if Massachusetts' firm judgment—solid understanding—friendly heart of sympathy and God-based Reason are cloven down in this disastrous battle-field, and when the heat and dust of the conflict are over, glittering polished beams of night reflected from the Milky Way of Heaven, and from the luminous fog of sea-breeding storms and the smoke of rosewood shavings kindled over the ashes of Martin Luther, borne by a cold, isolated breeze of sorrow over a cheerless sea, are suffered, with their hazy mists, to dim the Pilgrim and Patriot burnished brightness of the Coat of Arms of Massachusetts, the wails of woe and lamentation which will hereafter arise from her thick, crowded cities, from the village clustering around her sea girt rocks to the remotest hamlet on her barrier hills, will drown all sympathy for suffering and all cries of agony from the battle-field of Mexico and from the Country of the Aztecs."

NEW FASTENING FOR LETTERS.

The prying propensities of the Post Office Department, in England, have called into exercise the ingenuity of some one, to provide a guard against the curiosity hunters, which will enable the recipient of a letter to detect at once whether it has been tampered with. The London Sun describes such an invention as follows:—

"The under fastening of what is called the seal is made of very thin and light, but yet very strong metal, to which the corners of the envelope are rivetted, as it were, no paste or gum being employed; from this a small nipple, not very unlike the nipple of a percussion gun lock, but flatter, projects. On the external seal, is what may be called the cap of the nipple, into which the nipple fits when the envelope is closed; a slight blow is then to be given to the seal, by which the nipple-cap is beaten quite flat, and the upper and under part of the seal become so incorporated, or in a manner welded together, that to pull them asunder without completely tearing the envelope is impossible. Thus everybody can know whether or not his letter has been opened, inviolability is secured, and the meanness of curiosity defeated. The invention is of great service, also, from the quickness with which the operation is performed, and the necessity for sealing-wax or wafers superseded."

FATHER MATHEW.

The Rev. Mr. Kelly of Jersey City, has received a letter dated Jan. 11th, from Father Mathew, in which he says that "no sum of money, in the present state of Ireland, could afford such relief as shipments of Indian corn, and other breadstuffs—sent immediately."

He also says:—

"The individuals concerned in the Corn Trade of England and Ireland, have raised the price to an enormous amount. Indian flour is to-day in this city, (Cork,) £19 the ton, and in the country £28. Our wretched population is rapidly pining away, and sinking into the grave. The only consolation we have, is the pious resignation with which they submit to this dire visitation of an all-wise Providence.

"We have seven months of famine still before us. But with the bright prospect that now opens upon us, of having our markets reduced to reasonable rates, by the benevolence of our commiserating brethren in the States, we hope to stay the ravages of famine. Untoward, unexpected impediments, have obliged me reluctantly for the last two years to postpone my visit to your happy country.

"Until the Lord, in His mercy, shall stay the hand of the destroying angel, that is now decimating the Irish people, I cannot promise myself the happiness of spending a few months in America."

Editorial Varieties.

THE PHILADELPHIA FIREMEN.

The "Spirit of the Age," published at Woodstock, Vt., has a Philadelphia correspondent, who gives a very flattering picture of the firemen of this city. He says, "*generally* speaking, a Philadelphia fire company or mob, would prefer attending a fire to eating their dinner, and they go to fires only to fight and prepared too."

As an illustration of the taste for the beautiful, and the warm religious zeal, of this class of our citizens, he gives the following anecdote:—

"A short time since a fireman was standing, with a citizen, before a *new framed church*, when he remarked:

"'That's a beautiful church, a fine building, isn't it?'

"'A very neat one certainly, but I cannot say it is beautiful,' replied our worthy citizen.

"'But then it is so large, and all wood, too!'

"'Well, does that increase its beauty?'

"'Why, no!—but blame it, wouldn't it burn fine though!'"

CONUNDRUMS.

As the wits seem to have generally failed in their efforts to make good conundrums, they have turned their attention to the next best thing, the making of bad ones, in which they succeed admirably. The following have been produced lately:—

"Why is one of Boz's works like a cork screw?" "Coz it's *all over twist*."

"Why was Queen Elizabeth a greater personage than Shakespeare?" "Because he was a *won der* and she was a *Tu-dor*."

The editor who publishes the last, says of the author, that "that infatuated victim of his own genius, humbly begs the public to suppress their indignation at the outrage."

ANOTHER LIBEL SUIT.

The editor of the Sunday Dispatch has had a suit commenced against him for libel, (by whom is not stated,) in which the damages are laid at ten thousand dollars. He closes some comments upon the subject with the following characteristic remark:—

"Once or twice, in a musing moment, we have detected ourselves looking down the vista of the future to a point, where we thought we could see, though dimly, as through a smoked glass, the individual receiving from our hands the ten thousand dollars. But so ridiculous an illusion, our stronger sense immediately dispelled."

A MOOTED POINT.

A judge in Canada recently decided, in the case of a criminal who was not hung upon the time appointed, that "so long as the sentence of death is not abrogated by a pardon in due form, the condemned prisoner may always be executed, and no one has the right to save him but the sovereign or his representative."

The culprit in question was therefore remanded to be imprisoned in the penitentiary for life, unless the sovereign either pardons him or calls for his execution.

LETTERS FOR THE ARMY.

It is a matter of importance that those who send letters to their friends in the army of Mexico, should direct to them naming the Company and Regiment, and to the care of Col. Hunt, U. S. Quarter Master, New Orleans. As for instance—"John Smith, Company D, First Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers—care of Col. Hunt, U. S. Quarter Master, New Orleans. To be forwarded immediately."

People should be particular and pay the postage to New Orleans, or their letters will not be forwarded.

NAVY MATTERS.

Com. Conner has been relieved from the command of the Gulf Squadron. Com. Perry takes his place.

Commander Parsons has been found guilty by Court Martial, and suspended one year.

Commander Carpender, who was suspended for one year, has had his sentence remitted by the President.

Passed-Midshipman Rolando has been acquitted of all blame in the loss of the sloop-of-war Boston.

TELEGRAPH TO N. ORLEANS.

The citizens of Charleston have subscribed nearly $40,000, Savannah from $15,000 to $20,000, and Mobile, probably, $20,000, toward the construction of the line from Washington to New Orleans. If stock to the amount of $120,000 can be disposed of in New Orleans, the Telegraph will be begun immediately and brought into operation some time in October next.

THE LIEUTENANT GENERAL.

An amendment has been adopted to the supplemental Army Bill, by a large majority, in the House, which contains the substance of the old plan of creating a Lieutenant General. It gives the President power to appoint a Major General, and place him in command of the Army without regard to the date of his commission. What course the Senate will pursue in the matter, appears to be very doubtful.

Since writing the above, we have learned that the Senate has stricken the amendment in question from the Bill.

THE REVENUE BILL.

The House of Representatives has a singular mode of transacting business occasionally. For instance, just look at the votes, in our Congressional column, upon the Revenue Bill. First the substitute is agreed to by a vote of 105 to 103, and then immediately after it is knocked in the head by a vote of 68 yeas, to 134 nays. What will be done next it is as impossible to say, as how the weather-cock will point to-morrow.

SURGICAL JOKE.

The editor of the N. Y. Medical and Surgical Reporter, says that some wicked wags, one night some years ago, removed the sign from over the door of a neighboring washerwoman, and very carefully attached it to the iron railing in front of the New York Hospital. The next morning the early passers-by read, to their horror and amazement, "*Mangling done here.*"

ADAM'S SLEEP.

Some hen-pecked husband must have penned the following:

He laid him down and slept—and from his side,
A woman in her magic beauty rose;
Dazzled and charmed he called that woman bride,
And his first sleep became his last repose.

THE THREE MILLION BILL.

The Three Million Bill has passed the Senate, without the Wilmot Proviso, by a vote of yeas 29, nays 24.

The Wilmot Proviso was lost by a vote of 21 ayes, to 31 nays.

It now goes back to the House for concurrence.

THE LETHEON.

This new discovery, by means of which the pain of surgical and dental operations is entirely relieved, has created a strong sensation abroad, and has been brought into use extensively in London and Paris.

INTENDS TO PAY UP.

A letter from Baltimore says that the Maryland Resumption Bill has passed the House, by a vote of 42 to 37, and that it will unquestionably pass the Senate.

New Publications.

DOMBEY & SON. *Messrs. Lea & Blanchard*, of this city, have issued No. 5 of this serial. We shall give a summary of it in our next paper. We may mention now, however, that the brief taper of poor little Paul's existence, goes out in this number. The closing scenes in his little loving life, are pictured with great tenderness and pathos. That Mr. Dickens, however, should have brought his existence so suddenly to a close, has created general astonishment. Some English authorities aver that it was done to spite the Americans—the same persons who prayed Boz so earnestly to save Little Nell, having it is said already begun beseeching him, by letters from this side of the Ocean, to be more merciful to little Paul. How this may be, we shall not pretend to determine. The author of a book is, of course, supposed to know best when the proper time has arrived for his proteges to die. We will, however, take the liberty of saying that, if Mr. Dickens has put an end to little Paul one moment sooner than the necessity of the case required, he must expect to receive the maledictions of all the tender hearted young mothers in Christendom.

AN AUTHOR'S MIND; A "BOOKFUL OF BOOKS," OR "THIRTY BOOKS IN ONE." *Edited by M. F. Tupper, Esq., M. A., author of "Proverbial Philosophy." Philadelphia: Carey & Hart. Price 37½ cents.* This volume is No. 6 of Carey & Hart's "Library for the People." It is a melange of the various odds and ends that may be supposed to lie at random in every author's mind. There are a number of beautiful sonnets interspersed through it, one or two of which we had already seen in the newspapers, and wondered where they came from.

PEIRCE'S STATISTICS OF THE WEATHER. This volume contains an account of the weather in this city, from Jan. 1, 1790, to Jan. 1, 1847, being 57 years. It also affords much other valuable information, viz., the "History of Philadelphia," "Notes respecting the Revolution," "Large Fires," &c., &c. It is published and for sale by *Messrs. Lindsay & Blakiston. Price one dollar.*

MARGARET PERCIVAL. *By the author of "Amy Herbert," &c. Edited by Rev. W. Sewell, B. D. 2 vols. Philadelphia: Geo. S. Appleton, No. 148 Chesnut Street.* This book may be pronounced dull and unreadable by those who look for brilliancy and excitement as the chief merits of a work of fiction, but it has a quiet beauty and a pure healthful spirit, that we think cannot fail to be widely appreciated.

THE CALVARY TOKEN AND LITERARY SOUVENIR. *Edited by Rev. John Newland Maffit.* We have received the January number of a monthly magazine with the above title. It is embellished with a very passable engraving of the Bay of Corfu. The Agent for this city is *M. E. Harmstead, 40 North Fourth Street. The price is one dollar a year.*

THE PENNSYLVANIA HOSPITAL FOR THE INSANE. We have received the report of the Board of Managers of the Pennsylvania Hospital for the Insane, for the year 1846. We are pleased to learn from it that this Institution enjoys a very high degree of prosperity, and is the means of dispensing a great amount of good to the community.

CHAMBERS'S INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE. *Messrs. G. B. Zieber & Co.*, the American publishers, have issued Nos. 11 and 12 of this excellent work. They treat of various subjects—among which we note, "Life and Maxims of Franklin," "Commerce," "Money," "Population," "Zoology," &c., &c.

THIERS' LIFE OF NAPOLEON. *Messrs. Carey & Hart* have issued Part 6 of this standard work. It is published by this enterprising Philadelphia House from early sheets, received in advance of its publication in Paris.

THE CHRISTIAN. We have received the February number of this periodical. It is published by the editor and proprietor, C. H. Plummer, *at Nos. 2 and 4 North Sixth street—Price one dollar per annum.*

PICTORIAL HISTORY OF ENGLAND. No. 18 of this admirable history has just been issued by the *Harpers*. It is for sale by *Lindsay & Blakiston* of this city.

BLACKWOOD'S LADIES' MAGAZINE. Godey's Reprint of this periodical, for February, is on our table. It contains its usual quantity of light reading.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE. We have received another number of this periodical.

FROM OUR OWN Correspondent.

FOREIGN GOSSIP.

COLONIAL EXPENSES—MINERAL STATISTICS—VOLCANIC AND METEORIC PHENOMENA—AN ODD SPECULATION—CONGRESS OF SOVEREIGNS—ROYAL POMPS OF MARRIAGE AND DEATH—A MISSING EXPEDITION—ROMAN ANTIQUITIES—BREADSTUFFS AND COTTON—COUNT D'ORSAY, A SCULPTOR—MODEL LODGING-HOUSES—THE BLUE MAN—ADVERTISING—MR. ALSAGER AND THE TIMES—MISCELLANEOUS—CATCHING A TARTAR—GUN COTTON AND A LADY'S BUSTLE—A SEVERE LAW OF WAR.

Bristol, England, February 2, 1847.

I have received a Parliamentary Return, showing the expense of governing the colonies to the mother country, a few of the particulars of which will probably be read with interest by your readers. It should be remembered, however, that the Government of the Indian Empire is not included therein, as that is a matter arranged between the Government and the East India Company. The whole expense is £3,200,000; but for details, I will content myself with giving only those of the American Provinces and Islands.

	Per Annum.
The Canadas,	£527,000
Other N. A. Provinces,	127,000
Jamaica, Bahamas and Honduras,	210,000
Bermudas,	97,000
West India Islands,	340,000

A few interesting statistics have also been given as to the mineral wealth of Great Britain, before a learned Society of Cambridge, by Mr. Tennant, an eminent member of several Statistic Associations, and supposed to be a perfect master of his subject. Thus:—

	Per Annum.
Entire Mineral Wealth,	£25,000,000
Coals,	9,100,000
Iron,	8,400,000
Copper,	1,200,000
Lead,	930,000
Salt,	400,000
Tin,	390,000
Manganese,	60,000
Silver,	35,000
Alum,	32,000
Zinc,	8,000
Other Metals,	80,000

It affords me pleasure to remark that Statistical Societies are becoming quite numerous. Those of London and Liverpool are the most extensive—and the information they afford is valuable, being in a condensed form, and therefore easy of acquisition.

Our advices from the continent [illegible] of curious particulars, and amongst them should be noticed two singular instances of natural phenomena. A letter from Unkel describes an extraordinary event on the banks of the Rhine, near that place, where no volcanic eruption had been known, even by tradition, within the memory of man. But a short time since, a portion of the high road and many fields were suddenly upheaved with terrific noise, and a mountain of fragments of basaltic rock thrown up, to the height of 200 feet, presenting a desolate and terrific appearance. At the same time, a lofty hill in the vicinity was cleft in twain. Fortunately no lives were lost—but the inhabitants were terrified, and looked forward with alarm to the future. The other phenomenon occurred at Mindelthal, also in Germany, where, on Christmas Day, the people occupying a region of country about 50 miles square, were alarmed by a noise like rattling thunder in the air—each person conceiving it to be directly over-head. Near the village a small black substance was seen to fall to the earth, and the people rushing to the spot, dug several feet deep, and brought up a blackish looking basaltic stone—evidently vitrified—an aerolite—weighing 44 lbs., and in the shape of a pyramid. It was thought that several other stones of the same kind had also fallen, but no others had been found. Whence come these messengers? From the moon? From infinite space? These questions have puzzled philosophers in all ages. They are among the mysteries of nature—of the universe. You are probably aware that Mr. Adams, the mathematician, has disputed the discovery of the new planet with Le Verrier. Adams is a wonderful calculator—but he has recently busied himself with things of the earth, rather than of the heavens—for at his instance, a few English capitalists have formed a society with a capital of £80,000, the object of which is, to break up a very wealthy gambling establishment at Homburg. Their agents have been in operation for some time, and have won £500 a day on an average—so that the fall of the gambling concern appears inevitable. Some persons say that Mr. Adams's calculations are predicated on La Place's Theory of Chances. But of a verity, this is an odd enterprise for wealthy men. The Duke of Lucca has issued an order, closing all the gaming-houses in his dominions. This is a good example, and if the gaming establishments of Baden-Baden—that sink of the "avaricious vice" were closed by authority, it would be quite a benefit to Europe.

The fashions of Paris have assumed quite a Spanish style, in honor of the young Duchesse De Montpensier—and whatever the colors and mixtures of colors may be, that are worn by that much talked of lady, they are immediately copied by the principal ladies of the court. What servility to title, wealth and grandeur! What ignoble flattery of imitation! The Bey of Tunis has arrived at Paris, to swell the gay and courtly throng; and he has attended several theatrical representations at St. Cloud, in company with the Duke and Duchess of Montpensier and a galaxy of noblesse. I observe that three Spanish editors of newspapers, who favored the marriages have been complimented with the Cross of the French Legion of Honor. Still the matter is not yet settled to the satisfaction of other nations, and a Congress of European Sovereigns is said to have been demanded by Louis Philippe, before which high Court he is anxious to lay all the particulars of the Montpensier marriage; but such a Congress would be a dangerous experiment just now, as the "absorption"—not the "annexation" (that is your word) of Cracow, would inevitably be brought forward as a leading question. This latter difficulty too, has been rendered all the more embarrassing, by the strong Protest against the "absorption" sent by England, and the tolerably firm one also despatched by France. As these two great Powers are acting in concert on the liberal side of the question, it is therefore believed that the *entente cordiale* will be re-established, and that before long. By the way, another Royal marriage—that of the Grand Duke Constantine and the Princess Alexandra, of Saxe Coburg, has been agreed upon, the Emperor Nicholas having given his consent—but it is not to take place for two years previous to which period, the Princess is to enter the Greek Church. The Archduke Joseph of Austria, Palatine of Hungary died lately. Poland is but little thought of amid these Royal pomps of marriage and of death—but by way of showing Imperial toleration and liberality, Nicholas has just imposed a tax on all books in Poland, relating to the Jewish worship and persuasion.

But turn we now a little nearer home. I regret to say that fears are entertained that the Erebus and Terror ships, absent on a Polar Expedition under the command of Sir John Franklin, have been lost in the ice, as no tidings have been received of them, since December 1845. On recently digging for the Caledonian Railway, some ruins of ancient Roman buildings have been found—numerous coins of the Emperors, and a portion of Livy's brilliant history inscribed on vellum. Would that his lost "decades" had been discovered! These relics have been brought to light in the Avon Valley. Nearly all the "Jonathan Oldbucks" resident within a hundred miles or so, have visited the scene of exhumed antiquity. Charles Kemble, in one of his recent readings of Shakspeare, said to his audience—"No actor has ever been sentenced to death or suspended on the gallows."

I ought to inform you that a further fall in the price of breadstuffs is anticipated in about a month, when the markets here will probably become partially glutted with the numerous arrivals. The advance has been enormous. One year ago, wheat was 42s. per quarter—it is now 78s. Indian corn was 32s.—it is now 70s. American flour was 25s.—it is now 42s. Cotton was (average) 4d—it is now 7½d. Apropos—a fall in cotton is predicted, but I cannot see on what grounds—for at the end of 1845, the stock on hand in Liverpool was 885,480 bales—whereas at the end of 1846, it was only 438,970, with a demand and consumption as great as ever.

A dreadful storm and inundation has occurred at Rome, a great number of houses having been swept off by the Tiber. The Pope has subscribed 8,000 florins for the relief of the sufferers. A new Bishop—See of Manchester—is about to be established. By a Treaty with the island of Java, the Dutch are said to have agreed to prevent, by all the means in their power, the spread of the Christian religion in that benighted country. [illegible] Count D'Orsay has just finished an equestrian statue of the Emperor Napoleon—said to be a fine work of art, for the Prince Demidoff. It has been inaugurated with much pomp at the Museum of Ajaccio. A corn-extractor (chiropodist) named Wolf, has been prosecuted for fraud, in having pretended to extract corns, whereas he only exhibited to his patients, bits of horn which he had concealed in his hand to deceive. Model Lodging-houses for the industrious poor, with two or three rooms for each family, and the use of a public kitchen, have been erected in London—and success has hitherto crowned the enterprise. Marbles and sculptures from the ancient tomb of King Mausolus, have been brought from Caria, and are now in the British Museum. A cod-fish caught on the Lancashire coast, had in its stomach a parchment—dated "ship Wisdom, in distress, &c., March 27th, 1845." The parchment was in a bottle, and the ship is supposed to be lost. A Mr. G—— of Glasgow recently made love to a married dame of that city, who, with some of her neighbors, contrived to make him a little intoxicated, and when asleep in that state, like Dalilah, cut off one half of the hair of his head—and like the "Merry Wives of Windsor," resolved to cure him of such improprieties for the future. These merry wives of Glasgow therefore, rubbed him, clothes and all, quite over with an indigo (washing) bag, so that he became a blue man. He is a trader in very respectable circumstances, but is now chiefly known by the sobriquet of the "Blue Man." He has left Glasgow, for a few days benefit of the country air.

A new pamphlet called the "Art of Money-Making," quotes some twenty individuals, such as Day & Martin, Morrison, &c., who have made hundreds of thousands of pounds, owing to their having advertised extensively. Great news for journalists! Poor Alsager, who recently destroyed himself, was dismissed from the Times newspaper, on account of his having been in error, in his predictions of monetary and commercial events. His place is now occupied by Mr. Simpson, an eminent financier of the Bank of England. At Colchester and Chelmsford, several lawyers have appeared in Court, dressed in black gowns or robes,—thus reviving an ancient costume, and looking as grand as the counsellors. The Postmaster of Barnet, Mr. Morse, is arrested on a charge of having committed forgeries at Barnet, to the tune of nearly £3,000. Hordes of Italian boys are flocking to England, with monkeys, hand-organs, white mice and tortoises, under the tuition and guardianship of grown-up scamps. The police and Government are endeavoring to abate the nuisance—but I cannot see how it is to be done. A few days ago, near Bradford, a well-known Methodist minister was attacked by a highwayman. He defended himself bravely, and in the struggle tore off a flap of the robber's coat, in the pocket of which he found £3. 10s. In this instance, Turpin realized the old proverb of catching a Tartar.

Gun-cotton, instead of gunpowder, has been used in the operation of blasting rocks, and found to possess greater explosive force. In France, the sale of gun-cotton has been laid under severe restrictions by law; but a good joke is told of that same article. At a *Soiree Dansante*, given the other evening by Mrs. B——, a lady of comely proportions, superbly dressed in satins, astonished the assembly by a fiery explosion proceeding from her dress. Great confusion ensued, and it was found, or thought that it was caused by a small portion of gun-cotton in her "bustle," which instantly dwindled down to a comparatively diminutive size—but whether ignited by the heat of the room or by some mischievous stratagem, has not been ascertained. At any rate—[illegible] lady! Among other matters from our French neighbors, there is certainly one that ought not to be passed over in silence. It appears that Lieutenant Morin, of the 15th regiment of Infantry, stationed in Africa, while conducting a small party of his men to Ain Temouchen, was surrounded by a very large force of Moors, under the command of Abdel-Kader, and seeing that all resistance would be vain, he capitulated. For this he has been tried by Court Martial, and under the Imperial decree of 1813, is actually condemned to death, for "having capitulated in the open country, without fighting." He was moreover immediately stripped of the badge of the Legion of Honor; but he has appealed to the highest Court, hopes are entertained that the fatal doom will be reversed. Such a law is altogether too sanguinary for the age in which we live. Alas! our accounts of suffering and death in Ireland are dreadful. They wring the heart with sympathy and sorrow!

From the Seat of War

FROM THE ARMY.

GENERAL SCOTT'S PLAN.

The following is said to be the plan adopted by Gen. Scott for the attack upon Vera Cruz. The real plan, whether this be it or not, is doubtless by the murder and robbery of Lieut. Ritchie, the bearer of despatches, already in the possession of the Mexicans. A letter written from Brazos Santiago, under date of Feb. 4th, says:—

"It is now well understood that the expedition is to rendezvous at the Island of Lobos, a short distance (one account says 75 miles) north of Vera Cruz. Between the island and main land there is a harbor or roadstead, where vessels can be in safety. The shore, it is said, is bold, and there is water enough to enable small vessels to get sufficiently near to protect the landing of the troops. The island is represented as nearly barren, but will be occupied as a depot and encampment.

"The troops will be landed in boats, some 10 or 12 miles from the town, and a combined attack by land and water made on it, and the Castle of San Juan in the harbor.

"The preparations for the expedition are on a grand scale, and if the elements are favorable, it must succeed. But it is well known that the winds for the next month are always boisterous on this coast; and men cannot control the winds and waves. Our land force will be about 15,000 strong and our squadron be able to bring about 300 guns to bear on the fortifications.

"Gen. Worth and his division of regular troops were embarking at the date of the letter.

"A portion of the Pennsylvania volunteers had arrived at the last accounts off Brazos Santiago; they were not disembarked, but were to pursue their voyage immediately to the Island of Lobos. The health of the volunteers appears to be as good as could be expected under the necessary hardships of their situation."

MURDER OF LIEUTENANT RITCHIE.

The following detailed account of the melancholy fate of a young officer, belonging, we believe, to General Scott's Staff, is from the New Orleans Times:—

"On General Scott's arrival at the mouth of the Rio Grande, and assuming the chief command, he forthwith sent despatches to Saltillo, addressed to General Taylor, the commanding officer there. When the bearer reached that city, General Butler, the officer in command opened the despatches, the purport of which was the immediate departure of General Worth and his division for the Rio Grande.

"The despatches were then resealed and sent off in charge of Lieutenant Ritchie, 5th Infantry, to General Taylor, then on his retrograde movement to Monterey from Victoria. Ten men, belonging to Kearney's company, of the 5th, accompanied Lieut. Ritchie as an escort. They arrived at Monterey in safety, stopped there a day, and proceeded on their route to meet General Taylor the next day. Towards dusk Ritchie reached the Villa Grande, distant twenty three miles from Monterey. Meeting, just after his arrival, with an Englishman established in business there, he availed himself of his services to procure refreshments for himself and command. As the two were crossing the plaza of Villa Grande, in furtherance of that object, a Mexican on horseback came dashing by them, who threw the lasso over Ritchie, put spurs to his animal, and succeeded in dragging him through the town, to a small creek in the vicinity. Here he murdered him, and after mutilating him in a horrid manner, made off with the despatches. These are said to be of great consequence, containing a sketch of the plan of the forthcoming campaign, with other important particulars. It seems that the movements of Ritchie and his party were narrowly watched by the enemy, for during the night they passed at Monterey, the arms of five of his men were stolen from them, necessitating a demand on the quartermaster for a fresh supply. Lieut. Ritchie, we understand, is a nephew of the venerable editor of the Washington Union."

BATTLE AT CHIHUAHUA.

Rumors have been afloat for nearly a week past, relative to a battle supposed to have been fought at Chihuahua, between a portion of General Kearney's command and a party of Mexicans. The following account, which is taken from a Mexican paper, is the most authentic account we have met:—

"On the 25th of December, Senor Cuyiti was at El Paso, at the head of four hundred and eighty regulars, who added to the Pasenos, or troops, raised near El Paso, exceeded one thousand in number. The Americans were at Dona Ana, four hundred strong. They advanced upon El Paso. Cuyiti prepared to fight them but [illegible] he was seized with a violent brain fever, which rendered him helpless. The command devolved upon Vidal, who possessed little military skill, and expected to surround and destroy the Americans like so many rabbits. He pushed forward five hundred cavalry under Captain Antony Ponce, of which he had sixty regulars. The Americans demanded a parley, which was denied, and the fight immediately commenced. Ponce charged at the head of all his cavalry, but in vain, as he was wounded in the first onset. Just then the Pasenos ran, and [illegible] the hands of the Americans, [illegible]. Vidal returned with all speed to Carrizal, forty leagues from El Paso. On the 27th the Americans took possession of El Paso, with six hundred cavalry and four hundred infantry. The cavalry immediately set out for Chihuahua on the 2d of January [illegible] of artillery, as well as by thirty men who [illegible]."

FROM MEXICO.

The New York Sun has received private advices from Mexico, of the following purport:—

"The Church authorities are paralyzed with horror at the proposition to take the Church property for the purpose of carrying on the war. Many of the priests have publicly declared in favor of peace. One was arrested in the Plaza of the Capitol for haranguing the people and enlightening them as to the true causes of the war. The Bishop of Puebla has openly declared in favor of the United States. It appears by the account in the papers that he pronounced the Mexican government more culpable than that of the North American. The latter, he said, protected the Church, while the former confiscated the property. He was arrested and imprisoned, also several of his followers.

"The *El Republicano* mentions the fact of a review, by Santa Anna, of a company of American deserters, principally Irish, reviewed by His Excellency the general-in-chief. They are perfectly armed and equipped, and are doing service [illegible] for Tola. [illegible] standard for themselves, on one side of which is the national coat of arms, with the motto, 'Long live the Republic of Mexico.' On the other side is a figure of St. Patrick."

CAPTURE OF C. M. CLAY, &C.

The rumor which reached here some days ago as to the capture of Major Borland, Major Gaines, Cassius M. Clay, and a party of Dragoons, is confirmed. A letter from Brazos Santiago says:—

"It appears that Maj. Borland, with a party of about fifty of the Arkansas cavalry, and Major Gaines of Kentucky, and Capt. Clay, with about thirty of his company, were sent out by Gen. Wool some [illegible] miles from Saltillo. Gen. Minon, with about 500 Mexican Cavalry, surprised them at daybreak, and they all surrendered, without firing a gun. [illegible] Major Borland commanded the party, [illegible] sentinels, or somebody else."

VERA CRUZ.

The inhabitants of Vera Cruz are in daily expectation of being attacked, both by sea and land. The expedition is expected by many to come from Tampico, and many of the Mexicans imagine it will be by land. The Picayune says—

"Our private accounts, from the most responsible sources, cut down the number of troops in the city of Vera Cruz, at 3,500—some say 3,000. The garrison of San Juan de Ulloa does not exceed 1,100 troops. Some accounts represent that there are two months' provisions in the castle, but we have a letter from a gentleman who has access to the most respectable sources of information, and whom we need not name, in which he assures us that there is not a barrel of salted provisions in the castle, and that the troops both of the castle and city, are dependent upon the back country for their daily supplies of food. So far as the troops in the city are concerned, this has long been the case, and we have all confidence in our correspondent's information as to the castle. The inhabitants have been expecting an attack. Preparatory to it, orders had been issued for the removal into the interior of the cargoes of three or four vessels which had evaded the blockade of Vera Cruz and got into port. The Congress of the State of Vera Cruz had issued a manifesto calling on the people at all hazards to resist the invasion of the Americans. During the month of January the approaches to Vera Cruz on the road to the interior were commanded by a battery of heavy guns. Through the same well-informed gentleman from whom we learn this fact, we are confirmed in our belief expressed above as to the destitution of the troops in the city and castle. He writes: 'I do not see how it is possible to introduce any more troops with any prospect of feeding them.'"

WRECK OF THE LOUISIANA TROOPS.

The Louisiana troops, numbering 300 men, under Colonel De Russy, on board the ship Ondiaka, were wrecked at Cape Roxo, about 30 miles from Tampico. The reports respecting these men are very contradictory, but those which appear to be best authenticated are that the troops were all safely landed.

Capt. Miller, with a company of artillery, was despatched from Tampico immediately to their relief. Gen. Cos, with a force of 980 men and four pieces of artillery, reached the place of the wreck on the 4th. After summoning Col. De Russy to surrender his force as prisoners of war, which summons was promptly rejected, an engagement took place, which lasted till 10 o'clock, P. M., without any positive result. The Louisianians had saved but 300 muskets from the wreck, and it is said, in consequence, found it impossible to disperse the Mexicans. Gen. Cos had stationed an advance of 80 cavalry and 50 infantry at a pass to prevent reinforcements arriving from Tampico. Gen. Patterson feeling well satisfied of the truth of this report, despatched to their assistance a brigade under Gen. Pillow, consisting of three regiments Tennessee volunteers, two of foot and one mounted, and four companies of artillery. This force started on the 7th. The schr. Ella was also chartered, and took on board the armament from the U. S. schr. Nonata, (Mex. prize) commanded by Midshipman Marshall D. Smith, likewise 200 regulars, and proceeded to the wreck. The result may be looked for by the next arrival from that port.

SANTA ANNA.

The rumored assassination of Santa Anna turns out to be unfounded; as also, his active opposition to the confiscation of Church property, though the law appears to be at present a dead one.

He has published a letter, in which he says:—

"A loan of $20,000,000, with the hypothecation of the Church property, is the only thing which, at the present moment, should be discussed in Congress.

"I have also laid my prejudices on this subject. For ten years have I resisted, with all my strength, the passage of any measure against the property of the Clergy, and I have even intimated several times to the Cabinet, that I would [illegible] my hand should be cut off than sign a degree to dispose of such property; but at that time circumstances were entirely different from what they are now.

"I am in despair at this very moment—for it is now the 2d day of the month, and the different chiefs are almost mad, looking after provisions for their men. And still there are some writers who will inquire why our army does not move.

"If this expense has no other object than to make known our sad condition, and if the Government does not send quick supplies, I cannot say how this will end."

YELLOW FEVER.

We have confirmation of the report that a malignant fever was prevailing among the soldiers in the Hospital at Tampico. It was pronounced by the Physicians to be a mild type of the yellow fever, attributable to their immediate use of the fruits of the country.

LATER FROM THE ARMY.

The Louisiana volunteers wrecked on board the Ondiaka are all safe, with the exception of six whom Col. De Russy was constrained to leave behind. No action had occurred between the volunteers and the Mexicans, and they reached Tampico in safety on the 9th, in general good health, but much exhausted by the forced march. Seven were abandoned a few miles from the first encampment, being unable to proceed, and it was found impossible to carry them through the sand on litters. One subsequently overtook the main body, and the remainder probably fell into the hands of the enemy.

Gen. Cos had threatened an attack upon them, but they lighted their fires and marched away in the night.

The Mexican rancheros were gathering in all quarters. At Matamoras the Americans were expecting an attack. The Plaza had been fortified, and the city placed in a state of defence.

The Mexicans were convinced that Vera Cruz was to be the next point of attack, and were busily engaged in fortifying the passes of the road to the city of Mexico.

Miscellaneous.

FLOUR AND GRAIN.

FLOUR AND MEAL.—Tuesday, 3 P. M.—The transactions on 'Change to-day were 4,500 bbls of Flour at $6; 1,500 bbls of Corn Meal at $4⅞, part for future delivery. Rye Flour to arrive, $4⅝.

GRAIN.—We hear of no sales of Wheat—in fact there is little or none in market. We heard of 8,000 bushels of Corn at 90c.

WHISKEY, 27 a 28c.—*Public Ledger.*

OPTIONAL SLEEP.

"Pray, Jack, are you asleep?" said Ned
"What makes you ask?" he slowly said—
"Because [illegible]
I want to borrow half a crown,
For something that I owe in town."
"Why, then," said Jack, "I am!"

A CRITERION BY WHICH WOMEN ESTIMATE MEN.—What a curious trait that is in women; their exaggerated anxiety to see one who has been beloved by the man in whom they themselves take an interest; and the manner in which the said man rises or falls in their estimation, according as they admire, or are disappointed in the object of his love. Nothing has cured more effectually the romantic interest the female world conceived for Byron, than a sight of the persons on whose affections he prided himself. Byron might have committed in their eyes a thousand sins more excusable than the error of bad taste.

SINEWS OF WAR.—A newly enlisted recruit claimed to be discharged yesterday, before the Recorder, on the ground of a nervous affection with which he was afflicted, and which, particularly on the report of fire arms, rendered him unable to hold his musket.

"Why," said the Recorder, "you appear strong and vigorous enough."

"It's true that I appear so," said the recruit, "but, I tell you, I have not got the sinews of war."—*Delta.*

A WICKED GHOST.—The Sunday Dispatch says—

"The proprietor of the white shot tower, out on the Island, complains that his property has deteriorated in value since Mr. Cornelius Mathews located his 'Ghost of New York' there. He says if the ghost had been a decent ghost, he wouldn't have cared so much, but a ghost as Cornelius conjured up never came out of any decent graveyard, and was a disgrace to his establishment."

A PUNNING POPE.—A Pun by the Pope is recorded in the correspondence of the Boston Atlas. A Frenchman, M. Chavel, among other presents, proffered a fine, large pear (*bon chretien*) (good Christian) pear. The Pope laughed, shook M. Chavel heartily by the hand, and declared he would "always be the friend of *bon chretiens*."

A HELPMATE INDEED!—At a prize fight lately near Buxton, in England, it is stated that the wife of one of the pugilists was present, laying odds upon her spouse, and during the interval between two of the rounds, stepped forward, and dressed her lord and master, who was ultimately the victor.

A PRETTY NAME.—"Sunny Side" is the name of Washington Irving's country residence on the banks of the Hudson. Pretty and poetical, and characteristic of the owner, who, in all his writings shows a cheerful spirit and one that looks upon the brightest side of life.

VALENTINES.—Among the Valentines received at Lancaster, Pa., was one addressed to "The Prettiest Girl in Lancaster," and quite an animated discussion has arisen as to which one it was. [illegible] We should like to be of the Committee to award it.

REMITTANCES.—There was remitted in 1846 from the Irish poor of this country to their relatives abroad, the sum of $650,000.

United States SATURDAY POST.

TRAVELLING AGENTS.

Mr. C. W. JAMES, of Harrison street, Cincinnati, Ohio, is our Agent for Ohio, Indiana, Michigan, Illinois, Missouri, Iowa, and Wisconsin; assisted by *James R. Smith, T. Gardner Smith, J. T. Dent, E. Y. Jennings, and Frederick J. Hawse.*

JOHN NIMMO, Canada, East and West.

JNO. F. JOHNSTON, assisted by *Eli M. Stevenson*, for Kentucky.

Mr. ISRAEL E. JAMES is our Travelling Agent for the Southern and South-Western States assisted by *Jas. K. Whipple, William H. Weld, O. H. P. Stem, John B. Weld, T. S. Waterman, Reuben A. Henry, John Collins, James Deering, Isaac D. Guyer and John W. Wightman*, the two last named in place of B. B. Hussey, deceased.

Mr. HENRY M. LEWIS is our Travelling Agent for Alabama and Tennessee.

THOMAS SEVERN is our Travelling Agent for New York.

WILLIAM A. PIERCE collects for us in Penna.

JAMES PIERCE is our Travelling Agent in New Jersey.

CHAS. S. ROWLEY will receive subscribers and subscriptions for this paper in the State of New York.

From Washington.

CONGRESSIONAL NEWS.

SENATE.

In the Senate on the 24th ult., the Three Million Bill was taken up, and Mr. Benton launched out at once against Mr. Calhoun, and in vindication of the President, charging the former with the responsibility of the war. The marching troops from Corpus Christi to the Rio Grande, was no more the cause of war with Mexico, than the marching of troops to Concord, was the cause of the American Revolution. His remarks were chiefly directed to a review of the treaty of 1819, and the defence of the Rio Grande as the boundary. Mr. Calhoun in reply, said that there was but one thing important in the speech of the Senator from Missouri, and that was the admission that the war was unpopular, and being unpopular would soon be terminated, as to the rest it was the weakest and most trashy attempt at argument he had ever heard. He spoke at some length in defence of his course. Mr. Benton rejoined, and the Senate then went into Executive Session.

On the 25th ult. the Civil and Diplomatic Appropriation Bill was taken up, and an amendment appropriating $5,000 to meet the expense of sending a commission to Mexico in the event of peace, was adopted. Also amendments for new custom houses at New Orleans, Savannah and Charleston.

The Three Million Bill was then taken up, and Mr. Davis spoke at length, beginning with the annexation of Texas, which he said was admitted on all sides as the cause of the war.

Mr. Calhoun, in reply, said that annexation had been perhaps the occasion, but not the cause of the war.

On the 26th ult. the Three Million Bill was taken up, and Mr. Hannegan addressed the Senate in favor of the measure, without the Wilmot proviso.

On the 27th ult. the Post Office Appropriation Bill was taken up, and several amendments adopted. The clause put in by the House, authorizing Post Masters to select the papers for advertising without regard to circulation, was stricken out. Yeas 24; nays 21. The bill was passed.

The Civil and Diplomatic Appropriation Bill was then taken up. The amendment to pay Texas $70,000 for goods forcibly taken from her custom house, by American citizens, was modified so as to leave the settlement of the claim at the direction of the President, and the amount not to exceed $30,000, and was then agreed to.

An amendment to pay John Hogan, late agent to St. Domingo, the sum of $740 was agreed to.

The Three Million Bill was then taken up, and Mr. Niles addressed the Senate at considerable length, sustaining the war and justifying its further prosecution. He thought the estimates which had been made by the Treasury Department were entirely too limited, and that further provision would have to be made, or the Department would find itself very greatly embarrassed. He considered the plan of increasing the revenue by the bill then before the House of Representatives an absurdity.

On the 1st inst. the Bill to regulate the appointment of general officers to the ten regiments was reported from the Military Committee. The House amendment as to the Lieutenant General was stricken out.

The Post Route Bill was also amended and passed. It includes the mail to Oregon and to and from the army.

The Three Million Bill was then taken up. J. M. Clayton addressed the Senate, and asserted that the appropriation of money without specifying the direct object, was not warranted by the constitution, and was so regarded by Jefferson and other distinguished Democrats.

Mr. Pearce addressed the Senate in opposition to the Three Million Bill, in any and every shape. Mr. Dix followed, and said he should, under instructions, vote for the bill, with the proviso prohibiting slavery in new territory, which he intimated was to be offered, or without the proviso. Mr. Johnson, of Louisiana, followed.

Messrs. Butler and Coiquitt spoke warmly against any prohibition of slavery in territories to be acquired.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

On the 24th ult., the House went into Committee of the Whole, on the bill to establish Post Routes in the different States and Territories. Numerous amendments were adopted. And also an additional bill, increasing the compensation of Post Masters in certain cases, and extending the franking privilege to members of Congress and others on all mailable matter during the recess of Congress. Both bills were passed.

On the 26th ultimo, Mr. Runk presented the resolutions of the Legislature of New Jersey, against the extension of slavery in new territory, which has or may be acquired by the United States.

Mr. McClelland introduced a series of resolutions from the Legislature of Illinois, instructing the Senators, and requesting their representatives to vote for men and means to carry on the war with Mexico.

Mr. Boyd, from the Military Committee, reported the Senate bill for the organization of the ten regiments into brigades and divisions, and making provision for an additional number of general officers, with amendments. One giving the President power to assign the chief command of the army, until the expiration of the war, to any General, Major or Brigadier, brevet or regularly commissioned, of the Regulars or Volunteers, without regard to the dates of their commission.

The amendments were adopted, that relating to the General-in-Chief having been further amended; it continues the office not only during war with Mexico, but until the ratification of the treaty of peace. This amendment was agreed to, 112 yeas to 87 nays. The other amendments were also agreed to, and the bill finally passed, ayes 121, nays 75.

On the 27th ultimo, Mr. Stewart, of Pennsylvania, desired that the House should be told what was the amount of appropriation made at this session. He understood that it exceeded sixty million dollars, more than double the revenue. He desired also to know where the means were to come from for the payment of these appropriations. We had twenty-eight millions of Treasury notes, and without a dollar in specie or any other means to redeem them. Where were the means to come from? A revenue bill had been introduced by the Chairman of the Committee of Ways and Means, but he ventured to declare, that take out of it the articles of tea and coffee, and it would not yield half a million of dollars. They were increasing the army and navy without making any substantial provision for the increased expenditures. At the close of the last war Congress doubled the duties on imports, and now in the midst of a war, they had pursued a course precisely the opposite, the duties had been reduced. If the articles of tea and coffee be stricken from the revenue bill proposed, it would not furnish sufficient revenue to pay the expenses of the government four days. Let them, then, bring forward such a bill as will provide the means required. But no, they were afraid to bring forward such a measure.

Mr. McKay said that if the gentleman from Pennsylvania vote against the revenue bill he would belie all his former professions and practices. He professed to be in favor of the protective policy, but it seemed that he was determined to vote for nothing but a restoration of the tariff of 1842. And yet the tariff of 1846 was producing more than the tariff of 1842, and more than the estimates of the Secretary of the Treasury. He argued that the reason why the revenue was not sufficient to meet the ordinary expenditures of the government, was, that Congress made appropriations never contemplated by the estimates of the Secretary in his annual report.

On motion of Mr. McKay, the Revenue bill was then taken up in Committee of the Whole, 96 to 67. A warm debate ensued, in which Messrs. Cocke, Cobb, Hopkins, Root, Henley, Rowlin, Ewing, of Pennsylvania, and others, took part, on a motion by Mr. Cocke to amend by striking out the first section, and inserting a provision reducing the compensation of all civil officers whose salaries exceed $1,000, and can be constitutionally reduced, twenty-five per cent., including members of Congress.

A number of other amendments were proposed and rejected, when a motion was made to strike out the proposed tax of twenty per cent. on tea and coffee; which motion prevailed, 93 to 90.

Mr. Hamlin then proposed a substitute, being the bill as reported, with additions to the sections relating to the manufactures of silk and of which silk is a component part, to manufactures of linen, of flax and of which flax is a component part, spirits, cordials, wines and cigars, woollen and worsted goods, as articles upon which the additional ten per cent. ad valorem should also be levied, and with the section relating to the graduation of the prices of public lands so amended as to confine the benefits to actual settlers.

On motion, the graduation section was stricken out.

On motion of Mr. Wentworth, the tax on tea and coffee was also rejected, by a vote of 91 to 83.

The substitute was then reported to the House, and a motion to lay it on the table was negatived—yeas 78, nays 126.

The substitute was then agreed to—yeas 105, nays 103—and a motion to reconsider this vote was negatived, by a vote of 104 to 105.

The vote was then taken on the final passage of the substitute, and resulted in its rejection—yeas 66, nays 134.

The Post Office Appropriation Bill, with the Senate's amendments, and a further amendment by the Post Office Committee of the House, was taken up, and the amendment of the Committee concurred in; as thus amended, the Senate's amendments were agreed to. On agreeing to the amendments made by the Senate, in striking out the section authorizing the Postmaster to select the newspapers in which the lists of letters shall be published, the vote stood ayes 84, nays 77.

The amendment of the Senate to the House amendments to joint resolution of thanks to Generals Taylor, Butler, Worth, &c., presenting swords instead of medals, was agreed to.

Local Intelligence.

DEATH OF REV. EZEKIEL COOPER.

The Rev. Ezekiel Cooper, long known to this community, and a leading Minister of the Methodist Episcopal Church, died on Sunday, the 21st ult., at the residence of his nephew, Rev. Mr. Cooper, in this city.

Mr. Cooper, as we learn from a communication published in the Delaware Republican, from the pen of the Rev. J. Kennedy, of Wilmington, was born Feb. 22, 1763, in Caroline county, Md. His father was an officer in the Revolutionary war, and when Ezekiel was about fourteen years of age, Rev. Freeborn Garretson came into that neighborhood and proposed to preach. The soldiers were at that time upon duty; they were drawn up into a hollow square in front of the house, and Garretson preached to them. During that sermon his attention was attracted by the thoughtful aspect of a boy, leaning upon a gate, and apparently absorbed in listening to the discourse. That boy became the distinguished Ezekiel Cooper.

Although previously employed by Bishop Asbury, his name first appeared in the minutes in 1785. Thus it will be seen that he was eighty-four years of age, and sixty-two years a minister; being longer in the ministry than any man now in the communion of that Church in the world.

Mr. Cooper left a very large estate, supposed to amount from $150,000 to $200,000. Among a number of bequests, we notice the following:—

To the Methodist book concern, at New York, he gives $1,000, to be put into the publishing fund, and expended for the printing and publishing and distributing good books, especially the Holy Scriptures.

He devises ten annual ground rents of $30 each, the principal sum being $5,000, to the Trustees of the "Chartered Fund," in the city of Philadelphia, for the relief and support of itinerant, superannuated and worn out preachers of the M. E. Church, and their families; to be applied in the proportion and manner particularly set forth in the will.

He directs that he shall be buried in front of St. George's M. E. Church, and gives minute directions as to the manner in which he is to be buried, with an inscription which he wishes placed upon his tomb-stone. If he shall be buried at that Church, he gives to the corporation in consideration thereof the sum of $1,000, to be used as a fund for the purpose of furnishing the poor of the Church with wood and fuel in the winter season. If he shall not be buried at St. George's Church, then he gives the said sum to such Church as he shall be buried at, under like trusts.

He gives a bond of $1,000, to be divided, when collected, in the following proportions:—To the Kensington, Burlington, Camden, Frankford and St. Paul's (Fifth street) M. E. churches, each $100. To the church in Fifth street, below Green, St. John street, St. George's and Ebenezer, each $75. To the Salem, Nazareth, Union and Brickmaker's churches, each $50. An additional $50 is given to the Brickmaker's church, making their bequest $100. He gives to each of his nephews and *nieces*, whose name is Ezekiel Cooper, (with or without a middle name,) named *for* and *after* him, the sum of $100. To each and every child or person, the children of friends and acquaintances, who are named Ezekiel Cooper, *after* him, with or without middle or additional names a neat octavo bible. After specific devices of personal property to various persons, the residue of his property is directed to be divided between his nephews and nieces, and their children.

BOARD OF HEALTH.—The number of deaths during the last week in this city were 102—51 adults and 51 children.

General News.

NEW JERSEY LEGISLATURE.—The Senate of the New Jersey Legislature, has passed a bill to charter a railroad from Somerville to Easton connecting with the road already constructed to Elizabethport; with power to extend a branch to Belvidere, in Warren county. The corporators mentioned in the bill are Garret D. Wall, T. A. Hartwell, Wm. Thompson, J. O. Sterns, John Kean, G. H. Pegram, and Wm. P. Robeson, with $1,200,000 capital, with the privilege to increase it to $2,000,000.

"The route prescribed is from Somerville, north to the Musconetcong Valley, passing within two miles of Clinton, Hunterdon county; thence to the valley of the Delaware river, and then up to within two miles of the Delaware Bridge, opposite Easton. It provides also that it shall not interfere with the Camden and Amboy road, and shall pay the half of one per cent. tax on the cost of the road to the State. The friends of this project have brilliant anticipations of an extensive travel and freight from the whole western border of our own State, and from Pennsylvania. Besides bringing coal from the mining regions, they see in the *future* visions of a branch connecting them with the New York and Erie Railroad, bringing people and produce from the great West."

The bill from the House to repeal the Paterson Mechanics' Bank charter was unanimously passed in the Senate, so that there is an end of that question.

THE GRAIN CROPS.—A writer in the London Times has compiled the following estimate of deficiency in the grain crops of Great Britain, for the year ending Sept. 1, 1847:—

	Quarters.
Ordinary annual deficiency,	2,000,000
Loss of potatoes in Ireland, value £12,000,000 to be supplied by grain (a food of double the cost of potatoes,) value £24,000,000, representing at 50s. per quarter,	9,800,000
Loss of oats in Ireland, stated by Mr. Labouchere, to be one third the crop, or	5,227,000
Loss of potatoes in England and Scotland, say one tenth only the loss in Ireland, or	1,000,000
Loss of oats in Scotland and England,	1,000,000
Loss of barley in the United Kingdom,	1,000,000
Extra seed for increased cultivation of grain,	300,000
Extra consumption of railway laborers,	300,000
	20,627,000
Deduct economies made by starvation and non-feeding of pigs,	4,627,000
Total deficiency,	16,000,000

Money value of the deficiency at £3 per quarter, £48,000,000.

EMIGRANT PASSENGERS TO THE UNITED STATES.—A report laid before Congress, gives the number of emigrants that arrived in the United States for the year ending September 30, 1846, as follows:—

Maine, 5,930; New Hampshire, 25; Massachusetts, 14,079; Rhode Island, 83; New York, 98,863; Pennsylvania, 7,235; Delaware, 6; Maryland, 9,337; Virginia, 82; North Carolina, 3; South Carolina, 408; Louisiana, 22,148; Florida, 90; Texas, 354. Total, 158,648. Males, 90,973; Females, 66,778; Sex not stated, 897.

PAY OF POSTMASTERS.—A bill, which has passed the House of Representatives in Congress, provides for the payment of Postmasters as follows: Pamphlets, magazines and newspapers, 50 per cent. Letters and packages delivered, 7 do. On sums not exceeding $100, 40 do. On sums not less than $100 nor more than $400, 33⅓ do. On sums not less than $400 nor more than $2,400, 30 do. The franking privilege is extended to the Vice President and members of Congress.

FROM PORT AU PRINCE.—By an arrival at New Orleans, on the 19th, from Port au Prince, on the 1st inst., a report comes that President Riche left Port au Prince, on the 15th of January, with 15,000 troops for Hayti. It was intended to raise 6,000 men more, in order to increase the army to 35,000. The remainder of the army were at Port au Prince. Everything remained quiet, and the laws were well administered. Markets dull.

MAIL FOR OREGON.—Those who have friends in Oregon, will be pleased to learn that Mr. J. M. Shively, of Oregon, is preparing to start for that territory from Washington, on the 30th of March. He will leave Independence, Missouri, in April, and will take charge of all letters directed to him at that place, post paid, for settlers in Oregon. He expects to reach Astoria about the 1st of June.

THE OHIO BUSHEL.—An act of the Ohio Legislature, passed the 8th of February, 1847, fixes the following weights as the standard bushel of the articles named, when sales are made by the bushel, without special agreement between the parties as to the measurement; that is to say—Wheat, 60 pounds; Indian Corn, 56; Barley 48; Oats 32; Rye, 56; Flaxseed, 56; Clover Seed, 64.

From Harrisburg.

PENN. LEGISLATURE.

The following are the items of most interest in the proceedings of the Pennsylvania Legislature, since our last report:—

The supplement to the act authorizing the citizens of certain counties to decide by ballot whether the sale of vinous and spirituous liquors shall be continued in said counties, has passed one branch of the Legislature. It reads as follows:—

Be it enacted, &c., That from and after the passage of this act, all the provisions of the said act, to which this is a supplement, shall extend to the following city and counties as fully and effectually as though they had been included therein, to wit, the city of Philadelphia, and the counties of Philadelphia, Venango, Armstrong and Dauphin, except the townships of Lykens, Wiconisco, Washington, Upper Paxton, Jackson, Jefferson, Halifax, Cumberland, Lycoming, Huntingdon, Franklin, Perry, Blair, Clarion, Wayne, Potter and Adams; the township of Carbondale, in the county of Luzerne; the borough of Johnstown, in the county of Cambria; the borough of McConnelsburg, and the townships of Air, Bethel, Belfast, Broadtop, Dublin, Licking Creek and Middle Woodbury, in the county of Bedford; the boroughs of Sunbury, Northumberland and Milton; the township of Chillisquaque, in the county of Northumberland: Provided, That the first vote mentioned in the act, to which this is a supplement, shall be taken in said city and counties at the time of holding borough, township and ward elections for the year of our Lord 1848.

The amendment made by the Senate to the bill to annul the charter of the Lehigh County Bank was concurred in, so that the bill is finally passed, and wants but the signature of the Governor to become a law.

Casualties.

ANOTHER STEAMBOAT SUNK.

By the Cincinnati Commerical of the 24th ult., we learn the particulars of another steamboat disaster. It says:—

"The Tom Metcalfe, bound for the Wabash, with a heavy load of freight and thirteen passengers, about two o'clock on Tuesday morning, when near Aurora, struck the bank, and immediately commenced settling, when four passengers and one deck hand were drowned. Lines being made fast to the cabin, it was hauled in to shore, sufficiently near to enable the passengers who were on it to escape. The night was represented as being excessively cold, and the suffering as intense, most of the passengers being more or less drenched by water before reaching the shore. The wreck of the Metcalfe is considered as one of the most complete and disastrous from so trivial a cause, and in the same length of time, on record. The boat had $2,000 or $3,000 insured on her, but whether there was any on the cargo, amounting to about $10,000, our informant did not know. The names of the persons drowned had not been ascertained."

FIRE IN NEW YORK.

A fire broke out on the 24th ult., in the large five story warehouses occupied by W. S. Moore. A large quantity of cotton was destroyed, and the loss will doubtless be over $100,000.

Items of News.

BREAD IN LONDON AND NEW YORK.—The quartern loaf of wheat bread in London weighs 4 lbs. 5½ oz., and sells for 9d. sterling—say 17 cents. The wheaten loaves sold in New York for twelve and a half cents, weigh from two pounds ten ounces to three pounds six ounces, averaging three pounds. Hence bread is six per cent. dearer here than in London.—*N. Y. Sun.*

A NOVEL COWHIDING AFFAIR.—A young lady of Louisville, of high respectability, and much admired for her personal graces and accomplishments, recently chastised a clerk in a store in that city, with a cowhide. The public are quite at a loss to know what *satisfaction* he should demand. We think he should bear in mind the precept—"a kiss for a blow."

OCEAN STEAM NAVIGATION.—The city of Bremen has subscribed $100,000; the Government of Prussia $100,000; the free city of Frankfort, $20,000, and other cities sums corresponding to their abilities, towards the establishment of the steamship line between New York and Bremen.

CRAB GRASS HAY.—Eight hundred bales have been received in Mobile this season, from the interior of Alabama, and sold readily at 75 to 100 cts. per cwt. No better, no grass more easily produced than this for hay, in all the southwest. No planter should *forget* it.—*N. O. Tropic.*

EGG TRADE.—France is driving a splendid trade by the exportation of eggs to England, which on an average amount to 82,000,000 a year, while the French themselves consume 9,300,000,000. The gross exportation from France to different countries exceeds, 82,000,000.

DANCING.—The premium of $50 for the best Tract on *dancing* is awarded, by Rev. Dr. Tyng and Rev. Messrs. Halleck and Andrews, to Rev. Austin Cary, of Sunderland, Massachusetts. The Tract will forthwith be published by the American Tract Society.

A NOVEL LAW.—The Wisconsin Convention has passed a law providing that there shall be no law imposed for the collection of any debts of less amount than one hundred dollars, contracted within the State after the adoption of the Constitution.

LARGE CALVES.—A farmer of Warren county, New Jersey, has just taken to the New York market three five year old calves, all born at one birth, which weigh about 5,000 lbs. They are said to be remarkable handsome creatures.

ILLINOIS.—A bill to repeal the act forbidding the circulation of small notes, passed the House on the 8th ult., by a vote of 55 to 49. Also, a bill to extend the jurisdiction of Justices of the Peace to sums not exceeding $300.

AN INTERESTING FAMILY.—*L'Esprit Public* of Paris, affirms that the Duchesses of Nemours, Aumale, Montpensier, Saxe Coburg, and the Princess of Joinville, of the Royal Family, are all in an *interesting* situation.

A BIG BUSINESS.—The Government have now over one hundred fine merchant ships in the Gulf of Mexico, and on their way there, which are chartered for two and three months, and longer if required.

RIGHT.—At their annual general meeting, the German Society of New York resolved, on account of the distress prevailing among their countrymen, not to have any anniversary celebration at this time.

POSTPONED.—In the Senate of Delaware, the bill providing for the gradual abolition of slavery has, by a vote of five to four, been indefinitely postponed.

EGGS AND POTATOES.—At the latest dates, eggs were selling by retail in Liverpool, at 60 cents per dozen, and potatoes at 2½ cents per lb.

GOOD IDEA.—A proposition is before the Legislature of Massachusetts to establish a State Asylum for inebriates.

Clippings.

☞ The Boston Post asks to know—Why, if Santa Anna should meet Gen. Taylor, will he be compelled to fight him entirely with cavalry? Because he has left his foot at Vera Cruz.

☞ The Connecticut Mutual Life Insurance Company have declared a dividend of 45 per cent. on the amount of premiums paid; which is returnable to the insured in scrip certificates.

☞ After the clergyman had united a happy pair, not long ago, an awful silence ensued, which was broken by an impatient youth exclaiming, "don't be so *unspeakably* happy!"

☞ At a meeting of Shoemakers in New York on Tuesday week, it was shown that those who worked on Brogans could not make more than *thirty five* cents a day.

☞ Stone Ware is manufactured to a great extent in North Carolina, and it is said to be of superior quality.

☞ There is an item in the general appropriation bill of $9,000, to pay the salary of a *Minister* to Mexico.

☞ A Bill has passed the House of Delegates of Virginia to divorce William R. and Virginia Myers.

☞ Going to law the Chinese call "winning a cat to lose a cow." A very sensible comparison.

☞ The number of slaves in Delaware in the year 1840, when the last census was taken, was 2,605.

☞ During the last five weeks scarcely a marriage has taken place in the county of Cork.

☞ It is thought that Massachusetts will raise two hundred thousand dollars for Ireland.

☞ It is rumored that the Castle of San Juan d'Ulloa will be attacked between the 9th and 10th of March.

☞ Throughout New England there is now a depth of snow rather unusual, of late years, at this season.

Religious News.

M. E. CHURCH—NORTH.—The minutes of 1846 of the Northern Division of the "Methodist Episcopal Church," report the membership of 612,125 whites, and 20,515 colored; being a *decrease* of 12,173 whites, and 224 colored.

A CALL.—Rev. Dudley A. Tyng, assistant to the Rector of St. George's Church, New York, has accepted an unanimous invitation to Trinity Church, Columbus, Ohio.

FALSE REPORT.—The report that the venerable and learned Keble had receded from Protestantism, and joined the Church of Rome, is untrue.

A SWIMMING OF THE HEAD, like every other disordered motion of the blood, is owing to corrupt and stagnant humors, which, when floating in the general mass of the circulation, are the cause of headache, giddiness, palpitation of the heart, and many other unpleasant symptoms, and when thrown upon the various parts of the body, are the cause of every malady incident to man. *Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills* are always certain to remove headache, giddiness, and every complaint, because they completely rid the body of all morbid humors, and every thing that is opposed to health.

Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills also aid and improve digestion, and therefore give health and vigor to the whole frame, as well as drive disease of every kind from the body.

Offices devoted exclusively to the sale of *Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills*, wholesale and retail, No. 169 RACE Street, Philadelphia; No. 288 Greenwich street, New York, and No. 198 Tremont street, Boston.

NEWS FROM THE CANADA LINE.

The following is from a highly respectable merchant:

DR. D. JAYNE—Dear Sir—I am very glad to inform you that your medicines are going very fast. Indeed I feel much encouraged from the good account I get of all who are using them. The SANATIVE PILLS are selling beyond anything of the kind in the country. Every one seems to praise them as well as the other medicines. The ALTERATIVE is going very well. I am nearly out of the TONIC VERMIFUGE, having only 4 or 5 bottles left. The call for ten days past has completely astonished me. The HAIR TONIC is doing wonders here:—a gentleman whose head has been bald for 15 or 20 years, has his hair nearly half an inch long, and has only used one bottle. My wife began to use the HAIR TONIC shortly after I received it, to prevent her hair from falling off, and only used it twice a week. It not only stopped her hair from falling off, but has produced new hair three inches long by the use of three bottles.—Every one is pleased with it that has used it. Yours.

Derby Line, Vt., Jan. 29, 1846. T. C. BUTLER.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

The following letter is from a highly respectable merchant, dated Lewistown, N. Y., Sept. 10, 1844.

DR. D. JAYNE—Dear Sir: It is said by physicians, and is by the mass of mankind believed, that Consumption cannot be cured—that when once it becomes seated in the human system, nothing can eradicate or stay its progress, but that it will continue the work of destruction until its victim sinks into the grave.

However true this may be in theory, I am disposed to doubt it in fact; indeed my own experience, and a desire to benefit others, compels me to pronounce the assertion untrue. You will probably recollect, sir, that in the beginning of 1840 I wrote to you, stating that I had the Consumption, and that it was fast hurrying me to the grave. I did not then, nor do I now doubt, every symptom was too painfully visible. My physicians considered me incurable, but the advice which I asked of you was given, and I am happy to say that by using a few bottles of your incomparable medicine—the EXPECTORANT, I was restored, and never in my life have I enjoyed better or more uninterrupted health than since that time. If you should see me now, you would not imagine by my appearance that I had ever been sick, much less that I had had the Consumption, but that I am still living, I ascribe wholly and entirely to your EXPECTORANT.

LEONARD SHEPPARD.

The medicines are for sale by Dr. D. Jayne, at No. 8 South THIRD Street, Philadelphia. mar 6 3t.

The Markets.

PHILADELPHIA MARKET.

FLOUR AND MEAL.—At the close of last week, Flour met with a moderate sale, at $6.25 per bbl; but on the receipt of the news per Cambria, prices fell off to $5.75 per bbl, at which sales to the extent of 2000 bbls were made. Holders have since recovered, and now ask $6a6.25, while purchasers generally are unwilling to accede to their demands. $5.75 is freely offered for Western and Pennsylvania; $6 may be considered the fair market price. In Rye Flour there is no perceptible change. The last sale we heard was made at $4.75.—Corn Meal is down, but no sales of any consequence have come under our notice. Our quotations are $4.62½.

GRAIN.—In Wheat there is nothing doing, there being but little in market. White is nominally held at $1.50, and Pennsylvania Red at $1.40. In the early part of the week, prices of Corn fell off considerably. Sales of Pennsylvania were made at 95a97c and southern at 90c. On Friday, holders were more firm, and Pennsylvania was held at 90a95, and Southern 90a95c. Oats are without change.

PROVISIONS.—Western Pork is firm at $15.50 for old and $15.75a16.25 for New Mess, and Prime at $14 per bbl. Beef is scarce and wanted. Bacon is scarce, and taken as wanted at full rates. Lard has advanced to 9½a10c for good Western. Butter sells readily at 10 a14c. Cheese—Further sales for shipment at 7a7½c for Western.

ASHES.—The market continues bare of Western Pots.

BARK.—There have been no receipts since our last weekly review, and prices are entirely nominal. There is some demand for shipment.

BEESWAX.—Is dull at 27a27½c for good yellow, with small sales.

CANDLES.—Further small sales of Sperm Candles at 28a29 cts. In Tallow no change.

COAL.—The market has not varied since our last weekly review—the demand from the Eastward being yet limited, in consequence of the high rates of freight and the difficulty of procuring suitable vessels as colliers. We quote White Ash Lump at $3.75, and Red Ash at $4.00 per ton; Broken and Screened, 25 cents higher. In Lehigh we hear of no change. The heavy fall of snow having temporarily blocked up the lateral roads, the supply of Coal has fallen off this week 12,092 tons.

COTTON.—The market has been quite inactive since our last weekly review, and prices are drooping. We have only to note the sales of 500 bales, principally Upland and New Orleans, at prices within our range:

Middling to good mid.,	10¾ a 11¼
Mid. fair to fair,	11½ a 12
Fully fair to good fair,	12½ a 12¾
Good and fine,	13 a 13½

COPPER.—Sheathing is steady in price, with small sales.

COFFEE.—The market has been quite active this week. We note sales of 3000 bags Rio at 8¼a8¾ cents; 1500 bags Laguayra, on terms not communicated, but at an advance; and 1500 bags Rio, in another port, for this market, at 8a8½c.

DOMESTIC GOODS.—Prices of Domestic Goods continue firm, and although the advanced rates reasonably limit transactions, there is no probability of a decline. The raw materials, although temporarily depressed, is still very high, so much so as to render the manufacture of heavy cotton goods especially, at present prices, a business of close profit. As attention becomes turned more particularly to the subject, the conviction is strengthened, that, without a very great increase in the production of Cotton throughout the world, the days of cheap Cotton are over for some time to come.

FEATHERS.—The stocks are very light, and prices are firm at 28a30c for good Western.

FISH.—Mackerel have further advanced. Sales of No. 1 at $10.50a11, No. 2 at $7.50a8, and No. 3 at $1.50 a6 per bbl.

FREIGHTS.—There is no alteration in the rates of Freight to Europe this week—several vessels having been taken up at the Eastward to load here at 8s 6d for Flour and 24a28d for Grain. Thirteen square rigged vessels are now loading at this port with breadstuffs, and as many more are expected.

FRUIT.—Demand generally very moderate. Sales of 2a300 boxes Malaga Bunch Raisins at $1.65a1.75 per box. About 1200 bushels Western Dried Peaches sold at $1.75a1.87½, and Apples at $1a1.12½ per bushel.

HEMP.—The stocks continue very light, and prices remain firm, though there is but little demand at present.

HIDES.—No sales have transpired this week.

IRON.—Since the large operations noticed in our last weekly review, the market has been quiet, at full rates. Sales of 5a600 tons Anthracite Pig Iron at $27a29, and Foundry do at $30a31 per ton.

LEAD.—Has been in better request, and prices are firmer. Sales of 2500 pigs Western at 4⅝a4¾c 6 mos.

MOLASSES.—The market has been quiet this week. Sales of 100 hhds Porto Rico at a price not communicated, and 150 bbls New Orleans at 37½c, 4 mos.

NAVAL STORES.—In Soft Turpentine we hear of no sales. Rosin—A sale of common at 75c, and some No. 1 at $2.50 per bbl. Spirits of Turpentine has been in request, with sales to some extent at 43a44c.

OILS.—Linseed has been in good demand with sales to some extent at 76a78 cts. Sperm is steady at $1.15a1.20 per gallon. Whale has been brisk at 41a42c. Lard Oil is worth 80a85c.

RICE.—The stock is greatly reduced, and holders are firm at 4½a4¾c.

SALT.—A sale of 8000 bushels Liverpool Ground, at 27 cts.

SEEDS.—There is a fair demand for Cloverseed which is scarce, with sales at $5.50 for prime quality. Flaxseed is scarce and wanted at $1.45, holders ask $1.50. Timothy Seed—Sales at $3.25a4 per bushel.

SPIRITS.—In Brandy and Gin the sales have been only to a limited extent at former rates. N. E. Rum is steady at 30a32c. Whiskey is selling in hhds and bbls at 27a28½c.

SUGARS.—There has been some inquiry for Muscovado, and prices have advanced. We note sales of 250 hhds New Orleans and 100 Porto Rico, on terms not made public. About 1200 boxes Cuba sold at 7a7½ cts, 4 mos.

TEAS.—Are in better request, and prices have advanced. At the first spring sale on Wednesday, 125 pkgs Hyson sold at 36a53c; 533 Hyson Skin at 22a31; 200 Twankey at 25a32; 120 Pouchong 18½a30; 1132 Young Hyson at 31½a65; 185 Souchong at 24a34; 1200 Congo 20a29½c, 6 mos.

TOBACCO.—The market remains dull and the sales are on the most restricted scale, at former rates.

WOOL.—The demand continues good, and prices tend upward.—*Bick. Reporter.*

SALES OF STOCKS.

200 shares	Reading R. R.	29¼
150 do.	Schuylkill Navigation Co.	34½
156 do.	Girard Bank,	11
50 do.	United States Bank,	4½
33 do.	Mec. & Man. Bank, Pitts,	44
41 do.	Far. and Mec. Bank,	40a40½
2 do.	Mechanics Bank,	26
$6400	U. S. 6's, 1856,	101½
$2000	State 5's,	70½
$1500	State 5's,	70¼
$4300	U. S. Treas. Notes, old, a5.	101½

CATTLE MARKETS.

Philadelphia.—At market, 1000 head of Beef Cattle, including 350 to New York, 310 Cows and Calves, 300 Swine and 1200 Sheep. Prices—Beeves mostly sold within the range of $7a7 the 100 lbs. Cows and Calves brought $15a30. Swine—All sold at $7a7.25 the 100 lbs. Sheep—We quote at $2a4 each. Hay—No change in the market, and Timothy sells at 60a75 cents the cwt. Straw brings $5.50a6.50 the 100 bundles.

Baltimore, Feb. 26.—Beef Cattle—Sales of 380 head were made, and 50 were driven to Philadelphia. Prices ranged from $2.50a3.25 per 100 lbs on the hoof, equal to $7a8.25 nett, and averaging about $4.25. Hogs—We notice sales at $6.50 to 6.62½ per 100 lbs.

Richmond, Feb. 25.—For cattle from the scales, gross weight, $2.00a4.00; nett $4.00a8.00, according to quality. Mutton—$2.00a5.00—scarce and in demand. Hogs—Live $5.50 wholesale, $7 retail.

BALTIMORE TOBACCO MARKET.—The Baltimore Patriot in its review for last week says:—"The transactions may be regarded as fair for the season, and as there is none being shipped on account of the high freights, prices are firm at quotations, which are as follows, viz:—Maryland $1.50 to 2, for inferior and common; $2a4 for good common; $4a6 for good; $6a12 for fine and better qualities; Ohio common to middling $1.50 a2.50; good $4a6; fine reds $5a9; fine yellow $5a10; extra kinds $10a12. The inspections are 116 hhds, including 78 Maryland and 38 Ohio.

OUR MAIL RECEIPTS.

Receipts for the Saturday Evening Post from the 22d February to the 1st March.

February 22, received from			
J. F. W. Connelly	$4 00	E. G. Dawson	2 00
Mrs. M. A. Snipes	1 25	Rev. E. Woodruff	2 00
Col. W. Simmons	1 25	A. N. Bristow	5 00
R. Dunn	1 25	C. E. Norman	2 00
E. N. Leeds	5 00	Miss A. P. Earle	6 00
Miss E. E. Leeds	2 00	Miss M. Hoonaday	2 00
J. B. Piper	6 25	H. McGlenen	5 00
Miss M. Hadly	1 25	Dr. B. F. Brown	1 00
J. French	2 00	M. Hopper	5 00
J. Steele	2 00	J. Hubert	2 00
S. Hills	2 00	N. E. Tomlinson	10 00
S. Waterman	2 00	Mrs G. Durrett	2 00
W. L. Johnson	5 00	C. H. Redman	5 00
D. B. Lee	2 00	G. Sheets	11 00
Dr. H. W. Johnson	2 00	B. C. Bowlby	20 00
Du Bose E. Anthony	2 00		
February 23.			
J. J. Boswell	2 00	R. Stephens	2 00
J. F. Stockdale	5 00	J. Fassett	5 00
J. McCloskey	2 00	T. J. Jeffries	5 00
A. C. Davis	1 50	J. A. H. Edgar	5 00
G. Ferguson	3 50	H. Cleveland	2 00
Dr. W. P. Haughton	2 00	A. Shearer	1 00
J. Pancoast	2 00	J. T. C. Johnson	2 00
J. B. Thedinga	1 50	H. G. Johnson	2 00
J. T. Porter	1 50	S. Bronson	2 00
Dr. J. A. Hodges	1 50	W. M. Smith	5 00
R. W. Thompson	1 50	B. C. Lash	10 00
S. Kirkendale	1 50	N. T. Corwin	15 00
Mrs. E. L. Grigg	1 50	A. R. Lusson	2 00
J. Smith	2 00	D. P. Simpler	20 00
J. W. Austin	2 00	W. D. Smidts	2 00
February 24.			
W. J. Woods	4 00	A. McLean	2 00
Dr. B. Nixon	2 00	A. Michener	13 00
J. W. Hooff	2 00	L. D. Lewis	2 00
G. T. Henderson	15 75	M. C. Morris	2 00
Lt. J. H. King	4 00	W. G. Wilt	2 00
P. Springer	2 00	A. C. Mullen	5 00
M. Winsatt	1 00	D. P. Pearce	2 00
T. Freestone	2 00	C. W. Allen	2 00
J. C. Cassel	5 00	Miss L. T. Stephens	3 00
R. Head	3 00	A. B. Clemmons	2 00
J. Swain	6 00	W. L. Wise	2 00
J. Cobb	2 00	R. C. Haye	2 00
G. K. McVannan	10 00	G. F. Taylor	4 00
February 25.			
J. B. McFarlan	2 00	E. Jackson	2 00
W. M. Berryhill	2 00	T. Gilbert	4 00
S. Evans	4 00	D. C. Parker	5 00
H. Newell	5 00	H. Johnson	5 00
P. C. Wheeler	2 00	A. Redman	5 00
G. W. Henry	4 00	J. Byrne	5 00
Mrs. E. J. Drane	2 00	J. J. Gash	10 00
W. Wells	10 00	F. M. Easley	3 00
J. W. Wilson	5 00	C. S. Rowley	2 00
B. M. Jewett	5 00	E. W. Rose	5 00
N. Gwynn	5 00	W. Ferguson	4 00
J. P. Prescott	2 00	Judge E. Turner	3 00
B. B. Lehman	2 00	J. B. Atkins	2 00
D. Howard	2 00	N. T. Israel	20 00
J. H. Carpenter	1 25	W. S. Jackson	2 00
Coe Smith	2 00		
February 26.			
T. E. Morris	2 00	T. J. Pritchett	2 00
E. Schlichter	2 00	J. W. Munson	2 00
J. W. Guthrie	2 00	D. L. Gray	2 00
G. G. Meyers	14 00	N. C. Way	20 00
W. V. Channon	2 00	B. T. Lutae	2 00
A. L. Boone	5 00	C. L. Kelly	4 00
G. Sannerson	5 00	T. D. Baker	2 00
R. Wynne	2 00	M. R. Plymton	2 00
B. J. Barrow	5 00	G. W. Dale	3 00
J. J. Cockrell	2 00	S. C. Matlock	2 00
H. Sumner	2 00	D. R. Hinkle	2 00
J. Ware	6 00	Miss L. P. Taylor	2 00
D. Staples	10 00	W. L. Sharpless	2 00
W. C. Morehon	5 00	N. D. Dutton	4 00
J. Elder	5 00		
February 27.			
T. Hopkins	2 00	Miss M. A. Field	2 00
J. W. Fort	2 00	H. Eaton	4 00
A. Bruce	2 00	J. Dyas	2 00
E. F. Fitzgerald	4 00	Mrs. S. McLemon	3 00
G. Bird	2 00	J. H. Rast	2 00
C. Brashear	2 00	W. A. Samuel	5 00
Z. G. Bruner	10 00	H. M. Lewis	28 25
Mrs. M. J. Hughes	2 00	Col. J. Johnson	2 00
M. P. Lancaster	2 00	C. P. Mooney	2 00
R. S. Ferguson	2 00	L. G. McDuffy	3 00
W. King	1 50	B. A. Green	15 00
Dr. S. H. Bowman & Co.	6 25	L. C. Knorr	2 00
E. Wetmore	2 00	W. D. Long	2 00
W. Tuttle	1 00	A. W. Peters	5 00
Capt. J. Roll	2 00	Dr. W. D. Lowe	2 00
March 1.			
Dr. Swayne	23 50	J. Yancey	2 00
Miss E. Hogland	2 00	C. S. Rowley	2 00
W. Rich	2 00	G. W. Parker	5 00
J. Holmes	1 00	R. W. Evans	5 00
J. E. Wilson	2 00	T. G. Little	2 00
J. Stevenson	2 00	H. B. Farrar	10 00
J. Jones	2 00	J. F. Moulton	6 25
P. Rainey, Jr.	5 00	C. W. Richards	5 00
R. P. Dickenson	2 00	W. H. Beach	3 00
J. Parks	2 00	B. F. Manahan	2 42
W. Journey	2 00	C. C. Moore & Co.	5 00

Bank Note List.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY R. JOHNSTON, BROKER.
No. 24 South Third Street.
Philadelphia, March 6, 1847.

PENNSYLVANIA.	
Philadelphia banks	par
U. S. Bank notes	25½ dis
Girard do.	par
Chambersburg	½ dis
York	½ dis
Berks county	no sale
Gettysburg	½ dis
Carlisle	½ dis
Lewistown	par
Brownsville	1 dis
Pittsburg	½ dis
Waynesburg	1 dis
Washington	1 dis
Erie	1 dis
Susquehanna county	1 dis
Lebanon	½ dis
Lehigh county bank	50 dis
Towanda	no sale
Honesdale	1 dis
Harrisburg	½ dis
West Branch	1 dis
Wyoming	1 dis
Middletown	½ dis
Northampton	no sale
Pottsville	par
Relief notes	1a1½ dis
NEW JERSEY.	
Trenton, M't Holly, Bridgeton, Salem, Camden, Medford	par
Plainfield	40 dis
Newark, Newtown, Patterson, Morristown, New Brunswick, Middletown Point, Orange, Belvidere, Elizabethtown, Dover, Rahway, P'rth Amboy	½ dis
N. Hope, Del. Bridge	½ dis
Yard. Del. Bridge co.	10 dis
DELAWARE.	
All solvent banks	par
MARYLAND.	
Baltimore banks	½ dis
Mineral bank	1 dis
Salisbury	no sale
Frederick county	½ dis
Cumberland	1 dis
Washington county	½ dis
Hagerstown	½ dis
Havre-de-Grace	½ dis
Far and Millers bk.	no sale
DIST. OF COLUMBIA.	
All solvent banks	½ dis
NEW YORK.	
City banks	½ dis
Com. Bank, N. Y.	2 dis
Bank of Lyons,	2 dis
Lewis Co. Bank,	2 dis
Canal bk. Lockport,	2 dis
White Plains Bk.	2 dis
Tonawanda	40 dis
Clinton county	2 dis
Com. Bk. Buffalo	2 dis
Com. Bk. Owego	2 dis
Oswego Bank	30 dis
Millers', Clyde	15 dis
Country banks	½ dis
MAINE.	
All solvent banks	½ dis
NEW HAMPSHIRE.	
All solvent banks	½ dis
VERMONT.	
Bank of St. Albans	1 dis
All solvent banks	½ dis
CONNECTICUT.	
All solvent banks	½ dis
MASSACHUSETTS.	
All solvent banks	½ dis
RHODE ISLAND.	
All solvent banks	½ dis
CANADA.	
Montreal	4 dis
VIRGINIA.	
Bk. of Va. & branch's	½ dis
Far. Bk. and branch's	do dis
Valley Bk. & branch	do dis
Ex. Bk. & branches	do dis
Wheeling	do dis
NORTH CAROLINA.	
All solvent banks	1 dis
Small notes	2 dis
SOUTH CAROLINA.	
So. West. R. R.	½ dis
All solvent banks	½ dis
Small notes	2 dis
GEORGIA.	
Bank of St. Mary's	1 dis
Central Bank of Mill.	1 dis
Georgia R. R. Co.	1 dis
Ruckersville Bkg. Co.	——
All solvent banks	1 dis
Small notes	1½ dis
ALABAMA.	
Bank of Mobile	1 dis
Country Banks	4a5 dis
MISSISSIPPI.	
All banks	unc
LOUISIANA.	
All solvent banks	1 dis
FLORIDA.	
So. Life & Trust Co.	——
OHIO.	
Com. Bk. of Scioto	15 dis
All solvent banks	1½ dis
Small Notes	2 dis
KENTUCKY.	
Notes	1½ dis
Small notes	2 dis
INDIANA.	
State Bank	1½ dis
ILLINOIS.	
Bank of Illinois	80 dis
State Bank	70 dis
Bank of Cairo	——
MISSOURI.	
All solvent banks	1½ dis
TENNESSEE.	
All solvent banks	2 dis
MICHIGAN.	
Bank of St. Clair	70 dis
Farmers' and Mech's	10 dis
ARKANSAS.	
All banks	60 dis
WISCONSIN.	
Mineral Point	——
Bank of Milwaukie	——
IOWA.	
Miners' Bank	——

ALMANAC.

March, 1847.	SUN RISES	SUN SETS	HIGH WATER	MOON'S PHASES.
6 SATURDAY,	6 19	5 41	4 28	
7 SUNDAY,	6 18	5 42	4 30	D. H. M.
8 MONDAY,	6 17	5 43	4 42	
9 TUESDAY,	6 15	5 45	6 32	Full 1 9 30
10 WEDNESDAY,	6 14	5 46	7 37	Last 9 11 9
11 THURSDAY,	6 13	5 47	8 49	New 16 3 41
12 FRIDAY,	6 11	5 49	10 57	First 23 0 11
13 SATURDAY,	6 10	5 50	11 41	Full 31 3 47

STATE OF THE THERMOMETER.

	9 o'clock.	12 o'clock	3 o'clock
Feb. 21,	35	35	35
22,	30	30	32
23,	24	27	30
24,	19	25	30
25,	25	30	33
26,	29	32	35
27,	37	40	44

Married,

On the 24th ultimo, by the Rev. Mr. Lacy, Mr. JACOB CUMMINS to Miss MARY ANN WENTZEL, all of this city.

On the 25th ult. by the Rev. C. R. Demme, Mr. THEODORE MANN, to Miss CHARLOTTA PROTTA, both of this city.

On the 25th ultimo, by the Rev. Mr. Neville, Mr. EDMUND TAYLOR, to Miss HARRIET BROWN, both of Philadelphia.

On the 25th ult. by Ald. Erety, Mr. PAUL KENDERLINE, to Miss SARAH LIGHTCAP, both of Montgomery county.

On the 25th ult. by the Hon. John Swift, Mayor, JOHN SCOTT, Jr. Esq. of Warwick Township, Bucks county, to MARTHA CADWALADER, of Buckingham Township, same county, Pa.

On the 25th ult. by the Rev. T. L. Janeway, JAMES ROWLAND, to Miss VIRGINIA SHAW, all of this city.

On the 23d ult. by the Rev. George Lacy, Mr. ALEXANDER RUSSELL, to Miss MARY MALVINA, daughter of Richard Clark, all of Southwark.

On the 27th of May last, by the Rev. C. C. Burr, Mr. CHRISTOPHER ARMSTRONG, to Miss ANNA LOUISA KAMERLY, both of Philadelphia.

On the 19th of Jan. by the Rev. Mr. Edwards, Mr. ROBERT A. SNYDER, of Baltimore, formerly of Philadelphia, to Miss ANN MARIA STANDIFORD, of the former place.

On the 25th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Curtis, Mr. GEORGE W. UNCKLE, to Miss ANNA MARGARETTA WILLIAMS, both of Philadelphia county.

On the 25th ult. by Friends' ceremony, before Mayor Swift, CHARLES E. THOMPSON, of this city, to RACHEL R. youngest daughter of Enoch Roberts, of Frankford, Pa.

On the 23d ult. by the Rev. John B. Dales, Mr. ROBT. CARSWELL, to Miss MARGARET LATTA.

Died,

On the 27th ult. Mrs. CATHARINE CRAIG, aged 82.

On the 27th ult. CATHARINE, wife of Wm. Sanborn, aged 28 years.

On the 27th ult. JOHN PEMBERTON BINNS.

On the 27th ultimo, JAMES, son of Patrick and Maria Loan, aged 2 years.

On the 28th ult. ANN, daughter of Michael and Elizabeth Rudd, aged 19 months.

On the 28th ult. MARY AMANDA HOOPER, aged 45.

On the 27th ult. JACOB WAYNE, aged 88 years.

On the 28th ult. JOHN LATOUR, aged 78 years.

On the 27th ult. PATRICK MATTHEWS, aged 45 years.

On the 27th ult. Mrs. ANN DOUGHERTY.

On the 27th ult. GEORGE WASHINGTON, son of Geo. and Emma M. Smith, aged 7 years.

On the 27th ult. CHARLES THOMAS, infant son of Alex. and Sarah Cummings.

On the 24th ult. at the residence of Lewis Jones, Upper Dublin Township, JANE HUBBS, aged 56 years.

In Wilmington, Del. on the 27th ult. Mr. SAML. STEPHENS.

On the 25th ult. Mrs. ELIZA VAN DEVER, aged 46.

On the 25th ult. ANNA LOUISA, daughter of Wm. and Henrietta A. Ballenger, aged 22 months.

On the 26th ult. aged 20 years, ISABELLA McMORRIS.

On the 25th ult. ELIZABETH, daughter of T. Gregory, aged 17 years.

On the 26th ult. Mr. JOSEPH MILLIETTE, aged 60.

On the 25th ult. Mr. JOHN M. BAKER, aged 31 years.

On the 25th ult. CATHARINE McGEE, aged 91 years.

On the 25th ult. ANDREW COULTER, aged 11 years.

On the 25th ult. Mr. RICHARD PELTZ, aged 52 years.

On the 23d ult. Mr. CHRISTOPHER ROESSLER, aged 39.

On the 25th ult. Mrs. MARY, relict of the late Joseph Feinour, Sr. aged 72 years.

On the 24th ult. Mrs. MARY ANN TURNER, aged 47.

On the 25th ult. HANNAH TOOMEY, aged 2 years.

On the 24th ult. EDWARD CONSTANTINE, youngest son of Christopher and Henrietta Schafer, aged 3 years and 10 months.

On the 25th ult. at the U. S. Naval Asylum, NATHANIEL LUTHER, aged 55 years, a native of Rhode Island.

On the 23d ult. JACOB FAUNCE, infant son of Jas. and Christiann Stewart, aged 1 year.

On the 24th ult. JAMES FRANCIS, son of Jas. and Mary Dallimore, aged 4 years and 4 months.

On the 11th ult. RUTH ANNA, wife of Thos. W. Cason, of Concord, Pa. aged 24 years.

On the 30th ult. WILLIAM R. EVANS, aged 2 years and 8 months, son of Thomas and Hannah Evans, of Hazleton, Luzerne county, Pa.

NOW IS THE TIME TO SUBSCRIBE,

Friends of Morality and a Pure Literature.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PROSPECTUS FOR 1847.

The proprietors of that old and firmly established paper the SATURDAY EVENING POST, are determined to maintain the reputation it has acquired of being, on the whole,

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Every week we shall furnish our readers with an accurate account of the condition of the Philadelphia Markets—The Prices and Sales of Country Produce, &c., and the Cattle Market. Our Bank Note List is also carefully corrected weekly, and the prices of various stocks given. CAREFUL ATTENTION WILL BE PAID TO THIS IMPORTANT PART OF OUR PAPER TO MAKE IT ACCURATE AND RELIABLE.

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As the Farming Interest is a most important one, we are careful never to omit anything in the Post that would prove of interest to our Agricultural subscribers—and, every week, at least a column of our paper is filled with the best matter that can be selected from the various Agricultural Journals.

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Much care is taken to collect for the readers of the Post the latest and most important intelligence upon all subjects of public interest. Domestic, Foreign, Congressional, and other News will ever be furnished as speedily as possible.

PORTRAITS AND PICTURES.

Portraits of distinguished men, Pictures of remarkable places, also, shall not be forgotten. And we shall endeavor always to have some such embellishment in our columns to add to their variety and beauty.

THE FIRESIDE FRIEND.

We shall thus, finally, maintain for the Post the proud title it has acquired of being peculiarly a Family Paper and the Fireside Friend. Always having among its numerous stories, something for each member of the Family—for the Father, the Mother, the Brothers, the Sisters, down even to the younger members of the household.

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☞ Editors copying the above will be entitled to an exchange.

Address, **SAMUEL D. PATTERSON & CO.,**
No. 98 Chesnut St., Philadelphia.

United States
SATURDAY POST.
HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.
Philadelphia:
SATURDAY, MARCH 13, 1847.

TERMS.

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13 "	$15.00	"	"
20 "	$20.00	"	"

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Letters will not be taken from the Post Office unless the postage is paid.

Removals must always state the Post Office removed from, as well as that to which the paper is to be addressed.

For THREE DOLLARS, we will send one copy of the Saturday Evening Post, and one copy of "Sears' Pictorial Magazine" for one year—or, one copy of the Saturday Evening Post for one year, and one copy of "The Fountain," a Splendid New Annual, for 1847.

For FIVE DOLLARS, one copy of the Saturday Evening Post, one copy of Graham's Magazine, or Godey's Lady's Book, and one copy of the Ladies' National Magazine, or Sears' Pictorial Magazine—or, two copies of the Saturday Evening Post, and one copy of either the Ladies' National Magazine, Sears' Pictorial Magazine, or "The Fountain," for 1847—or we will send two copies of the Saturday Evening Post, and one copy of Graham's Magazine, or Godey's Lady's Book, for one year.

For TEN DOLLARS, we will send six copies of the Saturday Evening Post, one copy of "The Fountain," for 1847, and one copy of either the Ladies' National Magazine, Sears' Pictorial Magazine, Graham's Magazine, or Godey's Lady's Book, for one year.

TO THOSE IN ARREARS.

Subscribers who are in arrears, will please send on their dues through the mail, without waiting to be called upon by our collectors.

INFORMATION WANTED

Of the following named persons who are in arrears for this paper.
Of Elias Jewell, formerly of Whitmansville, Mich.
Of Jno. M. Shannonhouse, formerly of Elizabeth City, N. C.
Of Jacob B. Gordon, formerly of Anderson P. O., N. J.
Of Joel Peckham, formerly of New London, N. York.
Of A. B. Lockhart, formerly of Evansville, Indiana.
Of Rich'd B. Winder, formerly of Princeton, N. Jersey.
Of W. W. Woods, who collected money for this paper in Kentucky in 1845, and has not paid over to the proprietors.

IRISH RELIEF FUND.

We have received and handed over to the proper Committee the sum of Fifty Dollars, "collected for the relief of the poor Irish," and transmitted to us by Mr. John Wood, of Cass, Lawrence County, Tennessee.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Twilight Soliloquy. This poem is accepted, though we do not much admire the sentiment of it. He is a weak man, who cannot be happy without the applause of "goose-throated" Fame. The accompanying verses are declined.

The American Soldier, is respectfully declined.

Loch Katrine. This poem is accepted. We cannot give any more definite answer to the question asked of us, than that everything depends upon the merits of the stories that are forwarded for our inspection.

Mary Walden. This tale is accepted. If the author, however, sends us any more tales, we hope he will take more pains with the hand writing.

"To Molly Gray," and "The World's Struggle," are accepted.

IRELAND AS SHE WAS.

We were surprised to learn by an article in a late number of Chambers's Edinburgh Magazine that Ireland at one period was the abode of wealth, literature and refinement. The remains of ecclesiastical edifices, with gorgeous carvings, any one of which would be the marvel of an English county, are said to be strewn all through that now illiterate and poverty stricken country. In the Museum, at Dublin, the traveller is shown books of vellum, in the ancient Irish character, bound in gold and silver and ornamented with precious stones, which are said to be worth, at the present day, thousands of pounds. Besides these gorgeous manuscripts, the Royal Irish Academy contains a vast collection of gold ornaments of various sizes and shapes, some heavy and massive, others small and delicate; and it is said that a great number of articles manufactured of the precious metals—such as coronets, rings, bracelets and croziers—have been found at various times by the peasantry, and sold to the Dublin jewellers.

The writer of the article we have alluded to, goes so far, indeed, as to say in all seriousness, that "Ireland is the Greece of the British Islands—a country in which relics of a period of refinement are lying everywhere tumbled about like mangled corpses on a field of battle; while in the midst of these remains are seen, crouching in mud hovels, the shattered remnant of the conquered people, impoverished, dispirited, and in many features of character demoralised."

But, it may be asked, how can it be possible that Ireland should have been at one time the chosen abode of refinement and learning, and be now what all know her to be—a by-word among the nations? The answer is soon given. Conquest has done its work of death in Ireland, as in Egypt, in Greece, in Italy, and various other portions of the Globe. Who can discern, as he gazes carelessly upon the land of the Nile, any traces of that greatness which once gave laws and examples to the science and the literature of the world? The careless traveller sees the Pyramids towering to the heavens, but they appear to him only as the senseless monuments of a numerous and laborious, but barbarous race. He gazes upon the shrivelled faces of the Mummies, and he sees but another proof of barbarian ignorance and folly. Only he, who pores deeply and patiently into the veiled mystery of Egypt's fallen greatness, can find method and order amid the dusty vestiges of her past, and see traces of that glory which led the philosophers of Greece to look to the land of the fertile Nile, as to the great mother of both sacred and profane knowledge.

So with Greece, so with Italy, and so we are now led to believe with Ireland. What the Turks did for Greece, what Alaric and Attila and the Northern hordes did for Italy, the Danes first, and the Anglo-Normans afterwards, did for Ireland. They swept the country with the sword of conquest, as with a mower's scythe; and all that was refined, intellectual and elegant, was cut down, and withered away.

But we are glad to believe that a brighter day will yet dawn for Ireland. If it be true that the darkest hour of the night is that which immediately precedes the morn, we may hope that out of the blackness of the darkness of Ireland's present, may spring the germs of a new and sunny hope. For the "Irish Question," as it is called, can no longer be evaded. All parties in England begin now to see that something must be done. The murmurs of a discontented people may be disregarded as so much idle breath, but the sight of a nation dying in an awful, almost uncomplaining silence, is a sight which cannot be either scornfully laughed or reasoned down. You may say it is "by the visitation of God"—but the intellect and heart of the world will indignantly deny it. The responsibility will be laid at the doors of those, who having deprived Ireland of her rightful rulers, have failed to govern her themselves—at the doors of those who have allowed tyranny, extortion and universal misgovernment to prevail, until the existence of a whole people was staked upon the chances of a single crop.

But as we have said, we rejoice that this "Irish Question" can no longer be evaded by the English government. Now, at length, whatever there may be of humanity, justice and true courage, in England and Scotland, will be invoked to place the affairs of Ireland upon a juster and wiser footing. The pretended rights of the Irish landlords will not be allowed to outweigh any longer the inalienable and heaven-conferred rights of the Irish people. Once at least, we hope, in the history of the world, will it be asserted that there are other rights, quite as sacred as rights derived from conquest, and that no class of men have a right to monopolize the soil of a country, and keep it barren and sterile, while thousands born upon that soil, and willing to render it by their labor fertile and productive, are suffering for want of food.

PENNSYLVANIA CANALS.

A letter from the Canal Commissioners' office, in Harrisburg, states that the main line of the Pennsylvania Canal was to have been opened on the 10th inst., if no accident occurred.

THE DESPOT NICHOLAS.

Our readers have doubtless ascertained by this time, that the Emperor of Russia is no favorite of ours; and that we are resolutely bent upon giving "the devil his due," whenever we have an opportunity. The European correspondent of the Boston Atlas states that last December, upon the anniversary of the birth-day of the tyrant, the authorities wished all Warsaw to celebrate the event with transports of joy, and "required every one to illuminate his house, under pain of death." The German papers inform us that the people remained sad and silent, and that Warsaw had the appearance of an immense charnel house, under this universal illumination.

Our readers have already been made acquainted with the horrid treatment recently inflicted upon a number of Poles in Siberia. The following, from a French journal, shows to what monstrous excesses Russian despotism abandons itself at Warsaw. Surely, if there be a God in Heaven, Poland and Humanity shall yet be avenged upon the tyrant for these things:—

"A young man of Warsaw had been arrested and confined in the Citadel. He was there so ill treated, that in a short time he was attacked by a disease in the chest, which left no hope of saving him. They then resolved to restore him to his family, and two or three days before he was to be set at liberty, his betrothed was permitted to visit him. At the moment when she left him, the prisoner whispered to her, 'Burn my dressing-gown.' These words were unfortunately overheard by the jailor, and, upon going out of the prison, the young girl was seized, bound with cords, plunged into a dungeon and subjected to tortures, to discover where the dressing-gown was. The executioners grew weary before the victim, who was restored to her family—*but so mutilated, that she died in a few days.* Her betrothed died the following day. The funeral of the two young people took place upon the same day, at the same hour, in the same church. Never had the population been so numerous or so excited as at this sad procession; and the palls which had covered the coffins were seized by the crowd and divided into a thousand pieces, every one wishing to have a relic of these two martyrs of patriotism."

And yet the government that will perpetrate such diabolical atrocities, is often spoken of by American politicians as a natural ally of the United States—as if light could ally itself with darkness, or the justice and mercy of Heaven with the injustice and cruelty of fiends. Thus, instead of raising a cry of horror at such enormities, which might perhaps call forth from the free hearts of Europe, an answering peal of indignation and loathing, America looks quietly on, and the inhuman tyrant pursues his savage policy, unstayed by the mingled execrations of a world.

And let it not be said that such execrations would be useless. In this age of the world, the might of public opinion can make itself felt, even in the remotest palace of the Czar. Let him take the wings of the morning and fly to the uttermost bounds of his Asiatic domains, the loud reverberations of an outraged public opinion would penetrate to his ear. That he is not insensible to the opinions of other nations, is proven by the pains taken to have favorable descriptions of himself and his kingdom spread throughout the world—by his behaviour to foreign tourists—and by those many anecdotes conveying a favorable idea of him, which are set afloat generally, we believe, at Paris, by no one knows whom. No, the day is past that any monarch who is not an ignorant barbarian, can be indifferent to the opinions of mankind. And the writers of the United States, England, France and Germany could, we think, if they would, do very much in restraining the enormities practised by the Russian court. But whether they could effect anything or not, matters little. It is our duty to call tyrants, tyrants—and to sympathize with the oppressed, even if we can do nothing more.

PLAIN TALK.

The leaders of the different parties in the British House of Commons, have expressed themselves very plainly already, in reference to the condition of Ireland. Lord John Russell, in propounding to the House the measures deemed expedient by the Ministry, said:—

"There are 4,600,000 acres of waste land in Ireland. We propose to devote £1,000,000 to its improvement; and we propose that the land should, if the proprietor be willing to part with it, be purchased; but that if he does not improve it by accepting a loan under this measure, or out of his own resources, and if he refuses to sell, *there shall be a* COMPULSORY *power in the Commissioners of Woods and Forests to take and improve waste lands*, which are below a certain value."

The object of the above measure is, to use the language of the Queen's speech, "to lessen the pressure of that competition for the occupation of land, which has been the fruitful source of crime and misery." A larger portion of the soil of Ireland is thus to be improved, either by the proprietors or the government, and then sold or leased to cultivators in convenient farms of 25 to 50 acres each."

In the course of the debate, Mr. Roebuck, a leading Liberal member, said:—

"Sir, I say that it is the duty of England—and I address myself to English Representatives—*to insist that the* LAND *of Ireland shall maintain the* PEOPLE *of Ireland.*"

But this may not be considered so surprising, for Mr. Roebuck belongs, as we have said, to the Liberals. Hear, however, Lord George Bentinck, the leader of the Tory party in the House of Commons. He speaks quite as much to the point. He first admits that the Empire may fairly be called upon to do something in the present crisis, and then adds:—

"But at the same time, let it be clearly understood that we do think *for the future Irish Property* IS BOUND TO MAINTAIN *the Irish Poor.*"

If we understand the meaning of the language we have quoted, it is not only plain talk, but an acknowledgment that the right of the people of a country to the means of subsistence, is above the right which is so often claimed by men, "to do what they *please* with their own."

REALISM AND NOMINALISM.

Most of our readers doubtless have met with the terms "Realists" and "Nominalists," as descriptive of two parties or schools, into which the intellectual world was divided several centuries ago; but many of them probably have not a very accurate idea as to the meaning of these designations.

If our authority be correct, the following was the main difference between the two schools. The Realists believed that whatever the human mind could think or speak of separately, had a real separate existence; that there is such a thing as *redness*, as distinguished from a *red thing*; such a thing as goodness or love, apart from the existence of those qualities in some *being*; such a thing as beauty, where there is no beautiful object.

The Nominalists, on the contrary, contended that this view was founded upon a mere trick of language. They alleged, for instance, that there was no thing existed answerable to the *general* term, *horse*; even if the existence of such a general idea could be conceived. Thus horses only exist as they are in nature, large or small, one color or another, and are always conceived of by the mind, not in the general, but in the particular—or, at most, as a collection of particulars. And one of the heads of this school illustrated his doctrines, by saying, "The virtuous man is a reality; virtue is a sound."

Judging from the prevailing doctrines of the present day, the Nominalists ultimately conquered in that fierce dispute, "with which all Europe rang from side to side." Now and then, even in this 19th century, some sturdy, eccentric thinker, like Brownson, will give in his adhesion to the Realists, but the prevailing tone of thought evidently coincides with Nominalism.

FLIGHT OF BUZZARDS.

The Montgomery (Alabama) Journal has been informed by a correspondent in Pike County, in that State, of the sudden appearance in that neighborhood, of an immense flight of these uncleanly birds. He says that the train "was several miles in length, and contained millions of these aerial scavengers; they were a long time in passing and sometimes darkened the whole horizon. They came nearing from due North, and steered nearly South. Some flew so low as to be within the limits of the boughs of the tallest trees, others so high as scarcely to be seen. The train was supposed to be about two miles long. At one time, the whole canopy seemed to be darkened with these birds, from East to West, North to South; from the tops of trees to as high as the eye could reach, was one dark cloud. Many of the inhabitants thought it ominous of dire calamities. One opinion was, that it prognosticated a great slaughter of our forces in Mexico."

We give the above remarkable story as we find it. We would not like to be held responsible for its truth—as we are rather inclined to believe it a hoax. If the Buzzards had intended to volunteer in such numbers for the war, we do not think they would have left it so long before starting.

THE "RETORT COURTEOUS."

There seems to have been quite a pleasant little "flare up" in the Senate, on the last day but one of the session. The Washington correspondent of a contemporary, gives the following account of it:—

"The Senate having taken a recess till six o'clock, Mr. Benton maintained that certain resolutions had been laid on the table. The Chair stated that they were only postponed till six o'clock, and were now up. Mr. Benton denied that the Chair could entertain a motion of his own, and that the Senator, Mr. Sevier, moving for the recess, had also moved for laying the resolutions upon the table. Mr. Sevier stated that he had made the motion as Mr. Benton stated—to which Mr. Benton added, 'and the Senator (looking at Mr. Sevier) is in a state of mind to know what he is about.' Here Mr. Hannegan rose and stated 'that he doubted very much whether the Senator from Missouri had been in a condition all day long, to know what he was about.' 'Indeed,' added Mr. Hannegan, 'I think Jackson was right when he said that ever since the bursting of the great gun———.' Here he was called to order by Mr. Johnson. But he had afterwards an opportunity of finishing the sentence by adding, 'the bursting of the great gun on board the Princeton had knocked his brains out.' The thing passed with a smile. 'I thought,' said Mr. Benton, *previously*, 'the Senator from Indiana meant to say that I am drunk.' 'Indeed,' replied Mr. Hannegan, 'I never saw the Senator from Missouri drunk but once—the night after the expunging resolutions had passed the Senate.' These sallies gave the debate a pleasant turn, and restored the temper of the Senate."

The whole of the above scene is very rich, and as rich a part as any is the remark of the letter writer, that "these *sallies* gave the debate *a pleasant turn, and restored the temper of the Senate.*" Certainly Mr. Benton and the Senate must be very easily pleased, if they could be so charmed by a charge of drunkenness, no matter what was the occasion.

The correspondent of the New York Mirror, gives the following additional account of another portion of the same scene. It is as deeply tragic as anything we ever read in the—Pickwick Papers.

"Mr. Benton spoke several times: his remarks were exceedingly caustic, and contained many direct thrusts and pointed allusions. They called out Mr. Hannegan in a very excited reply. He began in expressions nearly to this effect:—'Mr. President, I have wished, I have tried to love that man; his past services to the country, his standing in the Democratic party, have made me wish to pay him reverence and regard, and to follow him as a leader, notwithstanding his personal bearing and dictatorial assumptions. Sir, when the sun went down yesterday—I know not whether I can say the same when the sun shall go down to-day—there was not a man in this wide Union that I would have preferred to see President of the United States to him!'

"Mr. Benton (interrupting)—'I do not want to be President, sir! I have no wish, no ambition of the sort!'

"Mr. Hannegan—'Cæsar refused the crown when proffered by Mark Antony, only to make its after attainment the more secure!'

"Mr. Benton, much excited, repudiated the application of the comparison to him—earnestly reiterated his renunciatory declarations—and in reference to the remarks of Mr. Hannegan, said—'If I could find one word which would pronounce and fix henceforth an entire *political* separation between the Senator and me, without diminishing our personal kindness, I would speak it!'

"Mr. Hannegan—'I consider it as spoke, sir—I consider it as said—it is *done*—it is *past!*'

"Much more was said in a similar strain and feeling. Upon the concluding remarks of Mr. Benton, Mr. Hannegan rose and said in a very pointed and emphatic manner: 'Mr. President—has the gentleman from Missouri ever avowed kindness and sympathy for any living thing, of which *selfishness* was not the motive and the basis?' and immediately resumed his seat.

"Mr. Benton only replied by scornfully throwing back his head, and indulging in a loud, bitter, and convulsive laugh; and thus ended this strange scene, which kept the whole Senate and crowded galleries in a state of intense and thrilling excitement."

Terrible times, these.

CONTENTMENT.

Show me a man that is perfectly contented, and I will show you one in ten thousand.

And yet such have I seen sitting amid his children, and walking among the unknown of the land.

His lot has not been cast among the wealthy, unless those be named thus who ask not for increase.

Yet is he full of riches even in his poverty, for his desires never overflow the channel of his means.

He is of a nature exuberant and liberal, and he forgets not the poor as they linger at his gate;

But he knows that true charity has another scale than the Mint, and he gives his half-pence as his neighbors give sovereigns.

He is content in his ability to afford little, for not in vain was the parable written of "the widow's mite."

He is content to walk when others ride, for he remembers it is better to lose ease than *strength*.

He is content that his table abounds not with dainties, for thus he is preserved from the meanest of servitudes.

He is content that his apparel is coarse and homely, for he has learned that the sweetest of nuts has the roughest rind.

He is content that his dwelling should be small and humble, for he remembers that the fishers' huts were once more honored than the Pharisees' palaces.

He is content that men call him not "Rabbi, Rabbi," for on a turning wheel safety lies near the centre.

He is content in one word with little, for he remembers that "where much has been given, much shall be required."

Such an one have I seen sitting among his children, and walking among the unknown of the land.

ENGLISH ELOPEMENT.

The step-daughter of Lord John Russell, the English Premier, recently eloped with the nephew of Lord Auckland. The correspondent of the Mirror says that "the enamored pair might have been married in the ordinary course, but for their anxiety for the *eclat* of a runaway match, after the mode lately made fashionable by the Duke of Beaufort's daughter and others."

The Premier appears to have acted with great good sense in the matter, for, on learning of the elopement, he despatched a special messenger with a note from his Secretary, to each of the morning journals, soliciting the exclusion of the particulars which the vigilant emissaries of the press had gathered. At two of the offices, however, the notes either arrived too late on Sunday night, or the editors were obdurate; for forth came a full and minute account on the following morning. An announcement, however, was immediately made the next day, that the marriage would take place forthwith, with the Premier's concurrence. The ceremony was accordingly performed without delay, though with great privacy, and a stop was thus put to the usual town talk upon such occasions.

OUR THANKS.

Our thanks are due to the editor of the St. Louis Daily Post for the following notice:—

"Saturday Evening Post.—This is the title of a valuable weekly literary and general newspaper, published at Philadelphia, and edited by H. Peterson.

"It is very large, and filled with interesting tales, anecdotes, &c., suited to family reading. It has reached its twenty seventh year, which is good evidence of its popularity."

Our thanks are also due to the Southern Recorder for the following complimentary paragraphs:—

"We have received two numbers of the 'Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post,' and hope we may be favored with its continuance.

"The Post is one of the largest and most elegant literary papers in the United States, and is well calculated to interest every class of readers. We do not know of a paper we would more willingly recommend to our readers, than the Post, edited by Henry Peterson, whose talent is unsurpassed by the Northern Press."

GRACE GREENWOOD.

The Pittsburg Journal says that the lady who contributes to Graham's and other magazines, under the above verdant appellation, is a Miss Sarah Jane Clark, "a young lady of remarkable promise and talent." The Journal also makes the following very sensible remarks upon the present practice of adopting such lackadaisical signatures:—

"We regret that Miss Clark condescends to the literary foppishness of selecting such a *nom de plume*. We are heartily sick of the *Rosewoods*, *Graces*, and all that, and we are sorry that our friend Miss C. would rate herself in such a party. Miss Chubbuck called herself *Fanny Forester*, and at once the magazines were strewn with green leaves and other sylvan properties."

GOVERNOR SHUNK.

We have received a portrait of Francis R. Shunk, Governor of Pennsylvania—published by John H. Steck, of this city. Never having seen Mr. Shunk, we know not whether the resemblance is good or bad; but we have heard some who have seen him say it was a fair likeness.

THE CLOSE OF THE SESSION.

The Twenty-Ninth Congress closed its sessions on Thursday, the 4th inst., at one o'clock, A. M. The last day's work was a very important one, the finishing stroke being given to a good many jobs, which the workmen had been loitering upon for some time past. The following is a synopsis of the business of the session:—

The Annual Appropriation Bills have all become laws.

The Three Million Bill was passed without the Wilmot Proviso. The Proviso after being rejected in the Senate, as we stated last week, was lost in the House by a vote of 97 yeas, to 102 nays. An amendment of Mr. Graham, of N. C., providing for the extension of the line of the Missouri Compromise to the Pacific Ocean, was also lost, 80 yeas to 96 nays.

The bill authorizing the appointment of additional general and other officers in the Army has become a law, after a contest between the two Houses, which ended in a rejection of the amendment of the House of Representatives for giving to the President authority to appoint a Commanding General (to supersede, of course, the present Commander) of the Army now in the field.

The Harbor Bill, (involving appropriations to the amount of less than half a million of dollars,) after having passed both Houses is understood to have been retained in the hands of the President, and failed to become a law. Its twin sister, however, (the Lighthouse Bill,) has been approved.

The Amendatory Sub Treasury Bill, was amended by appending thereto the bill providing for the establishment of a Branch Mint in the city of New York, but failed to pass the Senate.

A Bill was also passed providing, first, for the construction of four war steamships of the first class. Secondly, a line of mail steamships from New York to Liverpool, consisting of five ships of not less than 3,000 tons each. Thirdly, a line of mail steamships from New York to New Orleans, touching at Savannah, in Georgia, and Havana, with a branch line from Havana to Chagres, comprising five ships of not less than 1,500 tons each; the ships of both lines to be constructed under the directions of the Navy Department. Fourthly, a line of steamships from Panama, on the Pacific, to Oregon, touching at the intermediate ports. All these ships to be subject to the order of and purchase by the Government at any time, and all to be commanded by Naval officers, and a certain number of passed midshipmen as watch officers, and for improvement in the navigation of steamships.

A resolution was adopted providing for the printing of 1,000 additional copies of the last Patent Office report.

The joint resolution for dispatching the Macedonian and Jamestown to Ireland with supplies of provisions, was passed.

The Senate Bill to appropriate half a million of dollars, in the name of the people of the United States, towards the relief of the sufferers by famine in Ireland, was referred in the House to the Committee of Ways and Means, and nothing was heard of it afterwards. We despise the common practice of smothering a measure to death in this way. If the House don't like a Bill, let it spit it out, manfully; and not slyly put its hand to its mouth, and convey the repulsive morsel secretly to its breeches pocket.

THE GOLDEN SPRING.

'Tis coming over land and sea,
The bonny Spring;
'Tis coming swift o'er hill and lea,
On flashing wing.
On bare, cold fields a tint of green,
In chill grey skies a softer sheen,
On high bleak hills an air less keen,
Proclaim the coming Spring.

'Tis coming unto every land,
A milder Day,
When war no more with bloody hand
Shall bear the sway.
In many a heart a softer flow,
On many a face a milder glow,
Soft words that melt the coming blow,
Proclaim a milder Day.

'Tis coming to the poor man's hearth,
A time of love,—
When justice shall be done on earth
As 'tis above;
When toil shall have its fair reward,
Nor iron monsters in the sward
Crush those our Saviour in his word
Commended to our love.

'Tis coming to the rich man's door,
In simple guise,
When Luxury shall waste no more,
Nor Pride despise;
But when shall mark the rich and great,
A Roman simpleness elate,
A Christian scorn of pomp and state,
Such as become the wise.

'Tis coming soon, on rapid wing,
This Golden Age;
'Tis coming like the softening Spring
O'er Winter's rage—
Look out, look out, the skies are blue,
The clouds ev'n have a golden hue,
The sun of glory's breaking through,—
All hail Christ's Golden Age!

DOMBEY AND SON.

Part Fifth of Dombey and Son, a summary of which the reader will find on our fourth page, contains some of the most tenderly pathetic passages in the language. The description of the gradual decline in health and the death of little Paul—the "gentle boy"—is full of pathos. The slight allusions which picture to the mind the [illegible] minded father, almost cast down to the earth by the anticipated death of one with whose existence he had linked so many splendid schemes, are perhaps the most affecting parts of all. That the old nurse should weep, or Florence, touches us not so deeply, as when the flinty rock of the father's heart is smitten, and tears gush out from eyes so unused to the melting mood.

Editorial Varieties.

GUIZOT.

The following description of Guizot, the great French Minister, is by a correspondent of the New York Tribune:—

"He is small, short, thin and pale. The hair that covers his obstinately shaped head is very scanty, and under his protruding eye there is a dark line that seems to betoken physical weakness. His forehead is retiring, and the whole head would seem to indicate rather the man of taste than of reason. In the simple dress of black in which I have always seen him, and with his serious and sometimes almost sad expression, he looks much as I have seen many a congregational clergyman of New England, and I venture to say that no one, from a first view without knowing the man, could possibly suppose him to have almost the absolute control of the Government of such a nation as France."

The following account of his wife's change of religion upon her death bed, is very singular.

"In 1827, a heavy blow fell upon M. Guizot in the death of his wife. She was a woman of strong mind, of polished manners, of elevated taste and of a pure heart. She had been the companion of his labors more than a dependant on his protection, and the harvest of fame that he was beginning to reap she had assisted him to sow. The last hours of Madame Guizot are represented as replete with all that was tender and touching. Born a Catholic, she could not bear the thought of being separated in eternity from those she had loved in life, and she professed herself Protestant while the shadows of the Valley of Death were falling around her; and her Protestant husband, almost enduring the mortal agony she felt, strove to comfort her while he read in tones as solemn as the scene, some of the finest portions of Bossuet's celebrated funeral oration on the Queen of England."

CAMPBELL, DICKENS, &c.

We glean the following items of English literary news from the foreign correspondent of the New York Mirror:—

"The subscriptions for the long talked of monument to the poet Campbell are now advertised. The names are numerous and imposing (including twelve peers and a legion of distinguished literati). The donations are very small, considering who is the 'honored dead' on this occasion. Lords Campbell, Brougham, Jeffrey, Morpeth, Northampton and Ellesmere, authors themselves of no mean pretensions, and great worshippers of Scotch genius, gave but five pounds each; Lords Mahon and John Russell gave less, so did Lockhart and Samuel Rogers; Bulwer and Macready no more; Monckton Milnes only two pounds; while Wordsworth (laureat, placeman, and brother-poet) gave but a miserable guinea. This is certainly an economic mode of exhibiting respect for the late poet.

"Of the 22,000 copies of Dickens's 'Battle of Life,' subscribed for on the day of publication, nearly one-half are believed to remain on the hands of the wholesale booksellers, unsaleable at any price; while of the half that did get into circulation, the majority appear to have found their way into the second-hand shops and book-tables.

"The literary event of the Spring will of course be D'Israeli's 'Tancred,' but from the mode of advertising it, there is every probability that the preface will bear the usual 'Coningsby' and 'Sybil' heading, viz:—'Grosvenor Gate, May Morning,' &c."

GENERAL TAYLOR.

The North American says that it has learned through a private source, worthy of credence, that Gen. Taylor is far from being satisfied with the recent changes made in the disposition of the forces in Mexico, and that although now busily engaged in preparations for a march into Zacatecas, it is probable he will soon quit the country, or in other words, resign his command.

HOURS OF LABOR.

The following testimony as to the effects of a reduction of the hours of labor upon manufacturing, was given last year by Mr Fielden in the British House of Commons. In the debate on the "Factories' Bill," that gentleman said:—

"I have with all my brothers been engaged in the cotton manufacture. I have been in the business ever since the first Act for the regulating of Factory labor was passed, and extensively engaged in it, too. I and my brothers are still engaged in it. *We employ altogether between two thousand and three thousand hands.* I am capable of speaking of the effects of past legislation; and if the Bill be so destructive as its opponents have represented, it is a Bill to abolish the business of myself and family. Let me remind the House that no Factory Bill was ever yet passed without the House being stunned with the prediction of the ruin that would ensue to manufacturers; and all these predictions have been falsified by experiment. You put a stop to night work in all cases, except by adult males of eighteen years and upwards, which has practically abolished night working in mills. You reduced the labor of children between nine and thirteen years of age from fourteen to six hours a day. You reduced the labor of all females above thirteen years of age from fourteen hours a day to twelve hours, and thereby *the labor of all working people in factories has been reduced to twelve hours the day.* And what have been the effects of these reductions of the hours of labor? According to the predictions of mill owners and political economists, foreign competition ought to have destroyed our manufacturing and commercial system, our mills ought to have been standing still, our manufacturers ruined, and our workpeople starved. Now I challenge anybody to show me that wages for labor in factories were not as high in 1845, as at any time since the Act of 1819 for regulating factory labor was passed. In 1819 the consumption of cotton was 109,000,000 lbs., and in 1845 it was increased to 532,000,000 lbs."

GEN. TOM THUMB.

This small but distinguished military gentleman seems to have created an unprecedented sensation in Europe. The "European Times" gives the following account of him and his triumphs, proving clearly and undeniably, that "the fools are not all dead yet."

"He has been absent from America between three and four years, and weighs no more now than the day he left his native shore; but his intellectual faculties have improved immensely. He speaks French fluently—plays the piano—is learning the violin and other instruments. He played in a French piece in Paris and the principal French cities; was elected member of the Dramatic Society in Paris; has played Hop o' my Thumb and Bombastes Furioso, with great *eclat*, in London and elsewhere. He has received many valuable presents from the principal sovereigns of Europe; *has kissed more than a million and a half of ladies*; has exhibited before 3,000,000 of persons, and the gross receipts of his exhibitions, including his theatrical performances, and his private levees at various palaces, and at the houses of the nobility of England, France, Belgium, Spain, &c., exceed £150,000, which, reckoning 56 sovereigns to the pound, avoirdupoise, would make 2,678 pounds weight of gold, and, as the General weighs but fifteen pounds, it follows that he has received 178 times his own weight in gold! In silver, the weight would be 46,875 pounds, and would make 3,135 silver statues of the General, of the same weight as himself!

"The General has achieved all his triumphs under the direction of P. T. Barnum, Esq., proprietor of the American Museum, New York, who first brought him before the public in America, and who has personally attended him in all his peregrinations. It is gratifying to know that while this gentleman has reaped a rich reward for his enterprise, he has also secured a splendid fortune for his little *protege* and parents."

BENTON AND HIS MISSION

The Washington correspondent of the Journal of Commerce gives the following statements on the subject, which, if true, are important:—

"Major General Benton will leave us to morrow morning at three o'clock, for the field of his military and diplomatic operations in Mexico.

"It is true that he does not go as Lieutenant General or field Marshal, or Commander-in-Chief—but, still, the President has charged him with all the diplomacy connected with the intended overtures to Mexico, and he will be the channel of the President's orders to the General in command. He will, in fact, though not in name, conduct the campaign.

"He takes the Three Millions with him—that is—it will be subject to his order in New Orleans, and he will open a communication with Mr. Rejon immediately, and perhaps conclude a treaty forthwith,—before the city of Vera Cruz shall be invested by our forces.

"But, if Mexico refuse negotiation, or decline our terms, then the Castle is to be blown up into the clouds—and Major General Benton will offer terms again—and let Mexico choose between them and our next blow—which will be at the city of the Montezumas.

"General Benton is now much annoyed by his suit against Governor Thomas. He had better withdraw it—for he could conquer or buy peace with Mexico in half the time that he can settle this affair."

LITERARY ANNOUNCEMENTS.

The New York Express announces the following new works:—

"W. E. Channing, nephew of his distinguished namesake, will issue a life of the latter, early in May."

"George W. Green is engaged on a 'History of Rome.'"

"Fitz Greene Halleck's elegant edition of his poems is now nearly ready in this city. Huntington, Leutze, Durand, and Edmonds are all to aid in illustrating Halleck."

"'Amelia,' or Louisville.—Ticknor's copy right of this lady's beautiful poems has been purchased by Appletons, and a new edition is about to appear."

"Washington Irving's complete and elegantly illustrated edition of his works, is nearly ready."

"Rev. Dr. Bethune, of Philadelphia, a noted angler, is about issuing a new edition of 'Izaak Walton,' with American *addenda*."

A SINGING MOUSE.

A correspondent of the Inquirer of this city, says that his house was frequented last Fall, by one of these singular little animals. He says:

"Shortly after retiring to bed, last Fall, a loud chirping noise was heard precisely like the chirping of swallows. Believing that some little bird had been accidentally caught in the room, I raised a light, but could find nothing. The same musical sounds were heard repeatedly afterwards from the fire place and other parts of the bed room, as well as in the kitchen. My good wife assured me that the singing or chirping came from a little mouse which she saw in a corner of the bed room. We have since regretted that by the use of poison for destroying mice, the singing, which was very agreeable, as well as very remarkable, has disappeared."

PLEASE CREDIT.

The New York Organ quotes one of our "Laconics" without a credit, in this fashion:

"Spirit and Matter.—We might argue, *says a philosophical writer*, for the superiority of spirit over matter, from the fact that matter in proportion as it is gross is weak, and in proportion as it is etherial is strong. For instance, the gases are infinitely more powerful than the metals, or wood, or stone."

Of course we feel highly complimented and all that, at being called a "philosophical writer;" but we had rather the editor of the Organ, instead of saying, "says a philosophical writer," had said—says the Saturday Evening Post.

COMMODORE PERRY, &c.

The U. S. steamship Mississippi, Com. Adams, flag ship of Com. Perry, bound to the Gulf of Mexico, with Com. McKenzie as a passenger, dropped down to Hampton Roads on Friday week. The Virginia and North Carolina troops have all embarked for Brazos Santiago, with the exception of two companies. These movements are preparatory to an attack on Vera Cruz.

NEW INKSTAND.

We received some time ago, from Messrs. Lippincott & Co., of this city, a new patent Inkstand. As it is not our custom to puff new inventions indiscriminately, we concluded to give the one in question a trial, before noticing it. We have now had it in use about a month, and can say from an experimental knowledge, that it is the best Inkstand we have ever used.

THE SPIDER AND THE FLY.

We see it stated that the words of this inimitable little song are by one of the Hutchinson family. This, however, is unquestionably a mistake. Abby Hutchinson can sing it to *perfection*—but we question whether she or either of her brothers could have written it.

MAHAN'S FASHIONS.

Mr. F. Mahan, No. 211 Chesnut street, has issued a large Fashion Plate, of the London, Paris and Philadelphia Fashions for the spring and summer of 1847. It is quite a splendid affair—and the styles given in it may be doubtless depended upon for accuracy.

"STATESMEN OF AMERICA."

A London correspondent of the Phœnixville Pioneer says:—

"The Reviewers are making great sport of a new book by Sarah Mytton Maury, entitled 'The Statesmen of America in 1846.' The Literary Gazette is very severe; they call it *romantic twaddle*."

TEMPERANCE.

The question came up before the people of Vermont on Tuesday week, whether License should be granted any longer in that State. The vote was by general ticket, and the returns which have come in indicate a large majority in favor of the entire discontinuance of the practice, and it is probable that no more intoxicating liquors will be legally sold within the State. Sixty-two towns gave a majority of 4,172 for no license.

LANDLORDS AND TENANTS.

At the late session of the New Jersey Legislature, an Act was passed respecting landlords and tenants. It provides that a Justice of the Peace may, on affidavit of the landlord that the tenant holds over his term, or fails to pay his rent, inquire into the truth by trial, &c., of the charge, and issue a warrant to put the claimant in possession. It obviates the necessity of ejectment suits in small matters.

New Publications.

Tales of Woman's Trials. *By Mrs S. C. Hall, author of "The White Boy," "The Outlaw," &c. New York: Harper & Brothers. For sale by Lindsay & Blakiston, Philadelphia.* These tales should be read extensively, for they hold up a lofty standard of principle, which it would be well for every woman to keep before her eyes, that the many trials to which she is peculiarly liable, even if they wreck her earthly happiness, may not also prevail against her sense of right. It is a lesson particularly needed by her dependent and impulsive nature, to remain steadfast through good and evil, and whatever be the conduct of others toward her, to keep her own mind upright and her heart pure before God. There are in these tales many touching and impressive examples of the saving power of such goodness—illustrations of the truth that they who are lifted above the strife of human passions shall draw all men unto them. The whole spirit of the book suggested to our memory Wordsworth's fine apostrophe to Duty:—

"Stern Lawgiver! yet thou dost wear
The Godhead's most benignant grace;
Nor know we any thing so fair
As is the smile upon thy face:
Flowers laugh before thee on their beds,
And Fragrance in thy footing treads;
Thou dost preserve the Stars from wrong;
And the most ancient Heavens, through Thee,
are fresh and strong."

American Comedies. *By J. K. Paulding, author of "Westward Ho!" "Dutchman's Fireside," &c., and W. J. Paulding. Philadelphia: Carey & Hart.* This volume contains five comedies,—The Bucktails, or Americans in England; The Noble Exile; Madmen All, or the Cure of Love; and Antipathies, or the Enthusiasts by the Ears. The ability of the author of the "Dutchman's Fireside," needs no voucher at our hands—of W. J. Paulding we know but little, but he is in "good company." We have not been able as yet to more than glance at their joint productions in this volume.

The Illustrated Hand Book, a New Guide for Travellers through the United States. *New York: Sherman & Smith.* This volume contains a description of the States, Cities, Watering Places, &c., in the Union—with the Steamboat, Stage and Railroad Routes, the distances from place to place, fares, &c., &c. Accompanying the work is a Map of the Seat of War, being "a copy of Gen. Arista's Map, taken at Resaca de la Palma, with additions and corrections. Embellished with diagrams of the battles, plan of Vera Cruz, &c."

The Black Prophet. A Tale of the Irish Famine. *By William Carleton. New York: Burgess, Stringer & Co. For sale by T. B. Peterson, No. 98 Chesnut Street, Philadelphia.* We have not read this volume, and can therefore afford no other satisfaction to our readers as to its mysteries, than that, as we see by glancing at its last page, the "Black Prophet" gets hanged in the end. If the "Black Prophet" is meant to be typical of the Black Famine, it is a fate which he richly deserved.

Mercantile Beneficial Association. We have received the Fifth Annual Report of this Association. The object of its institution was to provide for clerks, &c., thrown out of employment by disease or "bad times." We believe that as yet, it has not had many calls upon its charity. A Register of Clerks seeking places, and of Merchants wanting Clerks, has been opened, which will probably be productive of much good.

London World of Fashion. Godey's Reprint of this periodical for March 1st has been issued.

Littell's Living Age. No. 147 of the Age has been issued, and is for sale by Zieber & Co.

From the Seat of War

FROM THE ARMY.

REPORTED EVACUATION OF VERA CRUZ—MOVEMENTS OF SANTA ANNA—CONCENTRATING OF THE AMERICAN FORCES AT LOBOS.

The most important news received since our last, is a report that Vera Cruz had been evacuated by order of Santa Anna, and that the troops were marched into the interior.

Mr. Lumsden, of the New Orleans Picayune, writes from Tampico, on the 18th, that he has seen a letter from a Mexican officer to a friend, dated San Luis, Feb. 9, which stated that Santa Anna was to march on Saltillo, preparatory to attacking Monterey. Gen. Urrea, with 5,000 troops, was at Victoria, and intended soon to march upon Matamoras. Both these attacks, the writer anticipated, must prove successful, and he says we will give the Yankees hot work in the North while marching upon Vera Cruz. The writer is private Secretary to Santa Anna.

It is pretty certain that Santa Anna has arrived at Saltillo, and it is even reported that he had engaged General Taylor, but the latter report was not believed at Tampico.

Gen. Scott arrived at Tampico on the 19th ult. Gen. Butler has returned to New Orleans—he was suffering so much from his wound as to entirely disable him for active service.

Gen. Taylor had arrived at Saltillo with Braggs and Thomas' batteries, and the 2d Mississippi regiment, on the 2d of February. He has taken possession of *Agua Nueva*, and all the troops are to go there, with the exception of a few who remain in town.

The number of troops left at Monterey does exceed 500 men, but the citadel or "black fort" is held by them, and there is no route by which the Mexicans can approach the city with artillery, save by Saltillo. Without artillery an attempt upon Monterey would be futile. The troops at Monterey consist principally of Ohio and Indiana volunteers, all under the command of Col. Rogers. Capt. Arnold, of the 2d Dragoons, has also been ordered to proceed to Monterey, from the mouth of the Rio Grande.

All the American outposts at Saltillo had been driven in.

Gen. Taylor's command at Saltillo would exceed 6,000. Many believed, that when the Mexicans found him in such force, the idea of an attack would be abandoned; many others, however, were still of the opinion that Santa Anna meditated no serious blow in that quarter, and that the movement was but a feint, to cover his design of moving with the main body of his forces to Vera Cruz. Rumors have reached New Orleans that a general engagement had already taken place, but the Picayune attaches no credit to them.

Much apprehension was felt at Matamoras of an attack by Gen. Urrea, who is understood to be this side of the mountains with 4,000 men, one half of whom are not to be surpassed by any in the Mexican service, the remainder are composed of Rancheros. Col. Drake is in command at Matamoras, and has provided muskets and ammunition for the citizens in case of an attack. He had also sent to Point Isabel for several pieces of ordnance. The Picayune's correspondents do not deem the danger threatening Matamoras to be very imminent.

The American troops are concentrating as fast as possible at the Isle of Lobos.

Gen. Worth's division had all embarked, with the exception of the dragoons and the light artillery batteries. General Worth had sailed a day or two previous in the steamer Edith.

It was supposed the attack on Vera Cruz would be made on the 20th of this month.

It is said that a French merchantman has found its way into Vera Cruz, with ten thousand stand of arms and twenty tons of gunpowder on board. It remains to be seen in what manner this vessel eluded our blockading squadron.

Captain Heady, of Kentucky, was captured two days after Major Borland's command, by a party of Rancheros. The number of the party thus captured is said to be ninety-three, but this is uncertain. Their camp was surrounded in the night, after they had been fatigued by a march of forty miles.

It is reported that Cassius M. Clay projected an escape, by breaking through the enemy's lines, but could not induce the others to assent, the Mexicans greatly outnumbering them.

BATTLE NEAR EL PASSO.

The St. Louis papers recently received, confirm the report of a battle near El Paso, previously brought by the way of Mexico. The loss, however, was greatly exaggerated. The Americans, principally Missouri mounted volunteers, under Col. Doniphan, amounted to six hundred men; while the Mexicans are believed to have numbered eleven hundred. The loss of the Mexicans was thirty men, and a small number wounded—of the Americans seven were slightly wounded, none killed. The following description of the battle is from a letter written by Lieut. Kribben, of the Mo. Light Artillery:—

"Yesterday, (Christmas day,) when we had just arrived in camp here, with about 600 men, had unsaddled our animals, and most of the men were engaged in carrying wood and water, the news was brought into camp of the enemy's being in sight, and advancing. It was about two o'clock, P. M., and the day was very pleasant. Our horses were grazing some distance from the camp at the time, we formed a single line, and determined to meet the enemy as infantry. Their attacking being evidently designed on the left flank, near which was our wagon train, our detachment was ordered from the extreme right to the left, where we soon took up our position.

"One piece of artillery, 490 regular lancers and cavalry, and 100 regular infantry, besides some 500 militia troops from El Paso, composed the enemy's force, according to the best information I can obtain from the reports of prisoners, and from papers found in the baggage on the field. The enemy ranged themselves on the east within half a mile of our line, the mountains in their rear. In our rear was a river, with a little brushwood on its banks.

"Previous to the encounter, a Lieutenant from their ranks came forward waving a black flag in his hand, but halted when within one hundred steps of our line. Thomas Caldwell, our interpreter, rode out to meet him. The messenger with the black flag of defiance demanded that the commander should come into their camp and speak to their General. 'If your General wants to see our commander let him come here.' 'We shall break your ranks then and take him there,' was the retort of the Mexican. 'Come and take him,' said our interpreter, unwittingly using the phrase of the Spartan at Thermopylæ.

"'A curse on you, prepare for a charge,' cried the Mexican. 'We give no quarters and ask none,' and waving his black flag gracefully over his head he galloped back towards the enemy's line. The charge was made by the dragoons from their right, directed upon our left flank, bringing our detachment into the closest fire. Their infantry, with one howitzer with them, at the same time attacking our right flank.

"Their charge was a handsome one, but was too well, too coolly met to break our line. After their fire had been spent, their front column being at about one hundred steps from the front of our flank, our line poured a volley into them, which being a few times repeated, created such havoc in their columns, that their forces wheeled to the left, retreating from our fire, and in their flight made an attack on the provision train. Here they met with a very warm reception, and were soon compelled to fly in all directions, and in the utmost confusion.

"Their infantry having been put to flight, the Howard company, under the command of Lieutenant N. Wright, taking advantage of the panic, charged upon them and took their cannon from them—this was soon manned by the artillery detachment, under Lieutenant Kribben, in Col. Michel's escort. The enemy had by this time fled, leaving their arms, baggage, provisions and other stores on the field of battle.

"A small body of mounted men, under the command of Capt. Reid, that by this time gathered together in a line, charged upon the enemy, pursuing them into the mountains, where they sought refuge."

ISLAND OF LOBOS.

The Army correspondent of the North American says:—

"The Island of Lobos is a lovely little spot, formed entirely of coral, about two miles in circumference, twelve miles from the Mexican shore, about sixty miles from Tampico, and some one hundred and thirty from Vera Cruz. It is covered (or was before we landed) with a variety of trees and shrubs, the highest of the former perhaps twenty-five feet high, and these are so thickly covered with vines that one can hardly get through them. There is hardly a tree, or shrub, or plant, growing here I have ever before seen. Banyan trees, spreading over large spaces of ground, their limbs forming props as they pierce into the earth and take root while the tops thickly thatched with evergreen vines, form most beautiful arbors. Lemon, lime, fig, palm, cane, and an hundred other species of wood, are growing with all the freshness and beauty of the Indies; and we have had fine punch made of the limes plucked here, as well as an *ade* made of limes, in lieu of lemons, which do not seem to grow this year. There is plenty of water to be had by digging four to six feet. It is brackish and sweet, but we are getting used to it, and like it nearly as well as ship water. Fish and sea fowl we have in profusion. With these we have a delightful sea air, that fourteen hours out of the twenty-four makes the place delightfully pleasant.

"It will be difficult, I imagine, to convince you who will read this scrawl beside great coal fires, that we are literally roasting during a portion of the day. The sun is so hot, that our faces and arms are blistered if exposed but a few minutes. To-day, by Fahrenheit, in the shade, I scored 92°. The universal remark among the volunteers is, if this is *winter*, what will summer be! But with all our regiment is getting along remarkably well. There are very few sick, and they are from the country—none dangerous. Our city men seem to stand the campaign much better than the mountain boys. The Wyoming boys are quickest affected by the water, but they are fast overcoming it, and anticipate but little more sickness in their ranks, as they are now better, generally, than since we left home.

"Gen. Scott is daily expected here, and we shall soon be joined by seven thousand troops from Tampico, &c. There are six companies of Louisiana and four companies of South Carolina troops already here. They arrived on the 3rd inst. They are all in fine health, and are encamped beside us. We have the finest location, being the first here; but all have beautiful encampments, and the men are already acquainted and very friendly—a glorious band of brothers, equally patriotic."

FROM SANTA FE.

"There had been an insurrection planned at Santa Fe, headed by the priests, but it was discovered in time to prevent it. At the time the last company of traders left, the Americans had twenty of the ringleaders arrested, nearly all of them priests, and it was thought they would be executed.

"There has been a great deal of sickness in the American army, which was very fatal—fever of a typhoid character was sweeping them off daily. Out of Price's whole regiment, there were not three hundred men able to perform duty. However, a portion of his regiment was in the mountains, but our informant had reference to those in Santa Fe. Doniphan's regiment had been much more healthy.

"Goods were extremely low at Santa Fe. Calicoes are as low as they are at St. Louis. Tobacco is selling at 10 cents per pound. Several of the traders sold out at reduced prices. One company sold at 30 per cent. upon Eastern cost. Nearly all of them will lose money.

"It was thought at Santa Fe that James Magoffin, (whose arrest has been noticed,) would be put to death in Chihuahua. He was robbed by the Indians below the pass, and then taken prisoner by the Mexicans, who searched him, and found upon his person papers and despatches to General Wool. The Mexicans regard him as a citizen, having lived among them eighteen years, and taken the oath of allegiance. They will try him as a traitor.

"The Winter had been unusually severe in Santa Fe—the coldest within the recollection of the oldest inhabitant. The traders suffered very severely coming in; they left the Moro on the 14th of January—Santa Fe a short time previous."

SANTA ANNA'S PLAN.

The Spanish paper at New Orleans, La Patria, gives an opinion derived from information received by it, that Santa Anna contemplates immediate operations against the American lines. The plan is, in brief: 16,000 men to occupy the road between Saltillo and Monterey; 1,500 to march upon Monterey; 1,500 to proceed to Victoria and thence to Matamoras. Thus, if we can believe the Mexicans themselves, Santa Anna is to get in behind our forces and cut up our posts, while General Scott is operating at Vera Cruz. In other words, Santa Anna is to abandon that great sea port and its fortress to the Americans, while he attempts to compensate for its loss, by the recapture of Saltillo, Monterey, Matamoras, &c.

ATTACK ON CHIHUAHUA.

Col. Doniphan, it is reported, was at the last advices, preparing for an attack on Chihuahua. Intelligence from Mexican sources mention the departure from Durango of Col. Heredia, with 700 men and two pieces of artillery, for that place. Hearing of the action at El Paso, he had hurried forward with his cavalry to take command of the Government forces there.

Colonel Doniphan, or Don Phan, as the Mexicans call him, will have when joined by the Mormon battalion, which was not in the recent battle, about 1,100 men, and six pieces of artillery. Another battle is therefore expected to have been fought before this time.

CAPTURE OF BORLAND AND CLAY.

The following particulars are given of the capture of Major Borland's detachment:—"The party captured were sent out to reconnoitre the road, and had been absent several days. At the time of the capture, they were encamped in a valley, where they had remained over night. A dense fog had settled in the valley, and as the sun rose and dispersed it, the Mexicans were discovered completely surrounding them. Escape was impossible, and to have fought, would have been madness, as the entire force would inevitably have been slain. Surrender was the only condition left them, which they did upon the best terms they could obtain—to be treated as prisoners of war. They were immediately marched off towards San Luis—the men being dismounted and the officers suffered to retain their horses. Captain Henry, of Texas, who was acting as an interpreter and guide for the detachment, made his escape the next day after the capture, on Major Gaines' horse, and arrived here with the intelligence. He dashed off in the face of the whole Mexican guard, killed two who pursued him, and rode his horse, a noble animal, until he fell dead beneath him, completing the remainder of the distance to Saltillo on foot. This unlucky occurrence has created a great sensation in the army, and it is regretted the more on account of the influence it will have upon the Mexicans, whom it will incite to acts which they have not heretofore dared."

Miscellaneous.

FLOUR AND GRAIN.

Flour and Meal.—Tuesday, 3, P. M.—There was a very large attendance at High 'Change, but transactions were very limited. Holders of Flour are firm at $6, while buyers are unwilling to go above $5¾. There were some small sales of Corn Meal at $4½; Rye Flour $4¾.

Grain.—Wheat, Corn, Rye and Oats were without change from previous prices. Little done.

Whiskey.—27c. a 28c.—*Public Ledger.*

Good.—At a recent meeting of the Legislative Temperance Society, of which Governor Briggs is the presiding officer, Mr Coles, editor of the New England Washingtonian, had the floor, and was about to speak, when Abby Folsom got up, and asked if a woman might be permitted to speak. Governor Briggs deigned no reply to this question, but said, decidedly, "Another gentleman has the floor!" Upon her pressing the question, he repeated the same words with emphasis. Aunt Nabby's *breaches* of decorum appear to entitle her to the name of gentleman, in the Governor's opinion.—*Lynn News.*

The Next Congress.—We see it stated that the thirtieth Congress will be constituted as follows, as far as the matter is yet settled: The Senate will have 34 Democrats and 20 Whigs, making a Democratic majority of 14 thus far. Six members which remain to be elected, are yet doubtful, leaving a sure Democratic majority of 8. In the House there will be 76 Whigs, and 60 Democrats, leaving a Whig majority of 16. There yet remain to be elected 104 members, which may alter the complexion of the House considerably.

English Importation.—Eighteen Italian boys were lately imported into Liverpool, for the purpose of exciting charity and begging, for the benefit of two lazy and barbarous fellows by whom the importation was made. They arrived in a pitiable condition without shoes and with hardly rags enough to cover them; and the feet and ankles of one of them, a boy of twelve years of age, was covered with chilblains.

New Invention.—The Liverpool Albion gives a glowing account of a recent invention by an English naval officer, for traversing the surface of the water. The writer supposes that, furnished with this newly invented apparatus, which appears to be a sort of dress, a man may board a ship in the river, or elsewhere, with little trouble, however high the waves or wind, and though the ship should be under full head way.

Old Dates.—According to the calculations of chronologists, the creation of the world was commenced on Friday, October 23d. Noah was commanded to build the ark on Sunday, November the 30th. It began to rain on Sunday, December 30th. The tops of the mountains at the subsiding of the waters, became visible on Sunday, July 19th. Noah came forth, from the ark, on Friday, December 18th.

Planting.—Some one says that in planting, always plant the tallest trees, one hundred or more feet high, invariably on the North side of the garden, and then gradually decrease the height of the plants until you arrive at the Southern confine, and there a your strawberry bed, close to the ground; while, looking back, a perfect amphitheatre meets the eye, rising gradually until the Northern point is gained.

A New Degree of Relationship.—We saw yesterday a recommendation written by an Irish friend of ours, in favor of a young gentleman who is an applicant for a commission in the army. Among other things, he says:—"My friend, Mr. ———, is closely connected with the President, his father *having fought a duel with one of the Polks!*"—*New Orleans Delta.*

Famine in the Sandwich Islands.—Information has been received from the Sandwich Islands, that the inhabitants of some districts were suffering the severity of famine. The sole dependence of many of the natives was upon roots, and much sickness and some deaths had been the consequence.

A Colored Dwarf.—It appears that Tom Thumb has a colored rival in New Orleans. The Delta says he is twenty three years old, fifty pounds weight, and three feet nine inches high in his stockings. He is a well formed, intelligent little fellow, and is as fond of tobacco as a monkey is of nuts.

Pigeons.—They make daily excursions from Cincinnati up the Licking, to the roost of the vast quantities of pigeons located near that city. A gentleman who visited it states that to multiply a few hives of bees by 50,000, one could have a clever beginning towards coming at the number.

A Great Day's Work.—One hundred and eighty-two rails, weighing about thirty tons, were made at the Rolling Mill in this city, one day last week. This, we believe, is the greatest day's work on railroad iron ever performed in this country at one establishment.—*Prov. Jour.*

Bigotry.—Lord Brougham stated in the House of Lords, that he had read a letter, in which the writer stated that he believed the famine in Ireland was only a just visitation of Providence for the grant to Maynooth (Catholic) College.

Martin Luther.—A tract written by Martin Luther, printed at Wirtemberg in 1545, has been found in a German family in Indiana. It has numerous marginal notes by various hands, and is in a good state of preservation.

A Fine Sentiment.—"Give me," said Herder to his son, as he lay in the parched weariness of his last illness, "give me a great thought, that I may quicken myself with it."

Whig Nomination.—General Irvin has been nominated by the Whig Convention for Governor of this State. The vote stood Irvin 90, Cooper 34, Forward 6, and Michler 3.

Free Postage.—During the war and for three months after, the officers and soldiers of the Army are to receive their letters and papers free of postage.

For the Rotunda.—Congress appropriated $10,000 for a historical painting by Mr. Powell, of Cincinnati.

Religious News.

American Bible Society.—The managers of this Society held their monthly meeting recently at New York, Isaac Carow, Esq., presiding, assisted by P. G. Stuyvesant, Esq., and Hon. Wm. Jay, Vice Presidents. Eight new societies were recognised as auxiliaries, viz: three in Alabama, one in Florida, one in Georgia, two in Tennessee and one in Illinois.

Peace Essay.—Hon. Simon Greenleaf, LL. D., Rev. Francis Wayland, D. D., and Rev. William Jenks, D. D., have been appointed by the American Peace Society to award the Premium of $500 for the best Review of the Present War with Mexico, the Essays to be presented in four months after the close of the War.

Cherokee Bible Society.—This society at their last meeting at Tahlequah, report that four hundred and seventy-seven copies of a volume containing a part of the Bible in Cherokee, had been circulated, and $178 87½ collected.—*Cherokee Advocate.*

Casualties.

WRECK OF THE TWEED.

The Royal Mail Steamer Tweed, was wrecked on the 19th of February, on the North-East end of Alacranes. Sixty persons were drowned. An expedition had been sent from Campeachy to her assistance.

Another Steamboat Burnt.—On Saturday, a fire was discovered in the steamboat Washington, of Newburgh, lying at the foot of Ninth street, E. R., New York. Her upper works were seriously injured.

United States SATURDAY POST.

TRAVELLING AGENTS

Mr C. W. JAMES, of Harrison street, Cincinnati, Ohio, is our Agent for Ohio, Indiana, Michigan, Illinois, Missouri, Iowa, and Wisconsin, assisted by *James R. Smith, T. Gardner Smith, J. T. Dent, E. Y. Jennings, and Frederick J. Hawse.*

JOHN NIMMO, Canada, East and West.

JNO. F. JOHNSTON, assisted by *Eli M. Stevenson,* of Kentucky.

Mr ISRAEL E. JAMES is our Travelling Agent for the Southern and South-Western States assisted by *Jas. K. Whipple, William H. Weld, O. H. P. Stem, John B. Weld, T. S. Waterman, Reuben A. Henry, John Collins, James Deering, Isaac D. Guyer and John W. Wightman,* the two last named in place of B. B. Hussey, deceased.

Mr. HENRY M. LEWIS is our Travelling Agent for Alabama and Tennessee.

THOMAS SEVERN is our Travelling Agent for New York.

WILLIAM A. PIERCE collects for us in Penna.

JAMES PIERCE is our Travelling Agent in New Jersey.

CHAS. S. ROWLEY will receive subscribers and subscriptions for this paper in the State of New York.

VALENTINES.

[The Home Journal contains the following poems, among others, which its editor was permitted to select from a number of Valentines, read at a private party in New York, upon Valentine's Eve.]

TO MISS ——.

Ah, mistress fair! coquette no more:
Your beaux have turned their backs, I see:
But you had *turned their heads* before—
And now they're as they ought to be!

TO ——.

If all the followers of our faith
Were eloquent like thee,
In word in action, in a life
Of general sympathy;
Long since had ceased the voice of doubt,
The skeptic's bitter sneer,
The promised kingdom had been gained,
And the millennium here.

TO MR GILES.

A classic heaven of old thy soul—
Song, grace, and fire divine,
But the heaven of a purer faith
That Christian *heart* of thine.

Thus he who walks beside thee
Hath what employ he chooses—
To worship with the angels,
Or converse with the muses.

TO MISS C. M. SEDGEWICK.

Oh, glory-wedded, to thy brow,
A coronal is given,
For which, when song and Greece were young,
The very gods have striven.

Oh, find'st thou not that envied crown
A weary weight and chilling?
Its lonely glory, is it not
An ice-touch, heartward thrilling?

Ah no, e'en now a rosy light
Those vernal leaves is flushing—
Oh, woman hearted, love's warm buds
Are 'mid thy laurels blushing!

TO QUEEN VICTORIA.

August great lady—royal little Vic—
Pray take a Valentine from old Sam Slick;
As Queen thou art most queenly, all admit;
As wife, thou'rt made of true New Hampshire grit.

And thou art right. A Queen's a Queen, nor can
She yield the crown and sceptre to a man.
So, if the Bible's right, thou shouldst ne'er wed:
It makes the husband, not the wife, the head.

The wife's the subject, by its sacred word,
But thou'rt no subject, as we've often heard
An awkward fix as ever sure was known,
To give up husband, Bible, or the throne.

TO MISS ——.

If Cœlebs e'er should seek a second wife
Here is the lady, to the very life.

She in a balance weighs each lightest word,
And knows precisely when she can afford
To flirt and trifle with a "detrimental,"
And when she can or can't be sentimental.

She asks not, "has he sense, or taste, or wit"—
But "can he hire a house and furnish it?"
Her being's end and aim is still "gentility"—
And her sole standard is "respectability."

Her glance is ever keen as an inquisitor's
To read the faces of her wealthy visitors;—
Their cards she ranges with discerning care—
Still on the top you'll find the Millionaire.

Though to such vanities she give their due
She's always very pious—*in her pew.*
There, every Sunday, fills her wonted place,
Robed in rich velvets and in costliest lace,
And finds Religion now no worldly loss—
Her piety "a crown"—and not "a cross."

No fair decoy e'er from her purpose beckons,—
She knows her object and its cost she reckons.
In vain I on her parlor table fling
The leaves of Autumn, and the buds of Spring;
My gift of wild flowers and of grasses rude,
Gathered from sunny slope or bosky wood,
The spires of golden wheat, the sprays of heather,
The yellow fern, she values not a feather;—
No lures like these her wary heart can catch,—
She estimates a thing by what 't will fetch.

And yet I think that she will keep,
Her promise to the letter;—
That is,—she'll marry me—unless
She finds she can "do better."

Local Intelligence.

A BASE ELOPEMENT.

We take the following account of a recent elopement—which by the ingratitude of one of the parties is made even baser than common—from the Public Ledger of this city:

"On Friday week, complaint was made to Alderman Bulkley, by an afflicted father of a family, that a certain Monsieur Amadie de Grot, alias Monsieur de Roseville, had decamped, early in the morning, with the wife of the party complaining, and his little boy, about three years of age, together with about $500 in gold coin, jewelry and clothing. The telegraph was resorted to and every available means tried to discover the direction of the parties, a trace being at last discovered at about five o'clock the same evening. The Alderman despatched his officer with a fleet horse, who, after sundry failures of his beast, by sliding in the mud, reached New Castle at midnight, where, procuring some officers of that town, he hired a boat and hailing a craft coming up the Delaware, soon discovered that the vessel he was in search of, the Wm. J. Watson, bound to Antigua, was off Bombay Hook. The steamboat Cohansey coming within hail soon after, officer Schlemm brought her to, and chartering her for a voyage of pleasure, the Captain putting on steam in a short time, run her along side of the brig containing the loving couple, which the officer boarded, and after arresting the party, placed the baggage and all on board the Cohansey. From thence he transferred them to a schooner bound up the Delaware, which he chartered for the purpose, and arriving on Sunday morning, returned the lady and child to the arms of the distressed, but now overjoyed husband and family. The Chevalier was gallantly introduced before the Alderman on Monday morning, and committed to Moyamensing Castle for comfortable quarters in default of $1,000 bail. There are circumstances accompanying this affair, which render the crime of the betrayer of innocence one of peculiar aggravation. He had been taken into the family by the husband from motives of charity, and being a countryman of the lady, took advantage of this circumstance to worm himself into her affections, and finally induced her to flee from home under his protection, with the youngest of her children leaving an elder one behind her. The event has cast a gloom over the happiness of the whole family, and from commiseration for their feelings the name is suppressed."

A GOOD ONE.

At a recent meeting of the Democrats of the District of Penn, George Lippard was nominated as a candidate for District Commissioner. Immediately afterwards, George was appointed Chairman of a Committee to bring in resolutions, whereupon a long string was introduced by him, of which the first and most important was as follows:—

"*Resolved,* That we hold as one of *the greatest cardinal principles on which the Democratic party is founded,* and by strict adherence to which it has always triumphed—*the support of Regular Nominations.*"

The idea of the great Democratic party being FOUNDED upon the "*cardinal principle of the support of regular nominations,*" is one of the *richest* things we have heard of lately—to say nothing of the modesty of a candidate for office bringing in such a resolution. But George never does things by halves.

HUMANITY REWARDED.—Capt. Benjamin F. Snell, of this city, has recently received from the King of Sweden a handsome gold medal, as a testimonial of approbation for the humanity which he exhibited in rescuing a portion of the crew of the Swedish corvette Carlscrona, lost early last spring, with over a hundred of the crew.

EMPLOYMENT FOR FEMALES.—A large number of females in all quarters of the city are now engaged in making bags to contain grain for shipment to Europe. The price paid for making is *one cent* apiece. This seems a low rate, but it is actually much better than working on shirts at a shilling each.

BOARD OF HEALTH.—The number of deaths during the last week in this city were 120—59 adults and 61 children.

PEALE'S MUSEUM.

We stopped in at the Museum the other night, to see "Smike and his friend Nicholas," a drama condensed from "Nicholas Nickleby." The performance in general, was very good. The part of Smike, especially, was admirably acted. The Museum is the nearest approximation to a well conducted Theatre, which we have ever seen. No liquor is sold—no "third tier," portioned off—and the dancing (judging from Monday night) much more delicate and modest than is common. The pieces, too, are generally unexceptionable—and persons who would not go to a common Theatre, will go to the Museum to see the "Cricket on the Hearth," the "Chimes," and "Smike and his Friend."

REV. E. COOPER'S ESTATE.

The estate of the above gentleman, which was at first said to amount to over $150,000, has now dwindled down, according to the Executors, to only about $40,000.

Political Intelligence

DEMOCRATIC NOMINATIONS.

The Democratic Convention of this State, have nominated Francis R. Shunk for Governor, and Morris Longstreth of Montgomery County, for Canal Commissioner. The vote on the nomination for Governor was 106 for Francis R. Shunk, 24 for all others—on that for Canal Commissioner, on the sixth trial, Morris Longstreth, 83 votes; Jacob Dillinger 17; Augustine Holmes 19; G. K. Huffnagle 4.

IOWA.—There had been no election of United States Senators or Judges up to the 11th of February, nor does there appear to be much probability of such election during the present session. A resolution to adjourn without day on the 25th of February passed the House on the 11th. This resolution had been previously amended by the following addition: "Provided Judges of the Supreme Court, and Senators to represent Iowa in the Congress of the United States, be elected on or before that time;" but whether it passed in that shape we are not informed.

PRESIDENT PRO TEM.—Some time before the adjournment of the Senate on Wednesday, the Vice President vacated the Chair, and Hon. David R. Atchison, one of the Senators from the State of Missouri, was appointed President *Pro Tem.* of the Senate.

CONNECTICUT.—The annual election takes place on the 1st Monday in April. Clark Bissel, of Norwalk, is the Whig candidate for Governor, and Thomas T. Whittlesey, of Danbury, the Democratic candidate.

ILLINOIS.—The people of Illinois are to choose Delegates to a Convention for the purpose of remodelling the State Constitution, on the third Monday in April next.

NEW HAMPSHIRE.—The election for Governor, four members of Congress, Councillors, and Senators took place in this State, last Tuesday.

General News.

NEW POST OFFICE BILL.

The new Post Office Bill makes important changes in the Post Office laws. The franking privilege is restored as before the last law went into operation, and Congress appropriates two hundred thousand dollars to pay the postages of the two Houses of Congress. The franking privilege extends to the recess as well as to the sessions of Congress.

The act makes it an offence to send two letters under one envelope, and newspapers are to be charged three cents postage, except when sent from the office of publication. Mail carriers and contractors are, however, authorized to carry newspapers out of the mail for circulation or for sale.

The Post Master is authorized to establish branch Post Offices in any city where the convenience of the inhabitants may make it desirable, without any increase of the rates of postage. He is also authorized to sell stamps to the Deputy Post Masters, to be furnished to those wishing to purchase.

The commissions and compensations of Post Masters are altered as follows:

Those receiving $200, and under, are allowed the benefit of the franking privilege. The following are the rates of commission allowed:

On all sums arising from the postage on newspapers, magazines and pamphlets, fifty per cent., (present rate fifty per cent.)

On the amount of postages on letters or packets received for distribution seven per cent., (present rate five per cent.)

On a sum not exceeding one hundred dollars forty per cent., (present rate thirty per cent.)

On a sum over the first hundred and not exceeding four hundred dollars, thirty-three and one-third per cent., (present rate twenty-five per cent.)

On a sum over and above the first four hundred and not exceeding two thousand four hundred dollars, thirty per cent.

On any sum over two thousand four hundred dollars, twelve and a half per cent., (present rate eight per cent.)

APPOINTMENTS BY THE PRESIDENT.—The following appointments are officially announced in the Washington papers:

Ministers.—David Tod, of Ohio, Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary near His Majesty the Emperor of Brazil, vice Henry A. Wise recalled at his own request.

John H. Clay, Charge d'Affaires at Peru.

Richard Rush, of Pennsylvania, Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to his Majesty the King of France.

George W. Hopkins, of Virginia, Charge d'Affaires of the United States to the Queen of Portugal.

Major Generals.—Thomas Hart Benton, of Missouri. William Cumming, of Georgia.

Brigadier Generals.—George Cadwalader, of Pa. Enos D. Hopping, of New York. Franklin Pierce, of New Hampshire.

General Ramsey has been confirmed as Colonel of the Pennsylvania and Virginia Regiment; Capt. Johnson of the Army, as Lieutenant Colonel; Messrs. Hunter of Carlisle, and Morgan of Bradford county, as Majors; Lieut. Lewis Carr promoted to a Captaincy, and assigned to the command of a company.

THE CHASE ESTATE.—The editor of the Yarmouth Register, whose publications about the famous Chase Estate have set the country by the ears, is now "strongly inclined to the opinion that the story, so far as relates to the estate, was a hoax, got up by some one to make mischief, acquire notoriety, or obtain money from the credulous." He thinks, however, that, money or no money, the Chases have been amply remunerated in investigating the history of the different branches of the family. Rather cold comfort, that!

DISMISSED.—The charges preferred to the Legislature of Maryland by Ex-Governor Thomas against Judge Legrand, have been dismissed, and a resolution passed expressive of "undiminished confidence in the personal and official integrity" of the Judge. An additional resolution makes the matter bear lightly on Gov. Thomas by stating the opinion of the House to be, "That the charges were not preferred in a spirit of maliciousness, but from misconception of circumstances."

DREADFUL NEWS.—The New York Tribune says, that a servant girl at Brooklyn, in the family of General H. B Duryea, of that city, last week sent all her earnings, $30, to her friends in Ireland, and only yesterday received information that her father, mother, brothers and sisters, eight in number, had died of starvation. The poor girl, as may be expected, is frantic. Another girl in the family of N. B. Morse, received information that two of her sisters had died of starvation.

RELIEF FOR IRELAND.—The following, it is thought, are pretty near the amounts now collected in the various States of the Union:—New York, $78,414; Pennsylvania, $29,583; New Jersey, $5,228; Massachusetts, $31,576; Rhode Island, $7,550; Maryland, $7,500; Virginia, $5,267; Ohio, $12,000; North Carolina, $1,350; Georgia, $4,400; Alabama, $750; Missouri, $1,750; District of Columbia, $5,000; Louisiana, $13,000; Maine, $420; Connecticut, $1,050.

ANTI RENTISM.—Stephen Van Rensellaer, Esq., has memorialized the New York Legislature in relation to the collection of rents under the new law, and the nature and tenure of the leases. He says the efforts to resist the collection of the debts justly due, still exist, and are as effectual and as formidable as ever; that the service of declaration or other process is impossible, and begs the repeal of the late law.

A RENEGADE.—There is a Colonel in the Mexican army, named Torrey, who is an American by birth, and was formerly in the U. S. Army.

From Harrisburg.

PENN. LEGISLATURE.

There is not much of interest in the proceedings of the Pennsylvania Legislature since our last report.

A Bill has passed one House relative to relief issues. The first section authorizes the banks, who have issued Relief Notes under the Act of 1841, and accept the conditions of this Act, to issue new notes of a like character and denomination, to the amount not yet cancelled.

The second section provides that, whenever $1,000 or upwards of torn and worn-out notes shall have been received into the Treasury, the State Treasurer shall notify the Bank, and such Bank shall immediately proceed to prepare and hand over to the Treasurer new notes equal in amount to those torn or defaced; and the Auditor General and State Treasurer are, upon the receipt of the same, immediately to destroy the old ones. The third section declares that the Bank accepting shall be entitled to one and one half per centum upon the amount of the new notes.

The fourth Section makes it a Penitentiary offence for any President or Cashier of any Bank to issue notes purporting to be notes issued under the authority of the Act of 1841 or of this Act.

The Speaker laid before the House a petition signed by 10,000 ladies of the city and county of Philadelphia, asking for the abolishment of capital punishment.

In the Senate, the License Bill, which recently passed the House, was taken up, and various amendments were proposed. One striking out Dauphin county was agreed to. Mr. Crabb moved to make the law general, which was disagreed to—yeas 12, nays 17. The Bill was at length referred to a Select Committee, of which Mr. Benner is Chairman.

The nomination of William D. Kelly, Esq., as Associate Judge of the Court of Common Pleas, of Philadelphia County, was confirmed by a vote of 29 to 1.

Clippings.

☞ Twenty women have been in the New York Lunatic Asylum, the past year, who were made insane by the abuse of their husbands. The number of husbands made crazy by the unfeeling behaviour of their wives, is not stated.

☞ The excitement in relation to the New Hope and Delaware Bridge Bank, has run in over two-thirds of the circulation of that institution. It has been promptly redeemed at the agency in Wall street.

☞ "Though farthest off the first here," were the complimentary words of General Scott, upon the prompt arrival of the Pennsylvania Volunteers under Col. Wynkoop at the Brazos.

☞ The Hutchinsons have been giving concerts at New York. They sent out by the Cambria $200 as their contribution for the relief of the Poor of Ireland.

☞ Lake Erie was completely frozen over last week, and a man travelled with a sleigh on the ice from Buffalo to Cleveland, a distance of two hundred miles.

☞ The Irish Relief Fund in Cincinnati, at last dates, amounted to $4,841. Of this sum $1,270 has been invested in provisions and sent to New Orleans.

☞ Lieuwenhoek mentions that animated insects, of which 27,000,000 would only be equal to a mite, are seen with the microscope.

☞ A medical writer contends that the great consumption of pork is the cause of the extensive prevalence of scrofulous affections.

☞ A person looking at some skeletons the other day, asked a young doctor where he got them? He replied—"We *raised them.*"

☞ The Governor of Massachusetts has appointed the 8th day of April as a day of fasting, humiliation and prayer in that State.

☞ A nolle prosequi has been entered in the libel case against Governor Thomas, on the ground of insanity on that particular subject.

☞ The Virginia Senate, by a vote of 20 to 4, has passed the "right of way" bill with an unimportant amendment.

COMFORT FOR THE VOLUNTEERS.—A cargo of ice has been ordered from Boston, to be shipped to Tampico.

☞ The real and personal estate in the State of N. York, for 1846, is valued at $616,824,000.

☞ It is said that a plantation of the Alpine strawberry yields fruit the same season it is made.

☞ There are thirty victims to Millerism in the Insane Asylum at Utica.

☞ It is stated that Tom Moore is a brother in law to Senator Sevier.

☞ The Reverend Doctor Tyng is about to visit Europe.

Items of News.

CHOLERA IN PERSIA.—We have repeatedly published accounts of the ravages of the Cholera in Persia, which commenced last Fall. At the latest dates the disease was subsiding; none of the American Missionaries had died. The cold weather had commenced, and snow had fallen to the depth of two feet, and under this change of temperature the disease would probably soon disappear entirely.—*Boston Bee.*

JOHN FARRAR.—Information is wanted of John Farrar, who served milk in Manayunk two years ago. His wife desires to know if he is still living. Newspapers will confer a favor on a poor afflicted woman by copying this notice, as thus she hopes some person may be able to relieve her anxiety. Address MARIA FARRAR, Shannonville P. O., Montgomery County, Pennsylvania.

TRIAL IN NEW ORLEANS FOR BEING CONCERNED IN A DUEL.—The first prosecution for a duel since the adoption of the new Constitution of Louisiana, came up on the 10th ult., and is reported in the Delta. The parties are gentlemen of the highest respectability, somewhat advanced in life, and having large numbers of friends. The jury could not agree on a verdict.

LAW AND MORALS.—About sixty five of the sovereign people of Green Bay, recently arrested a chap and after administering a coat of tar rode him on a rail out of the town, for marrying a second wife when his first had only been dead *five days.* Thus, says the Republican, it is given to be understood that the *morals of the place must not be violated with impunity.*

IMPRISONMENT OF STRANGERS.—An attempt is being made in the Maryland Legislature, to have an act passed to prevent the imprisonment of individuals visiting the State, for debts which they may owe elsewhere. An individual visiting Maryland is now liable to be thrown into prison for the debts he may owe in Pennsylvania.

WEIGHT OF GRAINS.—An inquiry was made by Dr. Browne, at the Agricultural meeting in New York, as to gentlemen's personal experience in the average weight of grains, &c., per bushel, after it is "struck." The following are the results obtained: Weight per bushel—Wheat 50 to 60 lbs., rye 56 to 58, oats 25 to 47, corn 55 to 56.

THE RETURN SHIPS FROM EUROPE.—The London packet ship Wellington, says the New York Express, returns in ballast—a most rare circumstance. In times gone by, these ships have returned with freight lists that would not pay expenses, but they did not, as now, have an outward freight of $25,000 to fall back upon.

MANUFACTURE OF PAPER.—From statistical documents presented before Congress, it appears that the capital employed in the manufacture of paper in the United States is $18,000,000. The number of mills 700; the annual product $17,000,000; and the number of operatives employed 100,000.

CAPTAIN WALKER.—Captain Samuel H. Walker, arrived in Cumberland, on Friday week's train of cars, having with him, we learn, upwards of an hundred picked men, who went West as fast as coaches could be provided for their accommodation.

A GOOD TOAST.—One of the best toasts said to have been drunk at the Printer's Festival at Rochester, was the following:

"*The health of the Man who pays in advance for his Newspaper.*"

IMPRISONMENT FOR DEBT IN MARYLAND.—The House of Delegates in the Legislature of Maryland, on Saturday, passed a Bill abolishing imprisonment for debt, as applicable to non resident debtors.

CAPITAL PUNISHMENT IN NEW JERSEY.—The House of the New Jersey Legislature has postponed the bill abolishing the punishment of death till its next session.

GENERAL MINON.—Gen. Minon, who captured the 70 Americans at *Tanque de la Vaca,* is reported by some of the N. Orleans newspapers to be a Spaniard by birth, but La Patria says he is a native of Mexico, and the son of a Mexican General.

☞ The Legislature of Wisconsin has granted a charter for a Railroad to connect Lake Michigan with the Upper Mississippi River. The Milwaukie Courier thinks the stock will be taken and the work speedily constructed.

Bank Note List.

☞ Same as last week, with the exception of

Lehigh County Bank (Pa.) 35 dis.
Plainfield Bank, (N. J.) 35 dis.
All Solvent Banks (D. C.) ¼ dis.
Small Notes, (N. C.) 1½ dis.
Small Notes, (S. C.) 1¼ dis.
All Solvent Banks, (La.) ¼ dis.
All Solvent Banks, (Tenn.) 2½ dis.

The Markets.

PHILADELPHIA MARKET.

SATURDAY AFTERNOON, March 6, 1847.

REMARKS—Business generally has been good during the week, though in the Flour and Grain market there is somewhat of a slackness, owing to the temporary withdrawal of the heavy operators. The water will be let into the State Canals on the 12th inst.

FLOUR AND MEAL—Early in the week, there was a fair demand for Flour, and nearly 10,000 barrels were disposed of, at $5,87½a6. Since, the demand has somewhat fallen off. Some scraped sold at $5,62, and for future delivery, at $5,50 per barrel. Rye Flour has rather improved in price, and sales have been made to the extent of 1000 bbls, at our highest quotations, and to arrive, at our lowest figure. Corn Meal—exceeding 5000 bbls—has changed hands, at $4.50, to arrive.

GRAIN—The market is almost wholly bare of good Wheat, and there is scarcely enough doing to establish a price. We quote Pennsylvania Red at $1,25a1,30—sales at $1,25, to arrive. Rye is held at 80a82, and in good demand at former price. Corn is not so firm. Sales of Pennsylvania Yellow at 90c. Southern Yellow at 85 cts, and white at 80a85c. Oats, Pennsylvania, are held at 44, and Southern at 40a4½c.

PROVISIONS—The market for Western Pork has been quiet this week. Small sales of Mess at $15,50a16, and Prime $12,50a13,50 per bbl. Bacon is scarce and in moderate demand at 10a11 cents for Hams. We quote sides at 7½.8, and Shoulders at 6¼a7 cts. Lard—The stock is nearly exhausted, and but little coming forward. Sales of Western at 10a10½ cts, and Jersey at 11½a11½c. Butter sells readily at 10a14c, according to quality. Cheese—Further sales to some extent at 7½a8 cts.

ASHES—In these articles there is nothing doing. We notice in New York a considerable advance in Pearls.

BARK—We reduce our quotations for Quercitron. Sales of 1st quality No. 1 having been made at $33, and No. 2 at $31 per ton.

CANDLES—Sales of Sperm have been effected at 29a30 cts. Now held at 30a31. Stearic 25a27c, Mould 10½.

COAL—In Coal we have no change to note. Prices remain as before quoted. For export there is nothing doing in consequence of the difficulty of procuring suitable vessels. Home demand good.

COFFEE—The sales of the week amount to about 8300 bags Laguayra and Rio at prices ranging from 7½a8¼ cts.

COPPER—Sales of Sheathing at our quotations 22½a23 cts.

COTTON—There has been but little activity in the market this week and prices have somewhat declined. We note sales of 600 bales Upland at 11a12½ and New Orleans at 11½a13c. We quote:

	New Orleans.	Upland.
Middling,	10¾a11¼	11a11¼
" Fair,	12 a12¼	
Fair,		12 a12½
Good "	12½a13	
Good fine,		12½a12¾

DOMESTIC GOODS—Are in demand to supply the orders of the Western and Southern merchants now in our city. Our dealers are busily employed in attending to their customers.

FEATHERS—Since our last, there have been sales to the extent of 35,000 lbs Western, at 28a30c.

FISH—There is but little demand for Fish, though prices, generally, are higher. Sales of No. 1 at $11a11,50; No. 2 at $7,25a8, and No. 3 at $5a6 per bbl.

FREIGHTS—To Europe continue high. Engagements are making at 8s 6da9s for Flour, and 2s 6d for Grain.

FRUIT—Prices are steady, with the exception of Raisins, which have an upward tendency. Sales of 1300 boxes at $1,80a1,85. 1000 boxes Oranges at $2,50, and 500 do Lemons at $2,50. In dried Fruit, there is but little doing. Sales of Peaches, halves, at $1,87½, and Apples at $1.

HEMP—In this article there is nothing doing, and prices are almost nominal.

HIDES—Sale of an invoice of Laguayra, on terms not made public.

IRON—There is an active demand for Iron. Sales of No. 1 Anthracite, 2500 tons, at $29a29,50 per ton, and No. 2 at $25,50. Charcoal Pig sells at $30a31,50.

LATHS—15,000 sold at $2,25 per thousand for Eastern.

LUMBER—We hear of no change in prices.

MOLASSES—The market has been less active. We note sales of 150 hhds Porto Rico at 35c. A cargo of Cuba, at a price not stated, and 350 bbls New Orleans at 37c, 4 mos.

NAVAL STORES—In Tar and Pitch no sales. A few hundred bbls Rosin at $1,25 per bbl. Spirits of Turpentine is worth 44a45c.

OILS—Prices of all kinds tend upward. Linseed is firm at 77a78c. Sperm has sold readily at $1,15a1,25 for unbleached and bleached. Whale is scarce, and holders at 42a43c, with sales.

PLASTER—Is more inquired for. Sales on the wharf at $2,75a3 per ton.

RICE—Further sales of good quality at 4¼a4½c.

SALT—About 1100 sacks Liverpool fine, and 5000 bushels Curacoa, sold on terms not communicated.

SEEDS—Cloverseed has been dull this week, and prices are less firm. Sales of good to prime quality at $5a5,25 per bushel. Flaxseed readily commands $1,58a1,60 per bushel.

SPIRITS—Sales of Bordeaux Brandy at $2a2,05—Rochelle $2,05a2,12½; Pinet, Castilion & Co.'s $2,50a3 25. Gin is held at $1,25a1,40. Sales of 500 barrels Whiskey at 28c, and 50 hhds at 27c.

SUGARS—Are held at higher rates. Sales of 150 hhds New Orleans at 7½a8c. Porto Rico 8a8½c. 3500 bags and bbls Brazil, at 8¼ for white, and 7a7½ cts for brown.

TEAS—Are without change, and sales are making within our range.

TOBACCO—There is none in market in first hands, and operations are very limited.

WINES—Sales by auction took place this week, on 6 months credit.

WOOL—Continues in good demand, and prices are well sustained.—*Bick. Reporter.*

SALES OF STOCKS.

300 shares		Girard Bank,	11
216	do.	Lehigh Coal,	25
205	do.	United States Bank,	4¼
60	do.	Morris Canal,	13
50	do.	Reading R. R.	30
28	do.	Far. and Mec. Bank,	49¼a50
25	do.	Louisville Bank,	8¼
11	do.	Beaver Meadow R. R.	21
10	do.	Kensington Bank,	59
10	do.	Schuylkill Navigation Co.	35
5	do.	Camden & Amboy R. R. Co	129
4	do.	Mer. & Man. Bank, Pitts,	44
4	do.	Union Bank, Tenn.	52
$1000		State 6 per ct,	81
$5000		State 5's. s5,	71½
$2000		State 5's,	71½
$5990		State 5's, 5 ds,	71½
$2300		Lehigh M'ge Loan 6's,	84
$4000		Lehigh 6 per ct.	64½
$1000		Sch. Nav. 6's, 1856,	75

CATTLE MARKETS.

Philadelphia.—The offering comprised 960 head of Beef Cattle, including 350 from Virginia and Ohio, 190 Cows and Calves, 500 Swine and 1150 Sheep and Lambs. Prices—Beef Cattle—900 head were sold, including 480 driven to New York, at $5,75a7,50 per 100 lbs. Cows and Calves—Milch Cows sold at $18a32, Springers $12 to 30, and Dry Cows $10a15 each, according to quality. Swine have advanced to $7a7,50 per 100 lbs, at which all were taken. Sheep and Lambs—Sales of Sheep at $1,75a4, and Lambs at $1a3,50 each, according to quality. Hay—Considerable sales of Timothy were made this week at 65a75c, and Clover at 50a60 cents per cwt; Straw is worth 5½ to 5¾c per bundle.

Baltimore, March 5.—Beef Cattle—The offerings at the drove yards on Monday were fair—550 being taken at $5 to 7,75 per 100 lbs, 50 of them for Philadelphia. Hogs have become more scarce, and few or no sales have taken place under $6 75 to 7, butchers paying the latter for choice.

Richmond, March 4.—For cattle from the scales, gross weight, $3,50a4 00; nett $7,00a8,00, according to quality. Mutton—$2,00a5,00—scarce and in demand. Hogs—Live $6 50 wholesale, $7 retail.

NEW YORK MARKETS, March 6.—Ashes—Pearls are a little down, and may be had at $6,25. Pots steady at $4,81¼.

Flour—The market is firm at $7a7,12½, including Western and Genesee. Sales of 10,000 bbls at $6, on the opening of the Canal. Sales of Georgetown and Richmond Country, at $6,75, and Philadelphia and Baltimore at $6,50. Meal is in brisk demand at $5a5,12½. Rye Flour at $6.

Cotton—The market is very stiff, and at improving prices—an advance of full a cent has been realised this week. The sales yesterday and to-day are 2500.

Grain—The price of Corn has yielded a little, particularly for Southern White, and sales at 90c; do yellow 95c, and Jersey 98c. Gennessee Wheat will command 175c. A lot of Red Jersey sold at 150. Oats, Southern 44 cts, Northern 50c.

Provisions—The market for Pork is dull, sales of Prime at $12,25, and Mess $14,50. Beef at $8,50a9,50 and $11a12.

Sugar—The market is firm. Sales of 600 hhds N. O. 7¼a8½c; 800 Porto Rico 7½a8½c.

Molasses—Sales of 300 bbls at 35a36c.

Whiskey is selling in bbls at 29c. Drudge is held at the same.

Lead—Sales of 3000 pigs at $4,25.—*Express.*

BALTIMORE TOBACCO MARKET.—The American says: "We quote Maryland crop as follows: Inferior and common $1,50a2,50; middling to good $3a3,50; good $6, and fine $7a12. Sales of 200a300 hhds Ohio Tobacco this week, but mostly of the lower grades. Prices of this description are considered better than those prevalent last Fall—indeed, were it not for the high rates of freights to Europe, there is no doubt that a fair business in all kinds of Tobacco would be done during the coming Spring and Summer. We quote Ohio, viz: Common $1,50a3,50, good $4,50a6; fine red and wrappery $6,50a9; fine yellow $9a11; and extra wrappery $10a12. The inspections of the week are 91 hhds Maryland.

OUR MAIL RECEIPTS.

Receipts for the Saturday Evening Post from the 2d to the 8th March.

March 2, received from

N. C. Porter	$1 25	J. Little	2 00
E. O. Sooy	3 75	H. L. King	2 00
Dr. S. Bernard	2 00	Maj J. C. Boyd	2 00
J. Longstreet	1 25	J. Graham	2 00
A. M. Tilton	2 00	A. D. Crane	20 00
F. Magee	1 00	L. B. Long	15 00
J. M. Haines	2 00	C. W. Price	2 00
J. Martin	4 00	N. T. Ball	2 00
M. G. Camson	5 00	A. C. Alling	4 00
A. W. Cooper	2 00	W. N. Risley	5 00
J. Richards	2 00	B. D. Crull	2 00
F. Lauless	2 00	W. S. Lyon	3 00
Elish H. Richards	2 00	Miss M. W. Jones	2 00
S. & J. Loewi	2 00	R. Hine	7 00
G. E. Green	1 25	B. S. Arnold	20 00
F. L. Cooker	5 00	Miss D. B. Risley	2 00
B. W. Goodrich	10 00	Mrs. L. F. Taylor	2 00
March 3.			
S. A. Mitchell	2 00	T. J. Stanford	2 00
Miss C. Bentley	1 00	Mrs M. E. Crook	3 00
H. McCallum	2 00	J. T. Minter	2 00
Miss S. M. Wren	2 00	J. R. Gary	2 00
F. L. Mulford	1 00	W. Taylor	3 00
H. M. Fetter	2 00	H. P. Reynolds & Co.	10 00
G. Lewis	2 00	C. Irvine	10 00
P. Hare	2 00	Miss L. T. Stephens	2 00
J. Showaker	2 00	G. B. Barton	15 00
P. Roberts	2 00	L. K. White	2 00
J. W. Mashbum	2 00	B. S. Lewis	3 00
J. H. Trotter	5 00	W. L. Watts	2 00
T. Finn	6 00	N. C. Newlin	20 00
C. L. Clarke	10 00	A. D. Pelton	2 00
March 4.			
M. A. P. Stroud	1 50	E. Barton	5 00
R. Morris	5 00	A. C. Shelton	2 00
E. Reed	2 00	Boulden & Gou henour	5 00
G. W. Berry	2 00	R. V. Wood	2 00
C. S. Rowley	2 00	W. W. Whitehead	2 00
Dr. J. Schrach	2 00	H. P. Merriman	10 00
H. Stricaler	3 00	R. Blackwell	4 00
M. Hoopes	5 00	Dr. J. Bayse	2 00
T. T. Sorsby	2 00	R. Moss	2 00
D. Johnson	10 00	R. C. Jett	2 00
J. Emery	5 00	B. F. Walker	2 00
F. Griffin	30 00	Dr. J. C. Terrell	2 00
Mrs A. Janney	2 00	A. R. Chilton	10 00
A. C. Lewin	5 00	J. J. Hatch	2 00
D. Slack	5 00	N. G. Cooper	4 00
Misses McLean	2 00	W. S. Smith	2 00
M. Garrett	2 00	T. L. Bliss	20 00
A. C. Booton	10 00	W. N. Taylor	5 00
Dr. G. B. Gill	5 00	W. S. Wood	2 00
March 5.			
C. Brooke	2 00	T. S. Ellis	2 00
S. Torbert	1 50	J. Barton	1 50
B. W. Hyatt	2 00	S. L. Adams	8 00
A. J. Miller	2 00	Dr. M. L. Todd	3 00
W. Homans	5 00	J. N. Ringland	11 75
Maj. A. H. Baker	2 00	J. E. McIntosh	2 00
McCormick & Champ	1 00	W. M. Morse	5 00
Mrs. M. P. Kimbrough	2 00	L. A. Colver	2 00
J. H. Fisher	5 00	Miss D. S. Lutzen	2 00
J. Hall	10 00	M. D. Swift	10 00
Mrs. A. S. Ormsby	2 00	R. S. Jenkins	9 00
A. Niblow	2 00	R. T. Stoker	2 00
G. W. Tryon	3 00	W. L. Smartt	3 00
March 6.			
J. Kelton	2 00	J. Q. Roads	2 00
J. E. Neall	2 00	A. J. Coghill	2 00
I. Coles	5 00	R. C. Robins	3 00
G. W. Trotten	2 00	M. L. Bullock	3 00
A. Warren	2 00	W. Lamb	2 00
B. N. Horner	10 00	W. C. Evans	5 00
S. P. Dawson	18 00	S. Greiner	2 00
Dr. W. M. Callan	2 00	J. Watson	2 00
J. Barry, Jr.	9 00	B. C. Lell	2 00
L. Davis	20 00	Miss L. F. Fell	2 00
J. Sawyer	7 00	Dr. R. Withers	10 00
W. H. Snyder	5 00	Mrs. L. F. Taylor	2 00
R. H. Whitaker	2 00	B. C. Ball	2 00
G. McCulloch	5 00		
March 8.			
G. W. Bachoven	2 00	W. J. Richardson	5 00
L. H. Green	6 25	W. F. Hollowell	2 00
Hon. W. Woodbridge	2 00	O. Wallace	2 00
Miss S. Henry	2 00	D. Heyward	5 00
A. W. Jeffries	1 00	Asa Darby	2 00
E. Chamberlain	5 00	W. C. King	5 00
W. D. Winchester	3 00	R. W. Pittman	5 00
P. S. Sage	5 00	W. Hogan	5 00
W. S. Clift	2 00	J. Sanders	4 00
Mrs. R. Fuller	2 00	J. Van Reed	2 00
M. W. Stubbs	2 00	J. W. Baugh	4 00
I. Strickland	2 00	H. Orum	2 00
Mrs A. E. Sheppard	8 00	J. H. Howe	5 00
E. C. Fisher	1 00	T. P. Kimber	20 00
J. Y. Nisbet	5 00	W. N. Langdon	4 00

ALMANAC.

March, 1847.	SUN RISES.	SUN SETS.	HIGH WATER.	MOON'S PHASES.
13 SATURDAY,	6 10	5 50	11 41	
14 SUNDAY,	6 9	5 51	12 38	D. H. M.
15 MONDAY,	6 7	5 53	1 26	
16 TUESDAY,	6 6	5 54	2 9	Full 1 9 30
17 WEDNESDAY,	6 5	5 55	2 49	Last 9 11 9
18 THURSDAY,	6 3	5 57	3 30	New 16 3 41
19 FRIDAY,	6 2	5 58	4 10	First 23 9 11
20 SATURDAY,	6 1	5 59	4 52	Full 31 3 47

STATE OF THE THERMOMETER.

	9 o'clock	12 o'clock	3 o'clock
Feb 28,	35	56	57
March 1,	33	37	39
2,	35	39	41
3,	33	41	44
4,	39	44	47
5,	35	40	47
6,	34	45	55

Married,

On the 4th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Sumption, Mr ISAAC R. LINCOLN, of Darby, to Miss ELIZABETH N. GRANT, of Springfield.

On the 4th inst. by the Rev. Dr. Durbin, BENJAMIN C. MASTER, to Miss MARGARETTA L. SMITH, both of this city.

On the 4th instant, by the Rev. J. D. Curtis, Mr. ELI ASHTON, to Miss CATHARINE M. DUFFIELD, of Holmesburg.

At the Western Exchange, by the Rev. Thomas H. Stockton, on the 4th inst. Mr. JAMES ERSKINE, of Haverford, Del. county, to Miss SARAH B. STACKHOUSE, of East Goshen, Chester county, Pa.

On the 4th instant, by the Rev. John Chambers, Mr JOSEPH BRANT, to Miss ANN MCGINLEY, of the Northern Liberties, youngest daughter of Rough and Ready of the Temperance Army.

On the 4th inst. before Alderman Erety, MARSHALL WARNER, Esq. to Miss LETITIA LYONS, both of Bucks county.

On the 25th of Feb. by the Rev. J. D. Curtis, Mr. HENRY S. AUGEE, to Miss SUSANNAH UNKEL, both of the Northern Liberties.

On the 2d inst. by the Rev. Joseph H. Jones, Mr. GEO. E. WILLIAMS, to Miss MARY ANN HOLLINESS, both of Southwark.

On the 4th inst. by the Rev. W. Suddards, JOHN C. HEISTAND, to SUSAN, daughter of Mr. Jacob Hoover, all of this city.

On the 28th ult. by the Rev. T. H. Stockton, ANDREW H. CAMPBELL to SARAH ANNE MCCLURE.

On the 3d inst. by the Rev. B. Ide, Mr. GEORGE W. PIERSON, to Miss MARTHA A. POWELL.

On the 28th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Stern, of Norristown, Mr. THOMAS GRIME, of Blockley Township, to Miss ANN MARIA DENSON, of Roxborough Township, Philadelphia county.

On the 18th ultimo, by the Rev. Henry G. King, Mr. JOHN M. ENOS, of Smyrna, Delaware, to Miss REBECCA BROADAWAY, formerly of this city.

Died,

On the 4th inst. Mr. JAMES W. HACKETT, aged 52.

On the 5th inst. WM. NEIL ALEXANDER, aged 16 mos and 13 days.

On the 4th inst. THEODORE, son of George and Rebecca Sunderling, aged 8 years and 15 days.

On the 4th inst. WM. AUSTIN, son of Wm. and Mary Botner, aged 5 years.

On the 5th inst. aged 2 years, EMMA, infant daughter of John and Eliza Freas.

On the 5th inst. MARY HALVEY, aged 35 years.

On the 4th inst. Mr. JOHN MANSELL, aged 80 years.

On the 4th inst. JOHN, son of John and Mary Ann McCoy, aged 4 years.

On the 4th inst. Mrs. CHARITY WYATT, aged 52.

On the 5th inst. HIRAM A. RIDDLE, aged 22 years.

On the 5th inst. WILLIAM, son of John and Mary Ann Bell, aged 15 months.

On the 5th inst. aged 27, Mr. FREDERICK SANNO.

On the 4th inst. Mrs. RACHEL HAWSHALL, aged 53.

On the 5th inst. Mr. STEPHEN GORMAN, aged 52.

On the 3d inst. ISABELLA BOWMAN, aged 24 years.

On the 3d inst. aged 5 years, GEORGE WHILLDIN, son of Tyler and Elizabeth Lippincott.

On the 3d inst. JOHN CARLISLE, aged 21 years.

On the 4th inst. Mr. JOHN HANSELL, aged 90 years.

On the 3d inst. Mrs. SARAH PRIMROSE, aged 64.

On the 3d inst. EDWARD TONNER, aged 26 years.

On the 3d inst. Mr. WM. FETTERS, aged 26 years.

In New York, on the 1st inst. Mrs. ELIZABETH, widow of the late Phineas Atkinson, of this city, aged 80 years.

On the 3d inst. MARGARET EXLEY, aged 63 years.

On the 2d inst. ISAAC, son of Isaac and Catharine Benner, aged 3 years.

On the 3d inst. MARY HANNAH, widow of the late Jacob Ritter, Sr. aged 63 years.

On the 2d inst. EMMA MATILDA SHUMAN, daughter of G. W. and Emma M. Smith, aged 8 years.

On the 2d inst. CHRISTIAN, relict of the late Andrew Trewig, aged 82 years.

On the 2d inst. Mrs. MARY JANE POMEROY, aged 26.

On the 2d inst. Mrs. MARY FORREST, aged 34 years.

On the 27th ult. Mr. GEORGE SCHETER, aged 61.

On the 2d inst. JAMES GRAHAM, son of Hugh and Ann Callahan, aged 18 months.

At Crosswicks, N. J. on the 27th ult. aged 47 years, Mr. SAMUEL WESTON, formerly of Philadelphia.

Suddenly, on the 2d inst. JOHN TAYLOR, aged 33.

At his residence, in Mount Pleasant, Jefferson county, Ohio, on the 28th ult. WM. CHAMBERS, father of the Rev. John Chambers, of this city.

THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST may be obtained, weekly, at REDDING & CO'S Periodical Depot, No. 1, STATE STREET, BOSTON. W. H. GRAHAM, Tribune Office, NEW YORK. At MILTON S. JULEMET, MOBILE, ALABAMA.

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Much care is taken to collect for the readers of the Post the latest and most important intelligence upon all subjects of public interest. Domestic, Foreign, Congressional, and other News will ever be furnished as speedily as possible.

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Portraits of distinguished men, Pictures of remarkable places, also, shall not be forgotten. And we shall endeavor always to have some such embellishment in our columns to add to their variety and beauty.

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We shall thus, finally, maintain for the Post the proud title it has acquired of being peculiarly a Family Paper and the Fireside Friend. Always having among its numerous stories, something for each member of the Family—for the Father, the Mother, the Brothers, the Sisters, down even to the younger members of the household.

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Selected Poetry.

THE GAY DECEIVER.

BY EPES SARGENT.

Summer wind! Summer wind!
  Where hast thou been?
Chasing the gossamer
  Over the green?
Rifling the meadow's wealth,
  Down in the dale?
Light-pinioned pilferer,
  Tell me thy tale!

"I am a rover gay,
  Dashing and free—
Now on the land astray,
  Now on the sea:
I quaff the honey breath
  Of the young rose;
I kiss the violet
  Where the brook flows."

Out on thee, fugitive,
  Fickle, untrue!
Leaving the violet,
  Whom wilt thou woo?
Canst thou delighted be
  With hearts undone?
Canst thou show constancy
  Never to one?

"Ah! hear me, maiden dear!
  Turn not away;
I have a rover been
  Until to-day;
But now I find a home
  Where I can rest;—
Captive, I sink, at length,
  Here on thy breast."

An English Tale.

THE VILLAGE WITHOUT BREAD.

CONTINUED FROM FIRST PAGE.

seen in the long straggling street that constituted our straggling village. I hurried on to the baker's shop at the corner, and entered without looking to the right or to the left; but when once inside the door I started at the strange appearance presented to my gaze. The shop was there, but nothing beside several rows of empty shelves welcomed me. Not a trace of bread, flour, cake, or biscuit, was to be seen. A faint sickness stole over my heart as I remembered my little ones at home. Mrs Hendy responded to the tinkle of the bell. She guessed my errand, and shook her head.

"We have no bread," she said.

"No bread in the bakehouse!" I cried.

"Not a bit: the last was sold an hour ago."

"Haven't you a little meal, or flour, enough to make a loaf?"

"Not a morsel, I assure you. My husband is gone to try and get some—he won't be back yet awhile."

I didn't wait any longer, but left the shop. Some of my neighbors perchance, I thought, are better provided, and they will surely assist me on the present occasion; and a consciousness stole over me, in the pride of my heart, that often and often I had assisted them in various ways, and had asked and hoped for no return. The inhabitants of the village were by no means rich; petty shopkeepers, and agricultural laborers, composed its population. Many boasted of comparative comfort, and to them I resolved to apply. My first visit was to a cottage where resided a man and his wife in tolerable circumstances. They were past the prime of life, and had around them a large family of young children. A light glimmered in the little honeysuckled window. I could have entered had I chosen, for the door was partly ajar, but a sort of presentiment prompted me to peep through the lattice before doing so. The scene was infinitely worse than I could have anticipated. Here was real want, not created by a day, but in the slow progress of weeks, mingled with sickness and suffering. The wife was pacing the room, humming snatches of an old song to hush an infant to rest. The father was lying on a mattress drawn close to the fire, and his face was buried in his hands. It was only too apparent that he had been weeping. The children were assembled one and all round the little table in the centre, dividing between them what seemed to be a basin of gruel. The sound of stifled sobs sent me quickly away—I could not intrude there!

I next directed my steps to some friends in better circumstances. They were engaged in dividing a loaf: all they could obtain for love or money. I offered an extravagant price for half, and was refused! I cannot detail all the heart-rending scenes I witnessed that night. How many a child sobbed itself to sleep in "The Village without Bread!" How many a mother suffered the pangs of witnessing her offspring starve! How many a tear stole down the faces of men whose cheeks had not perhaps been moistened for years! One little incident I shall never forget.

In a little hovel, or hut, at one end of the village, resided an aged pair, supported solely by the exertions of an only daughter, who stitched away from morning to night until the period of scarcity came, and left the people no time to think of adorning themselves. Well, the good girl spent the savings she had hoarded and managed to provide her aged parents with the comforts to which they had been accustomed, until at last nearly all was gone. On the night in question I turned aside from the road, being unacquainted with the present state of the case, with the intention of borrowing some kind of food from this honest hard-working girl. I saw her hurrying before me, in her little scarlet cloak and flannel petticoat, and followed instinctively. As she opened the latched door I came up, but in her eagerness I was unnoticed. The old man sat fronting his aged partner, with folded arms, both looking meek and resigned, but still melancholy. The cheerful entrance of young Jenny aroused them from their reverie.

"Here I am, father! I've got something, though it isn't much."

And she drew forth a little loaf—once to be procured, at most, for two-pence, but for which she had doubtless paid an exorbitant price.

Breaking it in two she gave one part to each of her parents.

"I was so hungry," she said, "I ate a piece in coming along—so I don't want any now," she continued, turning away.

I saw through the guiltless untruth, and murmuring to myself "May God reward you!" hurried forward. What was I to do? There was no bread in the village: and how could I return and face my children with nothing to give them! An idea flashed across me, and I lost no time in putting it in practice. Walking with a speed which, when I look back and remember the distance, seems almost incredible, if I forget to couple it with the mother's energy that accompanied it, to the Post Inn, I boldly adventured in, and agreed for a mule. Everything was dear. I paid of course accordingly, and thus procured what I desired, tightened my cloak around me, and mounting my beast prepared to set forth on a little journey. About four or five miles from the town stood, in the heart of a wood the picturesque old mill, whence the villagers usually fetched their flour. To this I resolved to proceed, as a last resource; scarcely daring to hope that even then this would prove successful. It was now very late in the night. As I passed round the churchyard, and at the end of the village, eleven o'clock pealed from the old belfry. The cold was intense; but I ascertained this fact, not from my own feelings—for my thoughts kept me warm—but the hand that held the bridle was numbed and stiff before I had got half-way on my journey. The moon traced itself a passage through patches of cloudlets, now fleecy, now dark, and then rolled freely over intervals of clear blue sky until it encountered another stream of clouds coursing over the Heavens. All nature was distinctly revealed by its clear light. On my right, the sea stretched its broad expanse, and, rolling towards the shore, dashed up against the beetling cliffs. The monotonous and regular tramp of my four footed companion was the only sound, besides the ceaseless murmuring of the waves as they broke against the rocks, which disturbed the silence of the night. On the hedges a sharp hoar-frost was settling, threading the branches with little icicles, and making the boughs resemble strings of pearls, on which the moon's rays glittered and sparkled brightly. My imagination reverting from the scenes of misery I had just quitted, seemed delighted to dwell upon the charms which nature unfolded around. The calm peaceful beauty of the landscape harmonized admirably with the melancholy cast of my thoughts. The stillness that reigned over all, the perfect hush that pervaded the whole flood of clear bracing air, scarcely ruffled by the slightest night-breeze, left me at perfect liberty to indulge uninterrupted in my reverie. Before me rose the dark mass formed by the wood, within whose precincts stood the mill. The trees, though leafless, presented nevertheless a dense impenetrable barrier to further view. An undulating line marked where the scene was bounded by a range of hills. I now approached the greatest difficulty of my journey, formed by the stream which I was compelled to cross before I could possibly gain the wood. This obstacle, indeed, as all others, had wholly escaped my memory. The waters were swollen by the winter rains, and flowed sullenly down between steep banks. As I reached the brink I remember that I paused for a moment, struck even then with the rich beauty of the scenery with which it was surrounded in its passage. The trees, willows, and brambles grew on the top of the bank, and bending forward on either side, almost met at the top, and formed archways and arbors all up the stream, and these the rays of the moon threaded through and through, shedding little patches of silver light, and disclosing the wild weeds and mosses and lichens that grew all down the bank and dipped into the waters as they rolled restlessly on. Here a dark stump of a willow tree, shorn of its branches, projected far into the stream, and, seen by the ghostly light of the moon, resembled, to my disturbed imagination, the dark outline of a man, bending over and striving to peer into the hidden secrets of the stream. The spot most adapted for a crossing was situated much lower down than where I first halted; so descending from my patient mule, I led her along without the tall hedge of willows and brambles that darkened the stream, and fancying as I advanced all kinds of strange adventures and impending dangers. Looking back, I have since felt inclined to wonder that without any thought I ventured alone in a spot which had frequently been the scene of crime. Not far from where I then stood was situated the pit, down which Morris Jones had thrown a young creature for whom he had once professed attachment; and in the waters of that same purling stream a pedlar had been found, pale and cold, murdered by ruffians, in the dead of the night, for a little gold he possessed. But, whenever I felt my courage sinking, I sent my thoughts back to that little room where those who called me mother were awaiting my return with food.

I now reached the spot where I was to cross. The stepping-stones were covered by the swollen waters. I paused, but only for an instant. Taking off my shoes and stockings, and gathering up my clothes round me, I prepared, still leading my dumb companion, to step into the stream. The cold of the waters struck through my heated frame, and I shuddered involuntarily, but a little voice seemed suddenly to echo from some neighboring nook, whispering softly, "Mother." So I waded through and reached the opposite bank in safety. I now remounted my mule, and proceeded on over a pathway towards the wood, which lay at no great distance. Very soon I had entered its precincts, and was riding up a path between rows of every description of tall trees, with their branches interlacing each other above and disclosing between their leafless boughs the blue heavens over head. The narrow road was winding. Once, as I turned an abrupt corner, I caught a glimpse of the desired haven seen in the full broad glare of the moon's rays. Then, again, it was lost to view. My heart beat quickly and more quickly at each slow step of my tardy but sure-footed beast. At length, emerging upon an open glade, I heard the rippling of the gushing waters that turned the wheel, and saw the dear old mill with a bright light burning in its window as if to welcome me at my approach. The recollection of the joy I experienced at that moment has never been effaced from my memory by many subsequent periods of happiness. It was pure, intense delight, which I have often sought, but never succeeded in tasting again—at least, in the excitement of the moment, so it seemed. Once within sight of the mill, all apprehension of its not containing what I desired vanished. I felt perfectly secure, and accordingly sought to hasten the motions of my mule. Poor creature! it appeared to understand my impatience, and actually, as I imagined, seemed to quicken its pace to a trot, and at length I indeed stood close under shelter of the mill, and bounding to the ground prepared to open the wicker gate. The sound of my mule's hoofs had already notified our approach, for the light disappeared from the upper window, and emerging again below, at the little door, revealed the portly dimensions of the miller, whom I could have embraced as he stood, his garments white with the traces of what I had come to seek.

He professed, as well he might, considerable astonishment at my visit; but, as may be supposed, I tarried little to exchange compliments or words. Accordingly, having provided myself with a bushel or two of flour—all he could be induced to spare me—with a bag of meal, which, after extorting an extravagant price for it, he assisted me to place on the mule, I prepared to find my way back again to the village. The journey home, so great was my impatience to be there, appeared infinitely longer than that from the village to the mill, so much quicker did my imagination carry me than my mule, to where I had left my little ones hungering. And now all manner of probabilities and improbabilities began to flash across my mind. I fancied what might have occurred, what dangers might not have come upon them during my protracted stay. Of these the principal was fire. I felt my cheek flush with a deeper hue as I began to fancy the cottage smoking and flames bursting forth from our windows; but I will not continue the picture. With such presentiments and forebodings I continued to torture myself, until I nearly reached the village, where I began to feel somewhat reassured by the peace reigning around, exactly the same as when I left it. The night was very far advanced, and I hurried on through the silent and deserted hamlet to our little cottage. Not a sound came from within, not a voice was heard. I paused—I listened and could not detect a movement. Suddenly lifting the latch, I peeped in, almost afraid to advance; a few embers dying in the bottom of the grate cast a faint glare through the apartment, and disclosed my two poor children stretched fast asleep, side by side on the floor. My first impulse was to wake them up, but I restrained myself, and after having bent softly over them to kiss their calm brows, and listen to their gentle breathing, set about preparing some cakes. The fire soon blazed cheerfully, and I was not long in dashing up something which I knew would prove acceptable to my children after their long fast. When they were hot, they were placed on the table. I gently awakened the sleepers; and well do I remember the intense relish with which the supper, moistened by a little milk, was devoured. But amid my plenty I thought of some that were starving; so, gathering up two portions of flour along with a little meal, I again set forth to give a part to those who were suffering so near me. I need not dwell on their burst of gratitude for this unexpected deliverance from starvation; I need not repeat their thanksgivings. They are cherished in my bosom along with the recollection of every, the most trifling incident, which occurred during my ramble through "Our Village Without Bread."

Selected Articles.

THE FUTURE UNION.

The New York Spectator contains the following interesting "Washington correspondence" a century "in advance of the Telegraph."—

WASHINGTON, Feb'y 28, 1947.

Messrs. Shortlegs and Sealskin, from Greenland, took their seats in the Senate this morning. We have now a full representation from every portion of America, and I am happy to congratulate the country, the people of which have succeeded so well in carrying out the wishes of those glorious, far-seeing patriots, whose cry a hundred years ago was, "The continent, the whole continent, and nothing but the continent." An appropriation was made to have the chairs of the members from Patagonia lowered, while those of the Greenlanders are to be made higher.

This fully proves that Congress is in favor of the levelling system. Mr. Fuego de Terra, from Cape Horn, presented a petition from Messrs. Penguin and others, praying that the Antarctic continent be annexed to the Union. Mr. De Terra supported the petition in a brilliant speech, in which he glanced at the past, the present and the future. In allusion to our vast acquisition of territory, he said we much resembled the *Roaming* Empire. He closed with a splendid allusion to the stars and stripes floating triumphantly from the North and South poles. Mr. Tatton, of New Zealand, (not perfectly understanding the language,) sprang to his feet at the word "stripes" and asked if the member meant any personal allusion to him. An explanation was made with some difficulty, and the New Zealander sat down.

The boundary dispute with Russia is not yet concluded. That Government asserts her right to one half the country around the North Pole, while our Government declares our title to the whole to be clear and unquestionable. A committee has been appointed to investigate the truth of a report, which says that the Russians held a war dance round the pole and grossly insulted our flag. In these times I think such a dispute to be out of all latitude, and believe that it will end in *nought*. A bill has passed in committee of the whole, providing for the placing of Drummond lights at the Northern and Southern portions of the continent, during the six months of night peculiar to those regions. The light formerly supplied by the Aurora Borealis, it is said, has entirely failed, as the inhabitants keep the axis well greased, thus preventing it from throwing off sparks by friction, which it is well known was formerly the cause of the Aurora.

The ayes and noes were called for but were not taken, for the chairman, (who is also not well acquainted with the double meaning of English,) decided that it was unnecessary, as there were evidently two eyes to every nose. Quite a flare up occurred in the House, between Mr. Long of Patagonia and Mr. Short of Greenland, in which Mr. Long strided across the floor and bravely dared Mr. Short to pull his nose. Mr. Short politely declined performing the feat, as he was unable to reach up.

It is very amusing to observe the effect of the climate upon different members. The Greenlanders insist upon keeping the windows open, which very much annoys the honorable gentlemen from the Equatorial regions, who sit huddled together, and shivering round the stove. A large reward has been offered for a plan to warm and cool the hall so as to suit the various temperaments. Mr. Sealskin sleeps in a patent refrigerator, and has sent home for two or three icebergs, which are expected soon to arrive. The members from Brazil are much affected with chills, while a gentleman from the South Seas declares that he is fast losing that which he came here to support, viz: his constitution.

Many are the misunderstandings relative to language. An Iowa member used a *Westernism* by remarking that his constituents did a *whaling* business in produce; upon which a South Sea man asked for an explanation, saying that he thought it was his constituents who followed that branch of fishing. A Hoosier "reckoned it was rather a tall party of fellows that he represented," when a Patagonian asked the average height of the Indianians. Such amusing mistakes are constantly occurring, but it is hoped they will soon be rectified by the competent English teachers whom the Government has in its employ.

I believe there is nothing more new or strange, and as the mail is about closing, I conclude with, yours, &c. OLIVER NEW SCHOOL.

GIVE ME THE HAND.

BY GOODWIN BARMBY.

Give me the hand that is warm, kind, and ready;
Give me the clasp that is calm, true, and steady;
Give me the hand that will never deceive me;
Give me its grasp that I aye may believe thee.
  Soft is the palm of the delicate woman!
  Hard is the hand of the rough sturdy yeoman!
  Soft palm or hard hand, it matters not—never!
  Give me the grasp that is friendly forever.

Give me the hand that is true as a brother;
Give me the hand that has harm'd not another;
Give me the hand that has never forsworn it;
Give me its grasp that I aye may adore it.
  Lovely the palm of the fair blue-vein'd maiden!
  Horny the hand of the workman o'erladen!
  Lovely or ugly, it matters not—never!
  Give me the grasp that is friendly forever.

Give me the grasp that is honest and hearty,
Free as the breeze, and unshackled by party;
Let friendship give me the grasps that become her,
Close as the twine of the vines of the summer.
  Give me the hand that is true as a brother;
  Give me the hand that has wrong'd not another;
  Soft palm, or hard hand, it matters not—never!
  Give me the grasp that is friendly forever.

NAVIGATION OF THE ILLINOIS.—An editor in Illinois says:—In passing down the Illinois river in a little stern wheel boat called the Agatha, which craft drew about sixteen inches of water, we were much amused at the novelty of the thing, when, in approaching Beardstown, the engine was stopped and given a "lick back," for the boat to wait a Hoosier team that was fording the stream to pass. It is no uncommon occurrence, we are told now, for the captain of a boat, of a dark night, to wade ahead with a lantern in his hand, to point out the channel! This saves the necessity of throwing the lead, the pilot singing out "knee deep," and all is safe.

FILIAL OBEDIENCE.—"How old are ye?" said Mr. Kipling to a dwarfish young man.

"Twenty."

"I wonder you arn't right down ashamed of being no bigger—you look like a boy of ten."

"All comes of being a dutiful child, sir."

"How so?"

"When I was ten, father put his hand on my head and said, 'stop there;' and he then run away. I've never seen him since, and did'nt think it right to go on growing without his permission."

Fun and Frolic.

A MAN OF FEW WORDS.

A young man some time since arrived at a certain inn, and after alighting from his horse, went into the travellers' room, where he walked backwards and forwards for some time, displaying the utmost self-importance. At length he rang the bell, and upon the waiter's appearance, gave him an order as follows:—

"Waiter."

"Sir."

"I am a man of few words, and don't like to be continually ringing the bell and disturbing the house; I'll thank you to pay attention to what I say."

"In the first place give me a glass of brandy and water (cold) with a little sugar, and also a teaspoon; wipe down this table, and throw some coals on the fire, and wipe down the hearth; bring me a couple of candles, pen, ink, and paper, some wafers, a little sealing wax, and let me know what time the post goes out; tell the ostler to take care of my horse, dress him well, stop his feet, and let me know when he's ready to feed; order the chambermaid to prepare me a good bed, take care that the sheets are well aired, and put a clean night-cap and a glass of water in the room; send the boots with a pair of slippers that I can walk to the stable in; tell him I must have my boots cleaned and brought into the room to-night, and I shall want to be called at five o'clock in the morning; ask your mistress what I can have for supper, tell her I should like to have a roast duck or something of that sort; desire your master to step in, I want to ask him a few questions about the drapers of this town."

The waiter answered "Yes sir," and then went to the landlord and told him that a gentleman in the parlor wanted a great many things and among the rest he wanted him, and that was all he could recollect.

COMICALITIES.

TO CURE SMOKY CHIMNEYS.—Lay the fire as usual with coals and sticks, but be careful not to light it. This has rarely been known to fail, and is, at the same time a great saving of fuel.

☞ "Young men *taken in here*," is the placard upon a cheap boarding house in Pearl street, New York.

☞ Two things a man should never be angry at—what he can help, and what he cannot help.

☞ We heard of a parson once who prefaced his sermon as follows: My dear friends, let us say a few words before we begin.

TOO SMART.—The other day, one of Mrs. B's, a widow lady's admirers was complaining of the toothache. Mrs. B's *smart boy* immediately spoke up—

"Well, sir, why don't you do as ma does? She takes her teeth out and puts 'em back whenever she wants to."

A few minutes afterwards the boy was whipped on some pretence or other.

A ROUND BILL.—Tom presented his bill to his neighbor Joe for service rendered. The latter looked it over and expressed much surprise at the amount.

"Why, Tom, it strikes me that you have made out a pretty round bill here, eh?"

"I am sensible it is a pretty *round one*," quoth Tom—"and I am come for the purpose of getting it *squared*."

SHORT HAND.—A countryman went into a school in Washington street a few days since, where it was advertised to teach short hand. He had a son, he said, who wasn't exactly short-handed, but he was *short of three fingers*, and he'd gin' most anything if he could learn to write.—*Boston Bee.*

CONUNDRUMS.—What name contains a command of a man to his son, to escort the ladies?

Jeroboam. (Jerry bow-em.)

What name directs a man to squeeze into a crowded coach?

Benjamin. (Ben-jam-in.)

Original Essay.

PROPERTY OF MARRIED WOMEN.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Mr. Editor:—In one of your late papers, there is an article under the caption, "PROPERTY OF MARRIED WOMEN." You commend the article as being ably written, and from its style I should judge it to be the production of a lawyer. Will you permit a woman to offer a few words in reply; a little plain common sense will sometimes outweigh a large array of verbal technicalities.

The first thing that strikes me in the article of your correspondent, is the limited view he takes of "womankind." Full half of the human race he looks upon as identical with that exceedingly small portion, who might be classed as "the hundred dollar bonnet," and "five hundred dollars shawl" wearers, who as wives can sit comfortably and "snugly at home" receiving visits, and if the humor so incline can "go shopping," while the husband is, on their account, abiding "the law's vexations," and "facing sheriffs, constables, lawyers and judges." For such dolls I have nothing to say; for such expensive toys a "LADY'S MAN" may legislate.

I have read over carefully the first, secondly, thirdly, &c., of your correspondent, and am not at all alarmed at the difficulties he anticipates. He, himself, cannot think them very formidable, for at the close he speaks without censure of the present laws, which, in an indirect and humiliating manner, admit nearly the same thing as the proposed "Bill of Rights" would secure to all;—and thus answers all his own objections.

Did I not fear to occupy too much space, I might dwell at length on the wrongs which the present laws inflict. I would speak for ninety-nine hundredths of my sex, who are crushed by existing institutions. My sympathies are with the mass,—not with those who spend the day in luxury at home, while their fathers and husbands toil unceasingly in the office or counting house. Ask them, and they will tell you "they want no change in the laws"—"they are not oppressed—their husbands give them all they want." For such I have pity, and, if it were right so to feel, would have contempt. But it is for the wife who shares with her husband the labor of providing for their family, that I would plead. And I would here beg leave to correct a common error that it is the *man* alone who supports the family. He may go forth from his home and labor, and may receive that which helps to supply the wants of the household, but while he is absent, is not the woman often even more busily occupied at home, in the thousand daily ministrations, without which that money would be of no avail? Then, how often is it the case, where superior health and superior intellect enable the wife to do far more than half for the support of the family. I leave out of the count the thousand cases where the wife does all, and supports also a drunken husband—and yet the law takes from her the power to use what she has thus earned; the intemperate husband may come in at any moment, and lawfully deprive her of the hard earnings, which she has scraped together to provide her children with food. If this is not high-handed robbery I know not what is.

Much is said about the inability of women to be "skilful financiers"—I do not admit the fact. Witness the numerous shops in our own city, and the Banking Houses of Europe. But suppose it true—what more does it show than that a boy, who has always remained on dry land, is not a good swimmer; or that the serfs of the Autocrat are not highly intellectual and intelligent members of society.

In our own and all similar cases, all I ask from the law is "hands off"—and my faith is that all have been so organised by their bountiful Creator that they are able to take care of themselves—and would not only do so if allowed the chance, but confer unnumbered blessings on those who are now their oppressors. A WOMAN.

Agricultural.

TRUENESS OF WOOL INFLUENCED BY KEEPING.

The quality of the trueness of the staple especially, enhances the value of every grade of wool in which it is found. It comprises an equality of the diameter of the fibre from the root to the point, and uniformity of the fleece generally. When the filament greatly lacks in this particular, it may be ascribed to an irregular and unhealthy action of the secretion of the wool, which, in turn, must be attributed, in general, to abuses in management of the sheep. For instance, if the animal has fared kindly till the winter season, and then exposed to storm, and cold, and withal ill fed, the growth of that part of the fibre during this period will be considerably diminished in diameter, proportionably weak, and when examined by the microscope, presents a withered appearance. On being turned to pasture, the fare being better, and the secretions again becoming healthy and abundant, an enlargement of the fibre follows; but it is greatly destitute, from the causes stated, of the quality of trueness, and therefore debases the value of the whole fleece. The weak and withered parts of the fibre are termed breaches, and injure materially every manufacture in which it is employed, the felting property being deteriorated, and the cloth having less strength and softness. The skilful stapler and wool buyer will, on critical examination, easily detect this serious fault, and prize the wool accordingly. By pulling asunder a single fibre, the break will uniformly be confined to the breaches or withered point. This is termed unsound wool.

Although this description of wool is generally, as remarked, the result of bad management of the flock, yet it is common to all good sheep. While the Saxon and Merino, after the ewes, particularly, pass the age of eight or nine years, the yolk lessens in quantity, which is followed by comparatively a hard, inelastic, unyielding character of the wool, with the strength and weight greatly diminished. Therefore, notwithstanding the singular longevity of these breeds, it is better to pass them over to the butcher, when arrived at the age mentioned.

Intimately connected with producing a sound and true staple, is the

INFLUENCE OF TEMPERATURE.

It cannot be doubted that equality of temperature is an important agent in perfecting the several qualities of wool. The Spanish custom, continued for centuries, of driving the sheep in the spring to the northern and mountainous parts of the kingdom, which are there kept until the approach of winter, originated in part from the conviction that this theory was sound. Indeed, it is founded in the natural instinct of the sheep. Every one knows it is impatient of heat. In the midst of summer, in all latitudes where it is found, it will seek the most elevated points for the sake of the cooling breeze, and retire to shades to guard itself against the burning rays of the sun. In winter it will flee to a place of refuge from storms and cold. All this testifies strongly in favor of the correctness of the premises. But the question may be asked, what has the bodily comfort of the animal to do with perfecting the several properties of the *fleece*? The answer is, everything. If health and thrift are promoted by equability of temperature, the cutaneous glands are alike healthy, and a regular and even growth of the fibre naturally follows.

But strictly speaking, equability of temperature is nowhere to be found; therefore, in *our* rigorous and changeable climate, the fibre of wool must ever present a greater or less inequality of diameter between its extremes. It is remarkable that the point has always the largest bulk. This is the product of summer, after shearing time, when there is a repletion of the secretions which produce the wool, and when the pores of the skin are relaxed and open, and permit a larger fibre to protrude. The portion near the root is the growth of the spring, when the weather is getting warm; and the intermediate parts is the offspring of winter, when under the influence of the cold, the pores of the skin contract, and permit only a fine fibre to escape.—*Morrell's Am. Shepherd.*

SPEEDY CURE FOR A FOUNDERED HORSE.

As soon as you find your horse is foundered bleed him in the neck in proportion to the greatness of the founder. In extreme cases you may bleed him so long as he can stand up. Then draw his head up as is common in drenching, and with a spoon put far back on his tongue strong salt, until you get him to swallow one pint. Be careful not to let him drink too much. Then anoint round the edges of his hoofs with spirits of turpentine, and your horse will be well in one hour.

A founder pervades every part of the system of a horse. The fleam arrests it from the blood, the salt arrests it from his stomach and bowels, and the spirits of turpentine arrests it from the feet and limbs.

I once rode a hired horse ninety-nine miles in two days, returning him at night the second day; and his owner would not have known that he had been foundered if I had not told him, and the founder was one of the deepest kind.

I once, in a travel of seven hundred miles, foundered my horse three times, and I do not think my journey was retarded more than one day by the misfortune, having in all cases observed and practised the above prescription. I have known a foundered horse turned in at night on green feed; in the morning he would be well, having been purged by the green feed. All founders must be attended to immediately.—*S. W. Farmer.*

POTATO DISEASE.

All our observations in regard to this mysterious malady, confirm us more and more in the opinion some time since expressed, that nothing of any consequence has yet been ascertained as to its cause or prevention. The opinion seems to be gaining ground in Europe, as well as here, that it is an epidemic. In our December number we alluded to the fact, that other kinds of vegetation appeared, last season, to be attacked with blight in a similar manner to potatoes. The same appearance was noticed in the British islands. In the *Gardeners' Chronicle* of November 7th last, is a communication in reference to the potato crop in the Isle of Man. The writer says—"when the potato haulm was affected by the blight, the fern, rag-wort, nettles, and even part of the heath on the hills, were entirely destroyed."

The (Edinburgh) *Quarterly Journal of Agriculture* for October, in reference to this subject observes:—

"The recurrence of the disease this season excited much surprise, for the potato plant has not shown so much vigor, and exhibited so beautiful and healthy a display of blossoms for many years."

* * * * * *

"Whatever may be the nature of this affection which has overtaken the potato, it does not seem to be confined this season to that crop. The beans have had their leaves blackened, and their stems shrivelled by apparently the same cause and the rottenness in the turnip may be safely ascribed to the same influence. The products of the flower garden have not escaped the affection, for the leaves of the peony seem to us to have suffered from the same source. Even the forest trees are affected, as the appearance at the balsam poplar clearly indicated. And wild plants have been observed to suffer in a similar manner, as is instanced in the case of the common fern. So far as we can discern, the mysterious cause of this universal affection, is very much 'like the pestilence that walketh in darkness, and that wasteth at noonday.'"—*Albany Cultivator.*

BLOATED CATTLE.—For cattle in this condition, a dose of thoroughwort with a little tansy, will afford speedy relief. It should be given warm. If one dose is not enough, administer another—and let the animal be driven about the yard till relieved.

☞ "Agriculture is the most healthful, the most useful, and the most noble employment of man."—WASHINGTON.

Culinary Department

RECEIPTS.

COMMON LEMON CANDY.—Take three pounds of coarse brown sugar; add to it three tea cups full of water, and set it over a slow fire for half an hour; put to it a little gum Arabic, dissolved in hot water: this is to clear it. Continue to take off the scum as long as any rises. When perfectly clear, try it by dipping a pipe-stem first into it, and then into cold water, or by taking a spoonful of it into a saucer: if it is done, it will snap like glass. Flavor with essence of lemon, and cut it in sticks.

TWIST CANDY.—To three pounds of loaf sugar put half a pint of water; set it over a slow fire for half an hour; then add to it a teaspoonful of gum Arabic, dissolved, and a tablespoonful of vinegar. When boiled to candy, bright and clear, take it off. Flavor with vanilla, rose, lemon, or orange.

Rub the hands over with a bit of sweet butter, and pull it until it is white; then make it in rolls, and twist or braid it; then cut it in lengths.

SOUR KROUT.—A person who is familiar with the manufacture of this article, so much esteemed by the Dutch and other people, whose taste has become habituated to it, has furnished us with the following, in regard to its preparation:—Select sound cabbages, which after having been divested of their outside leaves, must be cut fine; place in the bottom of a barrel or tub designed to receive it, a layer of about six inches in thickness, sprinkling on fine salt, at the rate of about a pint to the barrel; then pound it down with a stick prepared for the purpose, and add another layer, and pound done as before, and so on till the vessel is full. Put weight on the top to press it down. The cabbage will form liquor which will cover it. It is fit for use in four or five days, and will keep through the winter. It is eaten cold, or heated through, and a little vinegar added.

The Olio.

A GRACEFUL TRIBUTE.

[Mrs. Sigourney proffers the following graceful and deserved tribute, through the columns of the National Intelligencer.]

TO MRS. MADISON.

Time is prone away to sweep
Charms of youth we fain would keep
Sparkling lustre from the eye,
From the cheek its ruby dye,
From the smile its power to root
Warmly in the softened breast
  Yet, he sometimes leaves behind
Mental treasures more refined,
Jewels of the heart, that grow
Brighter for the touch of wo:
Gold in sharp alembic shriven,
Gems that catch the hue of Heaven
  Lady of the noble mien!
Still in soul and grace a queen,
He to thee strange love hath shown,
Spared youth's gifts and left his own!

L. H. S.

A BREAKFAST IN THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY.—What would our modern ladies say to a breakfast like the following being laid before them at six o'clock in the morning? We copy it from an old work on the Manners and Customs of the Fifteenth Century, by Edward Mullen. It is in the form of a tavern bill, from a landlord "in the good city of Chester."—"Breakfast provisions for Syr Godfrey Walter, and Ladie Walter, and their fair daughter Gabriel, three pounds of saved salmon, two pounds of boiled mutton and onions, three slices of pork, six red herrings, six pounds of leavened bread, one chappen of mead, five chappens of strong beer."

FASTING.—Distinct from all religious ordinances, fasting has been frequently recommended and practised, as a means of removing incipient disease, and of restoring the body to its customary healthy sensations. Howard, the celebrated philanthropist, used to fast one day in every week. Franklin, for a period, did the same. Napoleon, when he felt his system unstrung, suspended his wonted repast, and took his exercise on horseback. This list of distinguished names might, if necessary, be increased.

Baglivi, the celebrated Roman physician, mentions, that during Lent, an unusually large proportion of the sick in Italy recover their health.

RESEMBLANCES.—Some philosopher has remarked, that every animal when dressed in human apparel, resembles mankind very strikingly in features. Put a frock, bonnet and spectacles on a pig, and it looks like an old woman of eighty. A bull dressed in an overcoat would resemble a lawyer. Tie a few ribbons round a cat, put a fan in its paw, and a boarding school miss is represented. A cockerel in uniform is a general to the life. A hedgehog looks like a miser. Dress a monkey in a frock coat, cut off his tail, trim his whiskers, and you have a city dandy. Donkeys resemble a good many persons.

PRONUNCIATION.—The difficulty of applying rules to the pronunciation of our language may be illustrated in two lines, where the combination of the letters *ough* is pronounced in no less than seven different ways, as *o*, *uf*, *of*, *up*, *ow*, *oo*, and *ock*:

Though the tough cough and hiccough plough me
  through,
O'er life's dark lough my course I still pursue.

THE HAPPY MAN.—An eastern caliph, being sorely afflicted with *ennui*, was advised that an exchange of shirts with a man that was perfectly happy would cure him. After a long search, he discovered such a person, but was informed the happy fellow had no shirt.

ON THE DEATH OF A VIRTUOUS YOUNG GIRL.

Softly woo away her breath,
  Gentle Death!
  Let her leave thee with no strife,
  Tender, mournful, murmuring Life!
She hath seen her happy day;
  She hath had her bud and blossom:
Now she pales and shrinks away,
Earth, unto thy gentle bosom!
She hath done her bidding here,
Angels dear!
  Bear her perfect soul above,
  Seraph of the skies—sweet love!
Good she was and fair in youth,
  And her mind was fain to soar,
And her heart was wed to truth:
  Take her, then, forevermore!
Forever—evermore!

WHICH IS THE MOST PERFECT POPULAR GOVERNMENT?—"That," said Bias, "where the laws have no superior."

"That," said Thales, "where the inhabitants are neither too rich nor too poor."

"That," said Anacharsis, the Scythian, "where virtue is honored and vice detested."

"That," said Pittacus, "whose dignities are always conferred upon the virtuous, and never upon the base."

"That," said Cleopolus, "where the citizens fear blame more than punishment."

"That," said Chilo, "where the laws are more regarded than the orators."

"That," said Solon, "where any injury done to the meanest subject, is an insult to the whole community."

But then said the wisest of them all, "That is the most perfect government, where the earth is not monopolized by the few to the injury of the many, and where labor, receiving a just remuneration for its toil, is guaranteed to all. In that government you will find neither misery, nor crime, nor poverty."

Choice Extracts.

DOMBEY AND SON.

PART V.

[This number of "Dombey" opens with the announcement of the coming on of the Summer vacation at Dr. Blimber's School. And in view of this fact, all the young gentlemen are invited very formally to a party, to be given to them and their friends by the aforesaid Dr. Blimber. Paul, in the meanwhile, in consequence of his natural delicacy of constitution, and the confinement and hot-house, forcing system of the school, is taken with a disease, which, although not violent in its nature, is none the less dangerous. He has become, from his "old fashioned," sincere ways, the pet of all; and at the party is treated as a favorite child, (especially one on whom it is too evident that the hand of the destroyer is already laid—) is always treated, even by those who in common are unrefined and thoughtless. A little nest is made for him upon the sofa with pillows, and from it the gentle, loving boy follows with his eyes his beautiful young sister, his heart swelling with pride at the evident admiration with which she is regarded.]

"They all loved Florence. How could they help it! Paul had known beforehand that they must and would; and sitting in his cushioned corner, with calmly folded hands, and one leg loosely doubled under him, few would have thought what triumph and delight expanded his childish bosom while he watched her, or what a sweet tranquility he felt. Lavish encomiums on 'Dombey's sister,' reached his ears from all the boys: admiration of the self-possessed and modest little beauty, was on every lip: reports of her intelligence and accomplishments floated past him, constantly; and, as it borne in upon the air of the summer night, there was a half intelligible sentiment diffused around, referring to Florence and himself, and breathing sympathy for both, that soothed and touched him.

"He did not know why. For all that the child observed, and felt, and thought, that night—the present and the absent; what was then and what had been—were blended like the colors in the rainbow, or in the plumage of rich birds when the sun is shining on them, or in the softening sky when the same sun is setting. The many things he had had to think of lately, passed before him in the music; not as claiming his attention over again, or as likely ever more to occupy it, but as peacefully disposed of and gone. A solitary window, gazed through years ago, looked out upon an ocean, miles and miles away; upon its waters, fancies, busy with him only yesterday, were hushed and lulled to rest like broken waves. The same mysterious murmur he had wondered at, when lying on his couch upon the beach, he thought he still heard sounding through his sister's song, and through the hum of voices, and the tread of feet, and having some part in the faces flitting by, and even in the heavy gentleness of Mr. Toots, who frequently came up to shake him by the hand. Through the universal kindness he still thought he heard it, speaking to him; and even his old-fashioned reputation seemed to be allied to it, he knew not how. Thus little Paul sat musing, listening, looking on, and dreaming; and was very happy.

"Until the time arrived for taking leave: and then indeed, there was a sensation in the party."

* * * * * *

"'Good bye, Doctor Blimber,' said Paul, stretching out his hand.

"'Good bye, my little friend,' returned the doctor.

"'I'm very much obliged to you, sir,' said Paul, looking innocently up into his awful face. 'Ask them to take care of Diogenes, if you please.'

"Diogenes was the dog: who had never in his life received a friend into his confidence before Paul. The doctor promised that every attention should be paid to Diogenes in Paul's absence, and Paul having again thanked him, and shaken hands with him, bade adieu to Mrs. Blimber and Cornelia with such heartfelt earnestness that Mrs. Blimber forgot from that moment to mention Cicero to Lady Skettles, though she had fully intended it, all the evening. Cornelia taking both Paul's hands in hers, said, 'Dombey, Dombey, you have always been my favorite pupil. God bless you!' And it showed, Paul thought, how easily one might do injustice to a person; for Miss Blimber meant it—though she was a Forcer—and felt it.

"A buzz then went round among the young gentlemen, of 'Dombey's going!' 'Little Dombey's going!' and there was a general move after Paul and Florence down the staircase and into the hall, in which the whole Blimber family were included. Such a circumstance, Mr Feeder said aloud, had never happened in the case of any former young gentleman within his experience; but it would be difficult to say if this were sober fact or custard-cups. The servants, with the butler at their head, had all an interest in seeing little Dombey go; and even the weak-eyed young man, taking out his books and trunks to the coach that was to carry him and Florence to Mrs. Pipchin's for the night, melted visibly.

"Not even the influence of the softer passion on the young gentlemen—and they all, to a boy, doted on Florence—could restrain them from taking quite a noisy leave of Paul; waving hats after him, pressing down stairs to shake hands with him, crying individually 'Dombey, don't forget me!' and indulging in many such ebullitions of feeling, uncommon among those young Chesterfields. Paul whispered Florence, as she wrapped him up before the door was opened, did she hear them? Would she ever forget it? Was she glad to know it? And a lively delight was in his eyes as he spoke to her.

"Once, for a last look, he turned and gazed upon the faces thus addressed to him, surprised to see how shining and how bright and numerous they were, and how they were all piled and heaped up, as faces are at crowded theatres. They swam before him, as he looked, like faces in an agitated glass; and next moment he was in the dark coach outside, holding close to Florence. From that time, whenever he thought of Doctor Blimber's, it came back as he had seen it in this last view; and it never seemed to be a real place again but always a dream, full of eyes.

"But there was much, soon afterward—next day, and after that—which Paul could only recollect confusedly. As, why they stayed at Mrs. Pipchin's days and nights, instead of going home; why he lay in bed, with Florence sitting by his side; whether that had been his father in the room, or only a tall shadow on the wall; whether he had heard his doctor say, of some one, that if they had removed him before the occasion on which he had built up fancies, strong in proportion to his own weakness, it was very possible he might have pined away.

"He could not even remember whether he had often said to Florence, 'Oh, Floy, take me home, and never leave me!' but he thought he had. He fancied sometimes he had heard himself repeating, 'Take me home, Floy! take me home!'

"But he could remember, when he got home, and was carried up the well-remembered stairs, that there had been the rumbling of a coach for many hours together, while he lay upon the seat, with Florence still beside him, and old Mrs. Pipchin sitting opposite. He remembered his old bed too, when they laid him down in it: his aunt, Miss Tox, and Susan: but there was something else, and recent too, that still perplexed him.

"'I want to speak to Florence, if you please,' he said. 'To Florence by herself, for a moment!'

"She bent down over him, and the others stood away.

"'Floy, my pet, wasn't that papa in the hall, when they brought me from the coach?'

"'Yes, dear.'

"'He didn't cry, and go into his room, Floy, did he, when he saw me coming in?'

"Florence shook her head, and pressed her lips against his cheek.

"'I am very glad he didn't cry,' said little Paul. 'I though he did. Don't tell them that I asked.'

CHAPTER XVI.

WHAT THE WAVES WERE ALWAYS SAYING.

"Paul had never risen from his little bed. He lay there, listening to the noises in the street, quite tranquilly: not caring much how the time went, but watching it and watching everything about him with observing eyes.

"When the sunbeams struck into his room through the rustling blinds, and quivered on the opposite wall like golden water, he knew that evening was coming on, and that the sky was red and beautiful. As the reflection died away, and a gloom went creeping up the wall, he watched it deepen, deepen, deepen, into night. Then he though how the long streets were dotted with lamps, and how the peaceful stars were shining overhead. His fancy had a strange tendency to wander to the river, which he knew was flowing through the great city; and now he thought how black it was, and how deep it would look, reflecting the hosts of stars—and more than all, how steadily it rolled away to meet the sea.

"As it grew later in the night, and footsteps in the street became so rare that he could hear them coming, count them as they passed, and lose them in the hollow distance, he would lie and watch the many-colored ring about the candle, and wait patiently for day. His only trouble was, the swift and rapid river. He felt forced, sometimes, to try to stop it—to stem it with his childish hands—or choke its way with sand—and when he saw it coming on, resistless, he cried out! But a word from Florence, who was always at his side, restored him to himself; and leaning his poor head upon her breast, he told Floy of his dream, and smiled.

"When day began to dawn again, he watched for the sun; and when its cheerful light began to sparkle in the room, he pictured to himself—pictured! he saw—the high church towers rising up into the morning sky, the town reviving, waking, starting into life once more, the river glistening as it rolled (but rolling fast as ever,) and the country bright with dew. Familiar sounds and cries came by degrees into the street below; the servants in the house were roused and busy; faces looked in at the door, and voices asked his attendants softly how he was. Paul always answered for himself, 'I am better. I am a great deal better, thank you! Tell papa so!'

"By little and little, he got tired of the bustle of the day, the noise of carriages and carts, and people passing and re-passing; and would fall asleep, or be troubled with restless and uneasy sense again—the child could hardly tell whether this were in his sleeping or his waking moments—of that rushing river. 'Why, will it never stop, Floy?' he would sometimes ask her. 'It is bearing me away, I think!'

"But Floy could always soothe and reassure him; and it was his daily delight to make her lay her head down on his pillow, and take some rest.

"'You are always watching me, Floy. Let me watch you, now!' They would prop him up with cushions in a corner of his bed, and there he would recline the while she lay beside him; bending forward oftentimes to kiss her, and whispering to those who were near that she was tired, and how she had sat up so many nights beside him.

"Thus, the flush of the day, in its heat and light, would gradually decline; and again the golden water would be dancing on the wall.

"He was visited by as many as three grave doctors—they used to assemble down-stairs, and come up together—and the room was so quiet, and Paul was so observant of them (though he never asked of anybody what they said,) that he even knew the difference in the sound of their watches. But his interest centred in Sir Parker Peps, who always took his seat on the side of the bed. For Paul had heard them say long ago, that that gentleman had been with his mamma when she clasped Florence in her arms, and died. And he could not forget it, now. He liked him for it. He was not afraid.

"The people round him changed as unaccountably as on that first night at Dr. Blimber's—except Florence; Florence never changed—and what had been Sir Parker Peps, was now his father, sitting with his head upon his hand. Old Mrs. Pipchin dozing in an easy chair, often changed to Miss Tox, or his aunt: and Paul was quite content to shut his eyes again, and see what happened next, without emotion. But this figure with its head upon its hand returned so often, and remained so long, and sat so still and solemn, never speaking, never being spoken to, and rarely lifting up its face, that Paul began to wonder languidly, if it were real; and in the night-time saw it sitting there, with fear.

"'Floy!' he said. 'What is that?'

"'Where, dearest?'

"'There! at the bottom of the bed.'

"'There's nothing there, except papa!'

"The figure lifted up its head, and rose, and coming to the bedside, said:

"'My own boy! Don't you know me?'

"Paul looked it in the face, and thought, was this his father? But the face, so altered to his thinking, thrilled while he gazed, as if it were in pain; and before he could reach out both his hands to take it between them, and draw it toward him, the figure turned away quickly from the little bed, and went out at the door.

"Paul looked at Florence with a fluttering heart, but he knew what she was going to say, and stopped her with his face against her lips. The next time he saw the figure sitting at the bottom of the bed, he called to it.

"'Don't be so sorry for me, dear papa! Indeed I am quite happy!'

"His father coming, and bending down to him—which he did quickly, and without first pausing by the bedside—Paul held him round the neck, and repeated those words to him several times, and very earnestly; and Paul never saw him in his room again at any time, whether it were day or night, but he called out, 'Don't be so sorry for me! Indeed I am quite happy!' This was the beginning of his always saying in the morning that he was a great deal better, and that they were to tell his father so.

"How many times the golden water danced upon the wall; how many nights the dark river rolled toward the sea in spite of him; Paul never counted, never sought to know. If their kindness or his sense of it, could have increased, they were more kind, and he more grateful every day; but whether there were many days or few, appeared of little moment now, to the gentle boy.

"One night he had been thinking of his mother and her picture in the drawing-room down stairs, and had thought she must have loved sweet Florence better than his father did, to have held her in her arms when she was dying—for even he, her brother, who had such dear love for her, could have no greater wish than that. The train of thought suggested to him to inquire if he had ever seen his mother? for he could not remember whether they had told him yes, or no, the river running very fast, and confusing his mind.

"'Floy, did I ever see mamma?'

"'No, darling, why?'

"'Did I never see any kind face, like mamma's, looking at me when I was a baby, Floy?'

"He asked, incredulously, as if he had some vision of a face before him.

"'Oh, yes, dear!'

"'Whose, Floy?'

"'Your old nurse's. Often.'

"'And where is my old nurse?' said Paul. 'Is she dead too? Floy, are we *all* dead, except you?'

"There was a hurry in the room for an instant—longer, perhaps; but it seemed no more—then all was still again; and Florence with her face quite colorless, but smiling, held his head upon her arm. Her arm trembled very much.

"'Show me that old nurse, Floy, if you please!'

"'She is not here, darling. She shall come to-morrow.'

"'Thank you, Floy!'

"Paul closed his eyes with those words, and fell asleep. When he awoke, the sun was high, and the broad day was clear and warm. He lay a little looking at the windows, which were open, and the curtains rustling in the air, and waving to and fro: then he said, 'Floy, is it to-morrow? Is she come?'

"Some one seemed to go in quest of her. Perhaps it was Susan. Paul thought he heard her telling him when he had closed his eyes again, that she would soon be back; but he did not open them to see. She kept her word—perhaps she had never been away—but the next thing that happened was a noise of footsteps on the stairs, and then Paul woke—woke mind and body—and sat upright in his bed. He saw them now about him. There was no gray mist before them, as there had been sometimes in the night. He knew them every one, and called them by their names.

"'And who is this? Is this my old nurse?' said the child, regarding with a radiant smile, a figure coming in.

"Yes, yes. No other stranger would have shed those tears at sight of him, and called him her dear boy, her pretty boy, her own poor blighted child. No other woman would have stooped down by his bed, and taken up his wasted hand, and put it to her lips and breast, as one who had some right to fondle it. No other woman would have so forgotten everybody there but him and Floy, and been so full of tenderness and pity.

"'Floy! this is a kind good face!' said Paul. 'I am glad to see it again. Don't go away, old nurse! Stay here!'

"His senses were all quickened, and he heard a name he knew.

"'Who was that, who said "Walter?"' he asked, looking round. 'Some one said Walter. Is he here? I should like to see him very much.'

"Nobody replied directly; but his father soon said to Susan, 'Call him back, then: let him come up!' After a short pause of expectation, during which he looked with smiling interest and wonder, on his nurse, and saw that she had not forgotten Floy, Walter was brought into the room. His open face and manner, and his cheerful eyes, had always made him a favorite with Paul; and when Paul saw him, he stretched out his hand, and said, 'Good-by!'

"'Good-bye, my child!' cried Mrs. Pipchin, hurrying to his bed's head. 'Not good-by!'

"For an instant, Paul looked at her with the wistful face with which he had so often gazed upon her in his corner by the fire. 'Ah, yes,' he said, placidly, 'good bye! Walter dear, good bye!'—turning his head to where he stood, and putting out his hand again. 'Where is papa?'

"He felt his father's breath upon his cheek, before the words had parted from his lips.

"'Remember Walter, dear papa,' he whispered, looking in his face. 'Remember Walter. I was fond of Walter!' The feeble hand waved in the air, as if it cried 'good bye!' to Walter once again.

"'Now lay me down,' he said; 'and Floy, come close to me, and let me see you!'

"Sister and brother wound their arms around each other, and the golden light came streaming in, and fell upon them, locked together.

"'How fast the river runs, between its green banks and the rushes, Floy! But it's very near the sea. I hear the waves! They always said so!'

"Presently he told her that the motion of the boat upon the stream was lulling him to rest. How green the banks were now, how bright the flowers growing on them, and how tall the rushes! Now the boat was out at sea, but gliding smoothly on. And now there was a shore before him. Who stood on the bank!—

"He put his hands together, as he had been used to do, at his prayers. He did not remove his arms to do it; but they saw him fold them so, behind her neck.

"'Mamma is like you, Floy. I know her by the face. But tell them that the print upon the stairs at school, is not divine enough. The light about the head is shining on me as I go!'

"The golden ripple on the wall came back again, and nothing else stirred in the room. The old, old fashion! The fashion that came in with our first garments, and will last unchanged until our race has run its course, and the wide firmament is rolled up like a scroll. The old, old fashion—Death!

"Oh thank God, all who see it, for that older fashion yet, of Immortality! And look upon us, angels of young children, with regards not quite estranged, when the swift river bears us to the ocean!"

The Riddler.

A FUNNY ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 29 letters.

My 19, 2, 8, 14, 29, 18, 5, 19, 13, 20, 1, is a funny thing.
My 9, 2, 2, 15, 6, 24, 29, 16, 2, 2, 1, 5, 15, are funny things.
My 24, 13, 4, 25, 19, are funny things.
My 12, 16, 18, 5, 7, 11, 15, are funny things.
My 16, 11, 28, 20, 23, 19, 10, 4, 8, 29, are funny things.
My 17, 3, 16, 3, 15, 18, 1, 10, 9, 25, 15, are funny things.
My 1, 10, 2, 25, 19, 27, 17, 8, 23, 6, 21, 15, are funny things.
My 13, 4, 22, 15, 19, 1, 25, 7, 17, 19, are funny things.
My 27, 28, 12, 26, 6, 15, are funny things.
My 1, 3, 8, 11, 22, 6, 15, 5, 9, 14, 23, are funny things.
My 27, 18, 23, 20, 18, 21, 2, 15, 13, 5, 22, 14, 15, are funny things.
My 5, 19, 7, 17, 5, 21, 26, 15, are funny things.
My 10, 4, 16, 17, 23, 15, are funny things.
My 19, 6, 17, 18, 19, 7, 11, 29, are funny things.
My 15, 13, 24, 19, 29, are funny things.
My 18, 3, 21, 19, 15, are funny things.
My 6, 8, 13, 16, 9, 17, 15, are funny things.
My whole would be a very diverting sight.

RIDDLE.

Four letters form me quite complete,
  As all who breathe do show;
Revers'd, you'll find I am the seat
  Of infamy and woe;

Transpos'd, you'll see I'm base and mean,
  Again, of Jewish race;
Transpos'd once more I oft am seen
  To hide a lovely face.

CONUNDRUMS.

Why is a dejected man like one thrown from a precipice?

Why is a Hebrew in a fever like a diamond?

Why is a jest like a fowl?

ANSWER TO ENIGMA.

[*We have received the following reply to the Enigma in our paper of Feb. 27th, which it is evident is right in the main, though we question whether all the items in the Enigma are satisfactorily answered—perhaps this may be owing, however, to the fault of the Enigma itself.*]

Who, when yet single, with Adam did dwell,
And talked with fair Eve in the Garden?—*Abel.*
To whom does the Bible attribute much woe?
Of *Abel*, assuredly, "a long time ago."
Who was there should "curse what of Age is the
    prop,"
But *Abel*, who'd shudder at badge of a Fop,
Or "pedigree," rather, which each whiskered Ell,
Lives on through life, though he's *nothing* himself.
Who shines in the Ball room, where lovers all grieve?—
Why "*A Belle*," who, in triumph, laughs in her sleeve
At the mis'ry she causes—at the foplings who kneel,
For whom not even pity, itself, can she feel.
What "dwells there in churches, whose voice can be
    heard,
Ere the prayer is begun, or the dead are inter'd?"
A Bell, to be sure, whose voice of loud sound,
Calls both Turk and Christian—far off and around,
To their pray'rs to the Throne of the God they adore,
Or to bear to the grave one whose death they deplore.
  What's that which to silence in Box, Gal'ry, Pit,
Causes those, oft unruly, in quiet to sit?—
Why "*the Bell*," on the stage; tho' gentle its sound,
All are hush'd, in a moment, to stillness profound.
  What is it that lightens the labor at home?
Why the *Bell* in the kitchen, calling servants to come
And attend on their mistress, a needle to thread,
Or replace a new curl, just dropt from the head.
  What wanders about on rivers, lakes, seas,
Ord'ring the watchers 'midst the storm or the breeze?—
Why *a Bell*, please your honor—sure ev'ry Tar knows,
By the voice of its Tongue, when he's conquered his
    foes.
  A Bell needs a Temper that's good and uncrazed,
To bear all the "thumps," when the Great are be-
    praised.—
Though brazen be its color, each one knows full well,
By the Traveller, way worn, it is called the "*Blue-*
    Bell."
I'm tired, though, of rhyming, about the name of the
    "riddle;"
The Bell's just struck twelve—so I'll hang up my Fid-
    dle"—
Have I guessed out the answer?—I'm off to my Bed—
If I han't, why I think there's been "*a muff sed.*"

S.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

ACROSTICAL ENIGMA.
CALEDONIA, BRANDER.

RIDDLE.
MONKEY.

CONUNDRUMS.
I HAVE A FARTHING (*far thing*) PRESENT.
HE IS MISLED (*Miss led*)
DAUGHTER.
BECAUSE IT IS A MOVEABLE FEAST.

ARITHMETICAL QUESTION.
No answer yet.